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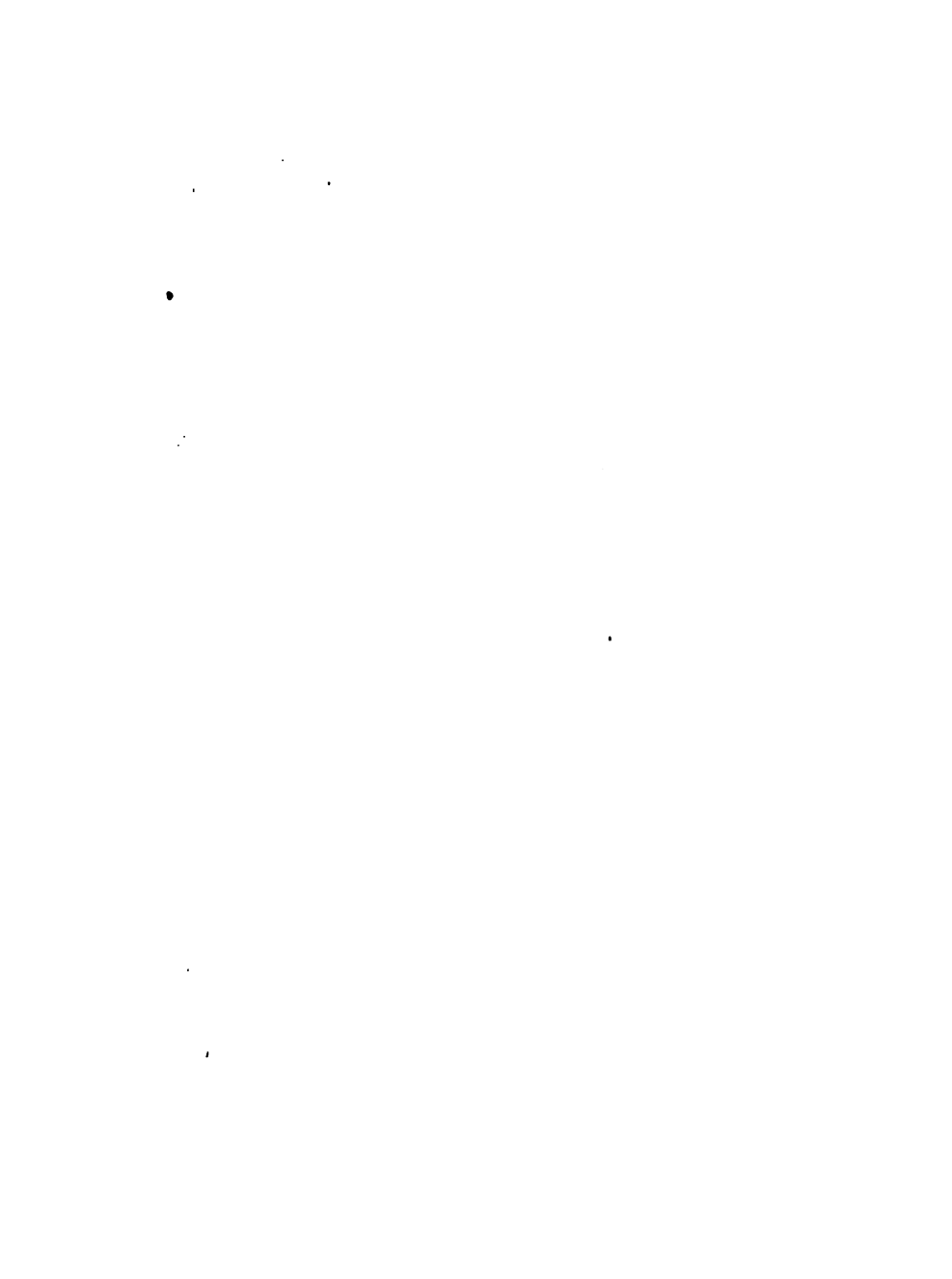
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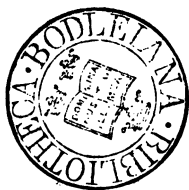


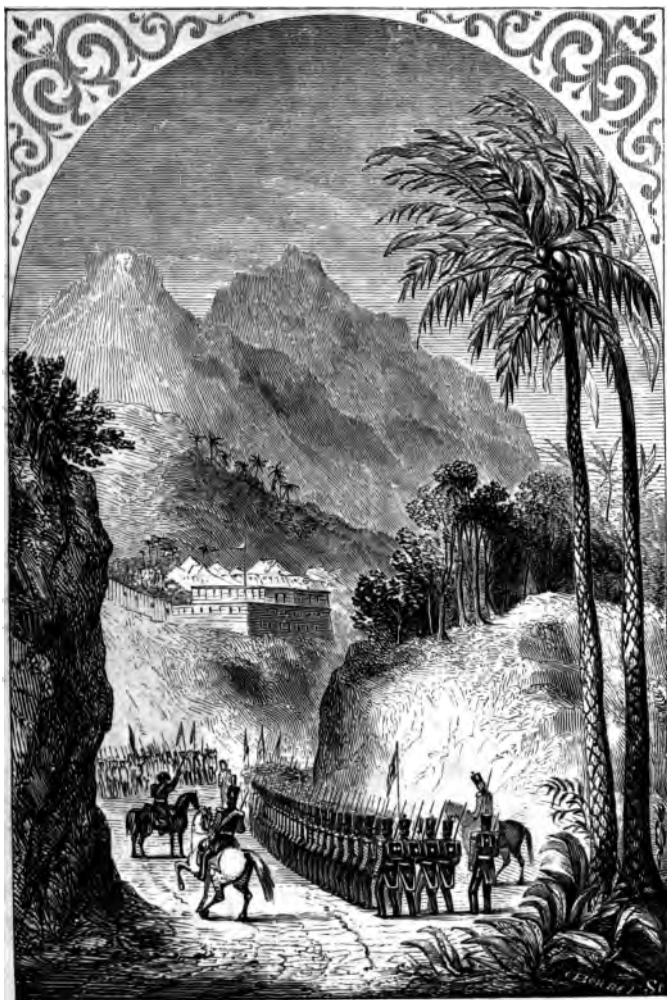
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THE HERO OF WATERLOO.

British troops entering the Deccan.

HISTORY AND ADVENTURE
OF
Remarkable Men of All
Nations.

By M. S. Cockayne,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SPAIN, SWEDEN, ETC."



LONDON:
BINNS AND GOODWIN, 44, FLEET STREET,
AND 19, CHEAP STREET, BATH.

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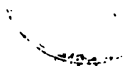
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P R E F A C E.

IN the belief that " example is better than precept," and that the life of a great and good man is a far better vehicle of instruction to the young than any amount of dogmatic statement, this volume, containing sketches of the History and Adventure of some of the most remarkable and exemplary characters of every age, is respectfully committed to the press.

January, 1854.







WASHINGTON.

"I did it. I cannot tell a lie! I cut your cherry-tree."

HISTORY AND ADVENTURE

OF

REMARKABLE MEN.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WHEN George the Third ascended the throne of Great Britain, the greater part of the immense continent of North America was under his dominion, and a noble possession it was, though the broad Atlantic rolled between it and the mother-country.

But in 1764, the English ministry passed an Act, called the Stamp Act, which was to oblige the Americans to pay a tax on stamps. This raised a great commotion. The colonists were highly indignant that they should be taxed; and the people of Boston, to express their dissatisfaction, hoisted the colours on the ships half-mast high, and tolled the church bells as for a funeral. When ships arrived from England with stamps, they tried to prevent their being brought on shore, and then declared they would not use them. Indeed, this Act caused such a ferment, and the colo-

nies so universally refused to submit to it, that it was soon after repealed.

This, however, was the commencement of a feeling of hostility on the part of the Americans towards the English: they could not forget the obnoxious tax.

A few years after, fresh discontents broke out in America. The British Parliament said it had a right to tax the American Colonies if it thought fit. The colonists denied this right, and declared they would pay no taxes.

The Parliament was equally determined; so in 1774, some tea was sent out from England, loaded with a certain duty or tax. The Americans would not suffer it to be landed on their shores; and at Boston the people took it out of the ships, and indignantly threw it into the sea, while the women broke the tea-pots, and declared they would rather go without tea than pay a duty on it.

To punish the New Englanders for this act of violence two Bills were passed against them, one of which was to shut up the port of Boston. Then the other colonies took the alarm: as they had likewise refused the tea, they thought they might be treated with the same severity, and they therefore determined to make common cause with the people of New England. There was accordingly a general assembly formed, which met at Philadelphia to deliberate, and received the name of The Congress.

In 1775, the flame of war burst forth. Some

English soldiers had a skirmish with some Americans, at a place called Lexington, in which several of the latter were killed, and then the whole of New England, ripe for revolt, flew to arms. Boston, the capital of that state, soon contained twenty thousand men, ready and desirous to strike a blow for the freedom of their country. Nor had they long to wait for an opportunity. One night, they took possession of a high piece of ground near Boston, called Bunker's Hill, and when morning dawned, the English, whose ships lay all around it, were astonished to see strong fortifications raised. They fired, and attempted to stop the work, but the Americans laboured on in spite of the guns, and completed their task.

The English then landed and made an attack; but the American fire was so incessant, and so well directed, that they were beaten back, and numbers of our gallant officers were slain. Returning, however, with renewed forces, the Americans were at length compelled to yield.

The colonists now required a general to head their armies, and their choice fell on George Washington, who was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the American forces. I will give you a short account of this celebrated and noble-minded man.

His family was originally English; but his great-grandfather had emigrated to America, and there, in the state of Virginia, George Washington was born in 1732.

When he was about six years of age, an accident occurred which thus early showed his love of truth. His father had one day presented him with a new hatchet. George was highly pleased, and went about, cutting and hacking everything in his way. Unfortunately, amongst other things, he used the hatchet with all the force of his little arm on a young English cherry-tree, which happened to be a great favourite with his father. Without thinking of the mischief he was doing, George greatly injured the valuable tree. When his papa came home and saw what was done, he was very angry, and inquired of the servants, "Who had dared to injure the tree?" They said they knew nothing of it; when little George entering the room, and hearing the inquiry, though he saw his father was very angry and much vexed, went straight up to him, his cheeks colouring crimson as he spoke, exclaimed, "I did it, papa! I cannot tell a lie! I cut your cherry-tree with my hatchet!"

"My noble boy!" said his father, as he clasped him in his arms, "I would rather lose a thousand cherry-trees, were their blossoms of silver and their fruit of gold, than that a son of mine should dare to tell a lie!"

Oh! it is a noble trait in a child when he will not sully his lips by falsehood! When, like George Washington, whatever be the expected punishment, he says, "I cannot tell a lie!" Man loves truth, and God loves truth, and the Bible tells us, "*The lip of truth shall be established for ever.*"

The honest, noble boy, grew up to be an honest, noble man. The good principles, the unsullied honour, the undeviating integrity of George Washington, called forth esteem and admiration wherever his name was known throughout the world. With noble constancy and immoveable steadiness of purpose, he directed all his energies to one great cause—the freedom of his beloved country; and from the path of rectitude he swerved not for a moment, to the right hand or to the left.

While he was still a boy, he and his young companions would often fight mimic battles, when his side always gained the victory. His good sense and love of truth were so well known by his playmates, that any little dispute between them was carried to him to settle. “Come to George Washington,” they would say one to another, “we can depend on him, and we will abide by his judgment.” When George was eleven years old, he had the misfortune to lose his father. His mother, on whom the care of a large family now devolved, was a woman of singular prudence and great strength of character. She devoted herself to her children, implanted good and noble sentiments in their minds, and lived to see her son George at the head of his country.

At school, as none could outstrip George in the athletic exercises of leaping, wrestling, swimming, and mimic fighting, so few excelled him in docility and obedience at study, or in the order and method

of his plans. He tried to *do well* whatever he did. He liked play as well as any schoolboy, but he did not mean to pass his life in play; so when at his studies, he worked hard, and was not discouraged by a few difficulties. And that is the way to succeed in life. He took such pains to write his copies well, and they were so carefully and neatly finished, that some of them are still preserved. One book was full of rules which he thought good, and therefore wrote out.

This was one:—"In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet."

Another was:—"Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly."

And, another:—"Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience."

His drawings and maps were also remarkable for their accuracy and beauty; and as, at the age of sixteen, he became a land-surveyor, he found the great benefit of his neat and orderly habits in a profession where neatness and order are so essential.

George was very desirous of going to sea, and his eldest brother procured him a midshipman's appointment in the British navy.

The boy was highly pleased; but his mother could not give her consent to his being a sailor, and George,

though much disappointed, yielded affectionate obedience to the wishes of his only surviving parent.

His next desire was for an active life on shore, and he became a land-surveyor; undergoing many hardships and much exposure in a wild and uncultivated part of the country. For three years he continued at this employment, when the French and Indians began to make inroads on the colonists, a body of militia was organised, and George, then about nineteen, was appointed to the command of a district, with a salary of 150*l.* a-year. This was the commencement of his military career.

At that time, 1751, part of America belonged to the English, and part to the French, while the native Indians, whose country it had been for thousands of years, savage, brave, and cunning, hunted in their wild forests, and sometimes attacked the French settlers, sometimes the English.

But the French now made such inroads on the British possessions that war broke out, and Washington, holding a high post in the Virginian militia, was engaged for some years in military duties, in which he displayed much sound judgment, and great bravery. After one of the engagements he had with the French, which was very severe, he thus wrote to his brother:—

“By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation, for I had four bullets through my coat,

and two horses shot under me ; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me."

Washington's elder brother died about this time, and left his estate of Mount Vernon, in Virginia, to his brother George. He was now appointed to the chief command of the forces in that state, and respected as a talented and brave officer.

We will pass over some years of his life, during which time he married, and lived on his estate, attending to it, and still exhibiting the qualities for which he was all his life remarkable,—prudence, patience, resolution, self-denial, and strict attention to order and method.

When the Stamp Act was passed in 1764, Washington declared it to be "a direful attack on the liberties of the colonies;" and when the Congress met at Philadelphia, in 1774, he was one of the deputies from Virginia. All respected him; his military talents were well known; and on the breaking out of war between England and her American colonies, in 1775, his countrymen placed George Washington at the head of her armies.

And well and nobly did he fulfil his country's hopes! With unsullied bravery, with persevering ardour, and a steadfastness of mind which nothing could shake, he fought on—he struggled on—and rested not, till he had attained his one great object—the freedom of his beloved native land.

The name of Washington was not unknown in England. He had signalized himself, with other English colonists, in opposing the French in America; he had fought *for* the English then,—now he was to fight *against* them.

Many petitions had been forwarded to the British government, in which the colonists asked only for peace, liberty, and safety, with the freedom they had hitherto enjoyed; if these were granted, they said King George would still find them loyal subjects. But the petitions were *not* granted: and as I have said, the colonists took up arms in defence of their liberties.

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On the appointment of Washington to the chief command, he had many difficulties to contend with. His army was in bad discipline, and he had very little ammunition. But he had patience and perseverance. He struggled against his difficulties, and took possession of Boston without bloodshed.

In 1776, the Americans published their Declaration of Independence, and from henceforth abolished the word “colonies,” and called their country “The United States of America.” This Declaration caused great joy throughout their land. The last paragraph contains these words—“We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people

of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States." "From that day," exclaims the native chronicler of these States, with a not unbecoming pride, "from that day the word 'colonies' is not known in their history."

During several skirmishes which took place between the English and Americans, the former were always victorious; Washington declined coming to a general engagement with the British troops, because he knew his own undisciplined soldiers were no match for them yet: and though for this prudent conduct he was much blamed by some, he steadfastly pursued the path he had marked out, which his good judgment told him was the right one.

In 1777, the Americans were defeated at the battle of the Brandywine and at Germantown; and in the following year, to their great joy, the French acknowledged their independence, and joined them against the British. About the same time, an English army, under the command of General Burgoyne, surrendered to the forces of General Gates and General Arnold.

The French now sent over a fleet to assist the Americans; therefore the English had to oppose them with a more powerful force than before, and found plenty of employment in contending with the two nations. But, thinking it better, if possible, to come to terms with the Americans,—as people were beginning to look with some anxiety to the issue of this

great contest, fearing that it might end in the total loss of these rich and valuable colonies, the brightest jewel in the British crown,—the English ministers sent over some commissioners to see if they could not settle the dispute in a peaceable way. But this attempt at a negotiation was made too late, and it failed.

The Spanish now joined the French and the Americans, so that our brave soldiers and sailors had enough to do; but the gallant Rodney, on the seas, upheld the honour of the British flag; that flag which had “braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze,” was not to be lowered now, and nothing daunted the courage and bravery of the English soldiers.

The following facetious letter was written about this time by General Washington when he was in camp. It was to his friend Dr. Cochrane, and contained an invitation to dinner in these words:—

“DEAR DOCTOR,

“I HAVE asked Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Livingstone to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; a dish of greens or beans, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre-dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them, would be nearly twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question whether, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, yours,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The year 1780 was marked by a very melancholy event—the execution of the young and gallant Major André. In this sad affair, a stain is said to rest on the character of General Washington.

General Arnold, an American commander, was a brave but extravagant man. Wanting money to pay his debts, he formed the base design of going over to

the English, and betraying his country for a sum of gold.

For eighteen months he was planning the best way to do this, and writing letters to the English, telling them the movements of the American army; for which he was to be well paid. The brave British, while they despised him for his treachery, were glad of the intelligence; and Sir Henry Clinton, their commander, employed Major André, a young and accomplished British officer, to carry on the correspondence with General Arnold.

For fear the letters should be intercepted, and the treason discovered, they were written in a way unintelligible to any one not in the secret, Arnold signing himself as *Gustavus*, and André as *John Anderson*.

After some time it was agreed that the two officers should have a meeting to arrange matters.

André, on board a British sloop of war, went up the river Hudson for some miles, and when the dark night came on, he landed, and met Arnold. Not being able to finish their business that night, Arnold, after much persuasion, prevailed on André, when daylight appeared, to conceal himself in the house of a person of the name of Smith, within the American lines. Arnold left him; and in the evening the young officer, exchanging his regimentals for a disguise, left the house to regain his ship. Some accident prevented his doing this, and he proceeded to New York to get back that way. As he was walking along the road in his dis-

guise, not much liking his position, he was stopped by three American militia-men, who searched him, and finding papers concealed in his boots, took him prisoner. Washington was informed of his capture; and Arnold hearing of it, knowing his treason would now all be discovered, fled to the British camp. Major André at once wrote to Washington himself, telling him his real name, condition, and rank in the British army. He said that it was quite against his wishes that he had been conducted within the American lines; that he could not get back to his ship, and was obliged to take off his uniform; "and thus was I betrayed," he wrote, "into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts."

The fate of a spy taken in time of war is death. As the gallant but unfortunate André was in disguise, he was deemed a spy, and sentenced to die a spy's death; had he been captured in his uniform, as a British officer, he would have been a prisoner, but his life would have been spared.

Poor André! his English friends in vain assured Washington that he was an officer and a gentleman, to whom honour was dearer than life; that contrary to his instructions he had gone within the American lines, and had been compelled to assume a disguise. By the laws he was condemned to death, and Washington felt himself bound not to interfere with the laws.

Nobly the unfortunate young officer met his fate!

The day before his death, he thus wrote to Washington:—

“SIR,

“BUOYED above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency, and a military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.”

This appeal was likewise in vain; and the brave young soldier, who scorned the very name of a spy, met with a spy's punishment and was hanged!

Every one in England and America lamented the fate of André; he was a young man of a most amiable disposition, and left a tender mother and three sisters in England to mourn his early death. We cannot help thinking the brave Washington might have spared him; but whatever his private feelings were on this occasion, he would not act contrary to the laws of his country. After the war, the ashes of the unfortunate

André were brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey.

With what different feelings we look upon the character of André, and that of the traitor Arnold!

In 1781, Lord Cornwallis, and a large British force, surrendered to General Washington. This gave much confidence to the Americans, and they began to look forward to the cessation of hostilities. Indeed, from this time, the English appeared to lose all hopes of bringing the colonies to submission. They found it no such easy task, brave and bold as British soldiers are, to conquer a country where men, women, and even children, ardent in the cause, alike desired freedom. It was no easy task to subdue men under the guidance of a general prudent, skilful, and persevering as Washington. The cry for liberty had sounded through the length and breadth of the land, and was not now to be silenced. The ladies of Philadelphia had formed an association, and collected subscriptions to buy clothing for the army. With the money they purchased cloth, and then made it into two thousand one hundred and seven shirts, which were sent to General Washington for his soldiers. A striking example of female patriotism and female industry!

Seeing the hopelessness of continuing the war with such a people, the English began to propose terms of peace, and signified to Washington that they would acknowledge the independence of the United States. Accordingly, early in 1783, England declared her

former colonies to be free and independent states; and this led to a cessation of hostilities between the two countries. Peace was proclaimed on the 19th of April, 1783, exactly eight years after the breaking out of the war.

With patience and perseverance, with caution and determination, had that war for freedom been carried on by the noble Washington, and now he was rewarded. He had gained no glorious victories, but he had devoted himself to his country's welfare: and for eight years had toiled on with untiring perseverance and self-denial, till he had obtained the object of his desires. That country was now free and independent, and Washington was satisfied.

The parting between the general and his army was very affecting. Marshall, his biographer, thus speaks of it:—

“ At noon the principal officers of the army assembled; and soon after their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them, and said, ‘ With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.’ Having drank, he added, ‘ I cannot come to each of you; but will be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.’ General Knox being nearest, turned to him; and Washington, incapable of utterance, grasped his

hand and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner, he took leave of each succeeding officer. The tear of manly sensibility was in every eye, and not a word was uttered to interrupt the silence of the scene."

Soon after this, attended by the universal respect and love of his fellow-countrymen, Washington returned to his home at Mount Vernon.

After the peace, the United States sent an envoy to England. King George received this gentleman very graciously, and in the course of conversation, said to him in his usual straightforward manner, "I was the last man in the kingdom, sir, to consent to the independence of America; but now it is granted, I shall be the last man in the kingdom to sanction a violation of it." The Congress of the United States, though they would not have a king to rule over them, thought fit to elect a president. This president was to be chosen anew every four years. It was an important station to hold, and one requiring prudence, forbearance, and firmness; so America looked to him who possessed these qualities in no small degree, and George Washington was elected first president of the United States in 1789.

And well did he acquit himself in his new and arduous duties! so well, and with so much satisfaction to his country, that at the expiration of the four years he was re-elected. During the first year of his presidency his mother died, at the age of eighty-two.

She had reaped a rich reward for the early care bestowed on her beloved son: she had anxiously watched him as, with unwearied perseverance, he struggled on in the cause to which he had devoted himself; she had heard of his endurance, his self-denial, his spotless integrity, his love of truth; of her early lessons all brought forth into practice in the every-day scenes of his eventful life; and she had seen him, revered and honoured, placed at the head of his grateful country. Truly she was a happy mother!

But we must conclude. In December, 1799, Washington after a short illness died, at his seat of Mount Vernon. He was sixty-seven years of age; having lived sixteen years after procuring his country's freedom.

That country deeply and truly lamented his death; it was considered a universal calamity, and all throughout the land put on mourning. Everything was done that could be done, to prove the esteem, gratitude, and love of his country to this great man. His memory is still revered and cherished; and the capital city of the United States bears the honoured name of Washington. Nor was it only in his native land that respect was paid to the memory of this illustrious patriot. In France, Napoleon ordered black crape to be hung from the standards of the army. In England the ships of war lowered their flags half-mast high; and all who heard of the virtues of George Washington, the heroic champion of the rights of America, mourned

the patriot's death. Wise in peace, and prudent in war, he has been called "the father of his country," and the "first of men." "His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. His spotless character will be transmitted entire to posterity, and the memory of his virtues revered and cherished, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred amongst men." And yet the virtues which shone forth so conspicuously in this great man, were virtues which may be imitated even by a little child. They were *self-denial*, *patience*, *perseverance*, and a *love of truth*; and it was as a little child that George Washington first learned to practise them.

ROBERT BRUCE,

THE PATRIOT KING.

ONE of the Scottish nobles on whom the patriotism and fate of Sir William Wallace made a deep and lasting impression was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick. He was grandson of the Bruce who competed with John Baliol for the crown in 1291, and had, as we have seen, at one time taken part with his oppressed country in the war against England. But fearful of losing his estates, and deeming it utterly hopeless further to oppose King Edward after the battle of Falkirk, he had not only submitted to the conqueror, but even borne arms with the English against his own countrymen. It is said, however, that after a battle in which he had assisted in gaining the victory over the Scots, a remark made by an English noble, caused him to alter his conduct. He had sat down to dinner without washing from his hands some spots of blood shed during the action. "Look at that Scotchman, he is eating his own blood!" observed the Englishman

with a scornful smile, in a whisper to his friend. Bruce heard him, and began to reflect with shame that it was indeed the blood of his own countrymen which stained his hands. The thoughts of his base and unnatural conduct in fighting against his native land, and assisting her oppressors, who themselves scorned his treachery, so humiliated him, that rising from table, he retired to a neighbouring chapel, and there with tears, asked pardon of God for this great crime of which he had been guilty. From that day he joined the English no more, but remained watching an opportunity for freeing Scotland from her enemies.

After the death of Wallace, there arose in the land a universal desire for liberty. As John Baliol had renounced the Crown, the people began to look round for another prince who should head their armies and lead them on against their oppressors; and those Scottish lords who believed they had any right to the throne, prepared to assert their claims. The two principal candidates were Robert Bruce and John Comyn, usually called the Red Comyn, on account of his complexion. They were not good friends, for the latter had perfidiously made known to Edward that Bruce was wavering in his allegiance. Happening to visit the town of Dumfries, on the occasion of a meeting of a court of justice there, Bruce had an interview with the Red Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites, and, pacing up and down the aisles, conversed on matters of importance. It was far from

being an amicable conversation however—they were rivals for the crown, and two such fiery spirits could scarcely meet in peace. High words passed, and a quarrel ensued, in which Bruce reproached Comyn for his treachery towards him. The reply so provoked Bruce, that, in a passion, he drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn before the altar. The moment he saw his rival on the ground, covered with blood, he was so shocked and alarmed at his rash act, that he rushed from the church. Two of his friends, Kirkpatrick and Seton, who were in attendance on him, seeing his pale and agitated looks, eagerly inquired what was the matter.

“I doubt,” said Bruce, “that I have slain the Red Comyn.”

“Doubt!” exclaimed Kirkpatrick, “I’ll mak sicker!” (I will make sure), and hurrying into the church, he despatched Comyn with his dagger, while at the same time Seton slew his uncle, Sir Robert Comyn.

This deed of blood shocked every one, and Bruce himself bitterly repented it. Indeed he ever regarded it as the great sin of his life; and this was, not because he had slain his rival—for in those days killing was thought little of—but because the assassination had taken place in a church. This was considered a sacrilege only to be atoned for by a long life of penitence and good deeds. Many of his countrymen thought the displeasure of heaven pursued Bruce for the crime he had committed; certainly, few men ever passed

through greater troubles and misfortunes than he did.

Robert Bruce was a brave and generous man, kind and courteous; but he was rash and passionate, and often grieved over the consequences brought on by giving way to his fiery temper. The remembrance of the murder of the Red Comyn lay heavy on his heart in his dying hour.

Having committed an act, which, while it freed him from his rival, was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, Bruce determined at once to throw off his allegiance to the King of England, and boldly to assert his lawful pretensions to the Scottish throne. Collecting his followers and friends, therefore, he took possession of the town of Dumfries; and when the English judges assembled there shut themselves up in the court-house to resist him, he declared he would set the place on fire unless they surrendered. Alarmed, they yielded, and were then suffered to leave the country in safety.

Amongst the brave men who joined Bruce in his endeavours to expel the English from their country, and vindicate her independence, were his four brothers, Edward, Thomas, Alexander, and Nigel, Thomas Randolph, his nephew, Christopher Seton, Hay Earl of Errol, the Earl of Lennox, the Earl of Atholl, and Sir James Douglas.* After riding about the country in

* The father of Sir James Douglas, who had been a companion of the brave Wallace, had died in an English prison, and

different directions to rouse the spirit of the people, they assembled at the Abbey of Scone, in Perthshire, for the purpose of crowning Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Edward having carried off the ancient Scottish crown, a small circlet of gold was made to serve in lieu of it. The honour of placing it on the king's head, belonged by ancient right to the family of Macduff, Earl of Fife. The present earl being on

his estates, seized by the conqueror, had been given to an English noble. When Sir James, then a fine brave youth of eighteen, heard of the death of Comyn, and the subsequent events, he resolved at once to join Bruce's standard. Having informed his patron, the Bishop of St. Andrews, with whom he lived, of this resolution, the good prelate commended it. "Grateful should I be to see thee on thine own broad lands again, my sweet son," said he; "yet were I now openly to give thee the means of joining the Earl of Carrick, it would work my ruin. Go, then, secretly, and take from my stable my own horse. Should the groom make any resistance, spare not a blow to quell it. This will exculpate me, and thou mayst then obey thy will." Douglas accordingly seized the horse, knocked down the groom, who attempted to stay him, and, mounting in haste, galloped off to meet Bruce with all the ardour of a youthful spirit. On the road between Glasgow and Perth he saw the royal cavalcade approaching, and, dismounting, the young baron, with much graceful modesty, accosted Bruce; whilst kneeling, as he held his bridle-rein, he loyally and affectionately offered him his homage and services. It was a touching scene. The misfortunes of the Douglas family were familiar to all; and, with tears in his eyes, Bruce raised and fondly embraced the noble youth, welcomed him into his service, and, turning to the lords who crowded round, expressed his full confidence that he would prove himself worthy of his illustrious name and high lineage. From that day a friendship commenced between Bruce and Douglas which lasted through a long life, and was never clouded by a single hour of jealousy or suspicion.

the English side, would not attend the ceremonial, but his sister Isabella, hearing of this, declared that "happen what would, Bruce should yet be crowned by a Macduff." She was wife to the Earl of Buchan (a Comyn), and ordering out her husband's horses, without his knowledge or consent, she posted off to Scone, where, in spite of brother or husband, she placed the golden circlet, with her own hands, on the brow of the new king.

The news of this attempt in Scotland to resist his authority greatly incensed King Edward. That warlike and energetic monarch was now a feeble and aged man, and it was a sore trouble and disquietude to him to think that after all he had done to achieve the conquest of Scotland, she was yet unconquered. The schemes he had laid, the time and labour he had given to the cause, the blood which had been shed, and the execution of Wallace which he had hoped would act as a terrible warning to his countrymen, all seemed to have been in vain. For himself, he could now scarcely bestride his war-horse, he was nearly worn out with the toils of a long and active life, and he felt that his days were drawing to a close. But

"The blood of the old Plantagenets
Was running in his veins;"

his spirit bravely rose to meet adversity, he bore up manfully under the threatened disappointment of his long-cherished hopes, and at once began to devise fresh plans for conquering Scotland and subduing

Robert Bruce. It was a pity his determination and energies were not applied to a better cause.


Having despatched Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, with some forces into Scotland, and written to the pope to excommunicate Bruce for the sacrilege he had committed, the English monarch prepared to march to the north at the head of a powerful army. But first, he assembled all his nobles at a great festival, and in their presence made a solemn vow to take ample vengeance against Bruce and his followers. "I will take the field once more against Scotland," he said, "and never return till I have punished the rebels, and avenged the death of John Comyn. With Robert Bruce I will deal as with the traitor Wallace, and then turn my thoughts to heaven, and die in peace." He set forth on his expedition, but being taken ill at Carlisle, was obliged to remain there and leave his generals to carry out his plans for the invasion of Scotland.

Bruce, brave as he was, found himself little able to resist them. The English having marched as far north as Perth, surprised and completely defeated the patriot army at Methven. Many of the Scots were killed, and many made prisoners and hanged. Bruce himself narrowly escaped capture. The gallant Hay, Somerville, Frazer, and others, were cruelly put to death; Frazer's head being placed on London Bridge, by the side of Wallace's.

This defeat was a heavy blow to Robert Bruce.

He was forced to retreat hastily into the Highlands, accompanied by a few brave adherents. Here he was joined by his wife, and by the wives of his noble followers.

The faithful little band of patriots, frequently pursued by their enemies, sought refuge in the caves and mountain-glens, and had to endure many hardships. They were exposed to great dangers, and often suffered from want of food, but they bore all with noble heroism, and never complained. Whilst their husbands were absent in the chase, the ladies prepared the food, washed the linen, and performed other menial offices, to which they were, indeed, little accustomed, but which duty and affection rendered easy and pleasant. They were dependent for food on that obtained by hunting and fishing. Young Douglas, afterwards known as the Good Lord James of Douglas, was the most active and successful of the party in procuring supplies by these means; and many a fine deer, with fish from the mountain-lake, did his skill as a sportsman provide to furnish a meal for his royal mistress and her ladies. Barbour says, "On a foraging party, every man tried to get the most he could, but none were of such assistance to the ladies as Sir James, although the king, by his cheerful and humorous stories, and his constant activity, proved also a great comfort to them." Thus passed the summer. The sentence of excommunication having been passed by the pope on Bruce, he was by it



excluded from all the benefits of religion, and any one who should kill him, was justified in so doing. His life was thus in constant danger. Surrounded by enemies, traced as a fugitive, and sometimes nearly starved, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn, a district of Argyleshire. The Lords of Lorn were friendly to the English, and their chief, M'Dougal, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce for having slain his kinsman, Comyn. These people attacked and defeated the patriots, but the Scottish king, undismayed, gave a striking proof of his strength and courage. According to Sir Walter Scott, "he directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as pressed hard upon him. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion, or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the king at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass, between a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his horse's rein, such a blow with his sword, as cut off his hand, and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the

horse's feet ; and as he was endeavouring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the king, and grasped him by the mantle, so close to his body, that he had not room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as some say, with an iron-hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the king struck his third assailant so dreadful a blow, that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle ; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that, and the mantle itself, behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family, as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor."

Even his foes were struck with admiration at his extraordinary valour. The chief MacNaughton expressed in the highest terms his sense of the courage and gallantry Bruce displayed on this memorable retreat. " It seems to give thee pleasure," said the Lord of Lorn, " that he makes such havoc amongst our friends." " Not so, by my faith," replied MacNaughton ; " but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour, and never have I heard of one who, by his knightly feats, has extricated

himself from such dangers, as have this day surrounded Bruce."

The king now retreated towards the Lennox country. Troubles seemed to thicken round him. The faithful Douglas and Gilbert de la Haye had been severely wounded in the contest with the M'Dougals, and the defeat had depressed the spirits of the whole party. Bruce alone retained his cheerfulness. Calm, thoughtful, and undismayed, his skill and forethought provided against every difficulty; and well acquainted with the country to which they were hastening, he sent forward a party to take possession of a large cave in the Glen of Balquhiddar. They prepared it as well as they could, for the reception of the royal party; and when Bruce, with his wounded knights and weary ladies, arrived there in the evening, he found his directions had been well carried out. Fires were kindled, provisions cooked, skins and furs spread on the floor, and heather and moss piled up for couches. It was a grateful sight to the wayworn travellers. And when the king, having carefully stationed his sentinels, unbuckled his armour, and courteously attended to all, entreating them to take the rest and refreshment they so much required, they could not but be touched with his kind and tender care. The wounded he tended with his own hands, the dispirited he encouraged, and to the queen and her ladies, he expressed his grateful admiration for the patience, love, and devotedness, they had shown. Even the

meanest servant was addressed in a cheerful, or jocular tone; and as his knights, seated round the fire, talked over the events of the day, the king, whose mind was stored with the literature of the times, amused them with many a beguiling story and romance. "Whatever happens," he said, "never despair. Think always, that although it is now our lot to suffer, God may yet relieve us, as He has done by many who were yet harder bestead than we, and who, through God's grace, accomplished the purpose which they had in hand. If the heart be once discomfited and cast down, the strength of the body sinks along with it; therefore, dear friends, I beseech you, be of good heart, and all will yet go well."

It was little to be wondered at, that such a king was beloved in no common degree by his friends and followers.

As winter was now coming on, it was deemed advisable that the queen and her ladies, who had already suffered many hardships in their wanderings, should be conveyed to a place of shelter and security. So the king appointed his youngest brother, Nigel, as their escort to Kildrummie Castle, situated on the River Don, in Aberdeenshire. It was a sorrowful parting to all, for they none of them knew if they should ever meet again. The ladies would have remained with their heroic husbands, and still shared their perils and dangers, but Bruce represented to them how utterly unable they would be to endure the

privations, cold, and fatigues, of a winter's wanderings in the Highlands. Besides, the English were pressing northward, the Lord of Lorn tracking their footsteps, and the only chance of safety seemed to be in dividing their party; when the men, robust and hardy, might find a way of escape, which, to delicate women, would be unattainable. So they separated, the king desiring Nigel to remain at Kildrummie, with the brave men under his command, and defend the castle from the English. When they were gone, Bruce and his followers, in number about two hundred, hesitated as to where they should pass the winter. At length they resolved to cross over to Rathlin, a small island off the northern coast of Ireland, and within sight of the Scottish shore. Here they remained during the dreary winter months, the fugitive king being somewhat comforted and enlivened by the presence of his high-spirited and brave brother Edward.

But sad tidings came one day to the exiles. News was brought from the Scottish shore that the English had besieged and taken Kildrummie castle, cruelly put Nigel Bruce to death, and sent the queen and her ladies prisoners to England. One of the latter, the Countess of Buchan, who had placed the crown on Bruce's head, was punished with peculiar severity, by being shut up in an iron cage within the castle of Berwick. Amongst the captives were Bruce's two sisters, Mary and Christina, and his daughter Marjory.

The king was much affected when he heard these

melancholy tidings, and deeply mourned the fate of his brave and handsome brother Nigel. His spirits sank, he began to despair of delivering his country, and to think that it was useless longer to attempt to resist the victorious English, or to make good his right to the Scottish crown. But then he considered whether it would not be wrong and cowardly of him to give up his endeavours to restore freedom to the land, while there remained the slightest hope of success. These reflections occupied his mind early one morning, as, after a sleepless night, he lay on his wretched bed. In the midst of his meditations he happened to look upward to the roof of the cabin, and his eye fell on a spider, which, hanging at the end of its thread, was endeavouring to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another for the purpose of fixing its line to form its web. Again and again the insect made the attempt, and again and again failed; and the king, becoming interested, counted that it had tried six times to carry its point without success. It came into his head at that moment that he had himself fought just six battles with the English, and as often been defeated. "I am in the same situation as that poor spider," thought Bruce, "and its movements shall guide mine. If it make another effort to fasten its thread, and prove successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider fail, I will give up all, go to the wars in Palestine, and never see my country more."

While he was forming this resolution, the spider was again attempting to swing itself to the beam; Bruce watched it with increasing interest, and saw it this time succeed in its efforts. "I hail the omen," said the king; "I too will try my fortune for the seventh time." He did so, and from that day persevered till he triumphed.

Since that time it has been considered an ill omen for one of the name of Bruce to kill a spider.

The king now resolved to leave Rathlin and proceed to the Isle of Arran, whither he first sent Sir James Douglas with a few followers. When he himself arrived there a few days afterwards, he made his presence known to his friends by winding a blast on his horn in the greenwood. The faithful Douglas instantly recognized the sound. "Yonder is the king!" he joyfully exclaimed; "I know his bugle-call." They hastened to welcome the royal wanderer, and at once began to lay plans for Scotland's deliverance.

Being now so near the mainland, it was agreed they should effect a landing in Ayrshire. But Bruce judged it prudent before so hazardous an undertaking to send over a man to ascertain how far it was practicable. If appearances were favourable, this man, Cuthbert, was to kindle a bonfire on a headland called Turnberry, as a signal to the king that he might venture over.

The messenger departed, and all that night the fugitive monarch anxiously watched for the expected

beacon-light. None, however, appeared ; and the next day was passed in pacing up and down the beach ; all eyes being turned in the direction of Turnberry-head. Night again came on, and some hours wore away in anxious suspense, when, suddenly, the quick eye of Edward Bruce perceived the appointed signal.

" There it is ! " he exclaimed in delight ; " let us be off ! "

All was now bustle and joy ; the boats were made ready, and in a very short time the brave band, in number about three hundred, were merrily gliding over the waters on their way to Turnberry. Unexpected news, however, awaited them. On landing, they were met by Cuthbert, who, in some agitation, informed the king they had come at a most unfortunate time ; that Lord Percy was in the country, at the head of a body of English soldiers ; and that he had so terrified the people, there was no hope of effecting a rising in Carrick.

" Why then kindle the fire ? " asked Bruce, sternly.

" It was not I who kindled it, my lord ; nor do I know who did," replied the man ; " but, on seeing the light, I instantly hastened here to warn you away."

What was to be done ? The king, disappointed and perplexed, thought it better to return at once to Arran, and wait a more favourable opportunity. But out spoke Edward Bruce, a daring and spirited youth. " Others may do as they please," he said ; " but I

have set foot on my native land, and, by the help of God, here will I remain. Nothing shall drive me back to Arran ; I will aid in giving liberty to Scotland, or die in the attempt.”*

This bold resolution gave courage to all ; and it was determined that, as they were once more in their own country, there they would stay, and strive to the last for her deliverance.

Accordingly they at once commenced hostilities against the English, and soon obliged Lord Percy to quit Carrick. But the inhabitants of the district, though in general friendly to Bruce, were afraid openly to take his part ; and the king, having dispersed his followers on various expeditions against the enemy, was often in danger of losing his life through treachery or violence. One heroic lady, however, a relation of his own, desirous of assisting the royal cause, came to him one day with a reinforcement of forty men.

Bruce met with many adventures whilst wandering amongst the wilds of Carrick ; for he was frequently left with only a few followers, the rest having gone under his brother Edward, or Douglas, to rouse the people in the neighbouring districts.

Sometimes he was suddenly attacked by his enemies,

* “ Edward Bruce,” says an ancient writer, “ was a noble knight, of joyous and delightful manners, but outrageously hardy in his enterprises, and so bold in what he undertook, that he was not to be deterred by any superiority of numbers.”

sometimes pursued by them to his hiding-places ; and sometimes tracked by bloodhounds. He ever gallantly defended himself, and performed feats of valour truly astonishing. Once he was set upon by three men, well armed, who had been bribed by the English to put him to death. Bruce had no weapon but his sword, and no attendant but a little page, who carried a bow and arrows. Yet he conquered the three ruffians and laid them all dead at his feet. Another time, when going through the woods with his foster-brother, he was pursued by five Highlanders sent after him by his enemy, John of Lorn. Finding they could not escape them, the king asked his foster-brother if he could help him in this peril. " I will do my best," he replied ; and the two turned on the five men, and after a desperate combat, slew them all.

Much fatigued with the fight, they were taking a moment's rest, when they heard behind them the deep baying of a bloodhound. By this they knew there were more enemies on their track ; so they hastened on, and fortunately coming to a small stream, stepped into the water, and wading for about a hundred yards up the rivulet, swung themselves up by the overhanging branches into a large oak tree, and so into another, without letting their feet touch the ground, till at length they landed on the other side, where they concealed themselves in a wood.

They were well aware that when the dog came to the running stream, he would lose the scent of their

footsteps, and so it happened; and John of Lorn was obliged to give up the chase.

The bloodhound thus made to pursue Bruce had formerly belonged to him, and was a great favourite; and the dog, unsuspecting of the danger in which he was placing his beloved master, singled out his footsteps with faithful accuracy.

Then, both weary and hungry, Bruce and his trusty attendant slowly proceeded on their way in search of food and rest. After a time they came to a cave, where three men were sitting, devouring some mutton, which they had just cooked. The king asked for the shelter and refreshment which a Highlander never refuses to the wayfaring stranger. It was willingly granted; and the royal fugitive, after a hearty meal, fell into a sound sleep, completely worn out with the toils of the day. His foster-brother followed his example. But deep treachery lurked near. The three men, who had at first suspected, were now convinced that their guest was no other than the excommunicated outlaw, Robert Bruce. They resolved to kill him, and claim the promised reward. Signing to each other, they drew their daggers for this purpose, but the noise they made in rising, awakened the king, who instantly started up, his good sword in his hand. Accustomed to be watchful and vigilant, placed as he often was in scenes of the utmost danger, the royal Bruce was seldom off his guard, or taken by surprise. He fell upon the traitors, at the same time calling loud to his

foster-brother to rise; but before the poor fellow could do so, he was slain. The king was now left alone, one man against three; but yet, it is said, he killed them all. He is known to have possessed amazing strength and undaunted bravery, or we should scarcely credit the account of the extraordinary feats of valour which he is said to have performed.

Sir Walter Scott says, that after this, "Bruce left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and went towards the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farm-house, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotch woman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was.

"The king answered, that he was a traveller who was journeying through the country.

" 'All travellers,' answered the good woman, 'are welcome here for the sake of one.'

" 'And who is that one, for the sake of whom you make all travellers welcome?' asked the king.

" 'It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce,' answered the mistress, 'who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland.'

" 'Since you love him so well, dame,' said the king,

‘know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce.’

“ ‘You!’ said the good woman, in great surprise; ‘and wherefore are you thus alone? Where are all your men?’

“ ‘I have none with me at this moment,’ answered Bruce, ‘and therefore I must travel alone.’

“ ‘But that shall not be,’ said the brave old dame, ‘for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death.’

“ So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.”

Now, as the old woman was preparing the best she had as a supper for the monarch, there was suddenly heard the trampling of horses outside. “It may be the Southrons or John of Lorn’s men!” she exclaimed to her sons; “now, lads, up! and fight to the last drop of your blood for our good king.”

But there was no need of fighting; the horsemen proved to be the brave Edward Bruce, and the good Lord James of Douglas, who at the head of one hundred and fifty valorous men had come to their monarch’s aid. A right welcome sight they were to the good king, and heartily and joyfully he greeted them. Forgetting hunger and weariness, he was now only anxious to follow after the enemy who he knew were not far off. Gladly his friends seconded his resolve: cheered

and animated by his presence, they mounted their steeds and grasped their swords, confident of success. In a few minutes all were riding away to a village where a body of two hundred Englishmen were quartered for the night. Taking them by surprise, they soon dispersed and slew them; for the English, believing the patriots scattered, were keeping careless watch.

King Robert, guarded by his faithful band, slept very soundly after that day's work.

In the meantime Edward of England was lying very ill at Carlisle. The desire of subduing the Scots was still the first wish of his heart; and he laid many plans on his sickbed for revenging himself on the rebels, as he termed them. It is said, that when the Earl of Athol was hanged, he observed "his sufferings would now be lighter." He hated the name of Bruce, as that of a leader of the insurgents, and listened contentedly to the dread sentence of excommunication pronounced against him by the pope; and he constantly desired his son never to rest till Scotland was a conquered country.

But tidings of Bruce's successes, and of a great victory he had obtained over the Earl of Pembroke at Loudon Hill, reached the dying monarch and disturbed his mind. Rousing himself once more, he resolved to make another attempt to enter Scotland and subdue the rebellion in person. Unable to mount his war-horse, he was carried in a litter to the Scottish

border, but could proceed no further than Burgh-on-Sands, where he sunk and died, in sight of the land he so desired to possess. His last command to his son was to subdue Scotland ; and he desired that his bones should be carried at the head of the English army to strike terror into the hearts of the rebels.


Edward the Second disobeyed both these injunctions. He had his father's body interred in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb is still to be seen, bearing the inscription, "Here lies the Hammer of the Scottish nation ;" and instead of endeavouring determinately to conquer Scotland, he only marched a little way into the country, and then, meeting with a few reverses, led his army back again across the border.

The death of King Edward inspired Robert Bruce with new hopes ; and several of the Scottish nobility now took up arms in the cause of freedom. Cheered in spirit, and daily strengthened by fresh forces, the patriots swept through the country, driving the English from the garrisoned towns, destroying castles, and skirmishing with parties of the enemy. The country of the Lords of Lorn was invaded by Bruce, who was victorious there also, and took the castle of Dunstaffnage. In a short time almost the whole of Scotland had thrown off the English yoke.

These successes greatly delighted King Robert and his faithful friends ; but it required all their skill and bravery to win the forts and castles from the English who held them. All true Scotchmen were, however,

ready to join in the common cause ; and though Bruce, and Douglas, and Randolph, and other brave lords performed great exploits and bold deeds of valour, yet the stout yeomanry and hardy peasantry of the land contributed their share in the efforts made for their country's deliverance. The castle of Linlithgow was taken in the following manner :—

A stout farmer, named Binnock, had been accustomed to supply the English in the castle with hay and other provender for their cattle. He loved his country ; and when he heard what Bruce was doing to expel the invaders, he resolved to try if he also could not strike a blow for freedom. So he watched his opportunity, and, being desired one day to carry some hay to the castle, he prepared to do so, observing, with a smile, "they should have a good waggon-load that time." He then placed in the cart eight strong men, and covered them up with hay, whilst he stationed a party of his friends, well armed, in ambush near the castle. Choosing the bravest of his servants as driver, he himself walked by the side of the waggon, and so approached the castle early in the morning. The watchman, knowing Binnock, and seeing nothing unusual, ordered the gates to be opened and the portcullis raised for his admission. But no sooner was the cart fairly in the gateway than Binnock gave the signal agreed upon, by shouting with a loud voice, "Call all! call all!" At the same moment he killed the porter with his sword ; and the driver, cutting the



rope by which the oxen were yoked to the cart, it was left standing in the gateway. Then the men concealed under the hay jumped out, and those in ambush rushed in, and, after some fighting, the castle was taken. The English had, when alarmed, hastily let fall the portcullis, but the cart prevented its closing, and also the shutting of the gates.

Edinburgh castle, seated on a very steep and lofty rock, was still in the hands of the invaders, and, being strong and well defended, seemed to defy all attempts to take it. Nevertheless, Randolph determined to get possession of this important place. Taking with him thirty bold men, and guided by a person named Frank, who had once lived in the castle, he proceeded one dark night to scale the precipitous rock. It was a most hazardous enterprise. The path was so steep and crooked as to be fitter for a cat than a man, and a single false step was certain death. Slowly and cautiously the men, led by Frank, crept along on their hands and knees, fearful of making the slightest noise, lest they should be discovered by the sentinels above. When they were half way up the crag they heard the guard going their rounds, and, knowing if they were seen it was all over with them, they lay as still and motionless as possible, hoping thus to pass unnoticed. They were, however, terribly alarmed. One of the English soldiers, to frighten his comrades, took it into his head at that critical moment to pretend he had discovered something. He rolled a stone from the

wall, calling out at the same time, "Ah! I see you!" The stone came bounding down the rock, and Randolph and his party naturally thought they were discovered; but they kept quite still, and it was well they did, for the slightest noise or movement would have betrayed all. Fortunately the guards, knowing their comrade's lively disposition, passed on without attending to him.

At length the Scots reached the foot of the wall, which in that place was not more than twelve feet high. Here they planted the ladders they had brought with them, and Frank, the guide, mounting first, was quickly followed by Sir Andrew Grey and Sir Thomas Randolph. The rest climbed up after them. They were scarcely up before the sentries gave the alarm of "Treason! treason!" but the garrison being asleep and unarmed, they were soon overpowered, and thus Edinburgh castle fell into the hands of Sir Thomas Randolph.

About the same time the brave Douglas took the castle of Roxburgh, also by a stratagem. He and his followers put on black cloaks over their armour, and, creeping on their hands and feet one evening in the dusk, managed to get quite close to the castle wall. The sentinel on the battlements perceived them, but took them for the black cattle of a neighbouring farmer, which had strayed from their enclosure. He was soon undeceived, however, when the Scots, having ascended the wall by the aid of ladders which they

had brought with them, the war-cry of the Douglas was heard. So daring were his exploits, and so fierce was his revenge, that his very name was a terror to the English; and the women used to frighten their children, when naughty, by declaring "the Black Douglas should take them."

This evening the wife of one of the English soldiers happened to be sitting on the battlements lulling her child to sleep in her arms. She was singing—

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye,"

when a voice close to her exclaimed, "You are not so sure of that;" and at the same instant she felt a mailed hand on her shoulder. In terror she looked around, and perceived the Black Douglas himself at her side. Her alarm may be imagined; but in the midst of the confusion and slaughter that ensued, she and her child were protected from danger by the redoubtable warrior whose name she so dreaded.

Thus Bruce and the patriot Scots persevered in their efforts for liberty, till in the year 1313 the English, with the exception of those in a few garrisoned towns, were driven out of Scotland. Stirling, the most important of these towns, was blockaded by Edward Bruce; and Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, finding himself likely to be reduced to extremity, made an agreement with Edward that he would surrender the place if not relieved by the king of England before

June in the following year. When Robert Bruce heard of this treaty he thought it a rash one ; for how could he venture a battle with King Edward's powerful army, which he would most likely bring to the relief of Stirling? "Oh," said his brave but impetuous brother, "let Edward bring every man he has, we will fight them, and twice as many more."

"Since the treaty is made, we will keep to it," replied the king; "but we must assemble all true friends of Scotland, for if we do battle with King Edward, it will be no child's play. Our liberty, our lives, and all we hold most precious, will depend on its issue."

"Yes," said Edward, "it will be the decisive blow; and take my word for it, good brother, Scottish freemen will gain the day."

So, great preparations were made in Scotland as well as in England for the approaching contest. The English nobles, when they heard of the treaty, declared it would be a shameful thing to lose the fair country which Edward the First had been at so much trouble to gain, for want of a little fighting. It was therefore resolved that King Edward, at the head of a very powerful army, should meet Bruce in battle array.

The day came on; and the English, to the number of one hundred thousand warriors, marched across the Scottish border. They were all in high spirits, and so sure of victory that a poet accompanied the monarch to write verses in honour of him as conqueror.

Bruce awaited their approach near Stirling. He had but thirty thousand men to meet this immense force, but then they were brave and true as steel, standing up in defence of their homes and liberty, and led on by the undaunted Randolph, the brave Douglas, the fearless Edward Bruce, and King Robert, who was a host in himself. To provide against the advantages possessed by the English, especially in their fine body of cavalry, numbering about forty thousand, Bruce ordered deep pits to be dug, with sharp stakes set upright in them, and then the whole to be carefully and lightly covered over with turf. He also had steel spikes, called calthrops, placed in different parts of the field to lame the enemy's horses. His position was well chosen, having a wood to the left, and the small brook, or burn, of Bannock to the right. On reviewing his troops, the king ordered all the camp followers, consisting of servants, waggoners, old men, boys, and women, to take their post behind a hill, called in memory of the event, the Gillies,* that is the Servants' Hill. He then spoke to his soldiers, and told them to be brave and bold, for on their conduct that day depended the freedom or slavery of their country. For his own part he was resolved to win the field, or perish in the attempt.*

On the 23rd of June 1314, the English army ap-

* The address of the patriotic Bruce to his army, before the battle of Bannockburn, was in the spirit of the gallant Vendean general before his last victory :—" If I advance, follow me ; if I retreat, slay me ; if I fall, avenge me !"

peared in sight. It came on, like an overwhelming flood, against the devoted Scots. In glittering array, with banners, standards, and pennons, floating gaily in the air, the vast host slowly and proudly advanced, as to certain victory. It was a beautiful but terrible sight to the little army of patriots.

Bruce, fearful of succours being thrown into Stirling castle, had given Sir Thomas Randolph strict injunctions to prevent any such attempt being made. The watchful eye of the king, was the first however, to detect a body of eight hundred horse, under Sir Robert Clifford stealing along towards Stirling, which they had almost gained. Pointing them out to his nephew, he said, "See, Randolph, there is a rose fallen from thy chaplet." Randolph without reply, instantly set spurs to his horse, and at the head of his men, endeavoured to redeem his fault. It was a severe contest, for the English were double the number of the Scots. Seeing Randolph hard pressed, Douglas intreated permission of the king to go to his assistance.

"No," said Bruce, "Randolph must do the best he can: I may not break the order of battle for him."

"So please you," replied the brave Douglas, "I cannot see him perish; by your leave, I must give him help," and receiving a silent assent, he galloped off to his assistance. Before he came up to him, however, he perceived that the conflict was turning in his favour, and unwilling to share in the victory, he drew his rein. "Halt!" he exclaimed to his men,

“let Randolph have all the glory. He has won the field.”

A chivalrous act and worthy of a Douglas !

By the evening, the English had taken up their position, and the two armies stood facing each other. Bruce, on a highland pony, was riding up and down in front of his line, distinguished from his nobles by a golden circlet which he wore over his helmet, and carrying in his hand a battle-axe, when Sir Henry de Bohun, an English knight, desirous of signalizing himself, and perhaps terminating the war, made a furious charge at him on his war-horse :—

“ He stooped his head, and couched his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.”

The king seeing him coming reined his pony a little to one side as he passed, so that the knight missed his aim. But at the same moment, Bruce rose in his stirrups, and with his battle-axe dealt De Bohun such a deadly blow, that it cleft his skull, and shattered his iron helmet. The Scottish lords expostulated with their king on his needlessly exposing himself to such danger, but he heeded them not, and merely observed, looking at his weapon, which was injured, “ I am sorry that I have broken my good battle-axe.”

At break of day on the 24th the battle commenced. As King Edward contemptuously surveyed the Scottish force, so inferior to his own, he was surprised to see the soldiers all kneel down, in an attitude of supplica-

tion. "See!" he cried, "they kneel! they ask for mercy!"

"They kneel indeed, my liege," said Sir Ingram de Umphraville, "but not to you;—they ask for mercy, but it is from Heaven. On that field they will conquer or die."

"Then let the charge be made!" The English archers bent their bows, and their arrows flew thick and fast through the air; while the cavalry, under the Earl of Gloucester, made a sweeping attack on Bruce's infantry. But the Scottish horse rode at full gallop amongst the archers making terrible havoc; and the pits and sharp stakes caused the death of many a gallant English rider.

And now the battle raged. Both sides fought bravely; but the Scots, under the eye of their heroic monarch, and feeling that on this battle hung the crisis of their fate, exerted themselves to the utmost; redoubled their efforts, and laid many of England's bravest and noblest low on the battle-field.

The pits, too, did terrible execution. A body of English cavalry, coming galloping down, would suddenly be checked and disabled by these hidden snares; the horses, falling on the sharp stakes floundering in agony, and the riders, in their heavy armour rolling on the ground, wounded and powerless. At length the English began to waver.

"Now then," said Bruce, seeing the decisive moment was come, "one blow more for Scotland

and liberty! Onward, brave hearts, and the day is ours!"

The Scots, at these words, made so desperate an onset, that the English fell back in some confusion; on which there arose a wild shout through the patriot army,—“ They fail; they fail! one blow more for Scotland and liberty!”

Just then the camp followers, who had been eagerly watching the conflict, seeing that victory was turning in favour of their king, could not resist waving their cloaks and raising loud shouts of joy. Desirous also of having their share in the triumph and the spoil, they snatched up what weapons they could find, and rapidly descended the hill. The English seeing them approach—there were some thousands of them—imagined it was a new army coming to the assistance of the Scots, and, utterly dismayed, threw down their arms and fled. In vain did King Edward entreat and command them to remain: it was of no avail; and the Earl of Pembroke, anxious for his sovereign's safety, took his bridle-rein, and led him from the field. A brave knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, attended his monarch till he was out of the press of the combat, and then took leave of him. “ Farewell, my liege,” he said, “ I trust you will reach England in safety; but you must not draw rein, for the Douglas will soon be in pursuit. May your next field of battle be a happier one. For myself, an Argentine never turns his back on the enemy!” and setting spurs to his horse, and

shouting loud his war-cry, "An Argentine! an Argentine!" he rushed into the thickest of the battle, and was slain.

King Edward, closely pursued by Sir James Douglas, fled to Dunbar. Here he was received by the Earl of March, who furnished him with a small ship, in which he escaped to England.

The Scots followed the retreating English for a distance of ninety miles. They took many prisoners, and received a large ransom for them.

It is said, no less than two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were found on the field of battle.

Such was the famous victory of Bannockburn; a victory which established the independence of Scotland, and secured to Robert Bruce the throne of his ancestors. To the English, it was the severest defeat they had sustained since the Conquest.

The day after the fight, Stirling castle was delivered up to Edward Bruce.

The loss of the Scots was but small on this occasion, while thirty thousand of the English were left dead upon the field. Many a brave noble, accomplished knight, and high-spirited young soldier, destined no more to see their English homes, found a grave at Bannockburn.

Bruce's queen and her ladies were now released from the weary captivity they had endured for upwards of seven years, and returned, with joyful hearts, to their own land.

King Robert Bruce, at length master of Scotland, was universally acknowledged to be one of the best and bravest monarchs who ever reigned. He was not, however, allowed to remain very long in peace, for the Irish, then at war with England, having entreated his assistance against their enemies, he went over to their help, accompanied by his brother Edward, and a considerable body of troops. They gained several battles; and the Irish asked Edward Bruce to be their king. He was well-pleased to be so, and desirous of winning fame by his warlike deeds, continued to head their armies against the English, fighting valiantly. King Robert was obliged to return to his own country, leaving his brother to carry on the war. At first he was successful; but death suddenly cut short his brilliant career. He was slain in battle, fighting hand to hand with an English knight, to whom, at the same time, he gave his death-blow.

There is a pleasing instance related of King Robert's humanity, during his stay in Ireland. He was, on one occasion, hastily retreating before a large army of English, with whom it would have been imprudent to risk a battle, when, on mounting his horse, he heard a cry of despair. Inquiring what was the matter, he was informed that a poor woman, a laundress, mother of a young infant, was about to be left behind, as being unable to bear the fatigue of the retreat. There were no carriages, or any means of taking the woman and her child on in safety.

The king paused for a moment, his feelings divided between humanity and fear of the danger to which a halt would expose his army. Then turning to his officers, he exclaimed, with glistening eyes, "Ah, gentlemen, let it never be said, that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and her infant to the mercy of the foe. Be the odds and risks what they may, I will fight with the English rather than leave these poor creatures behind me. Let the army, therefore, instead of retreating, draw up in line-of-battle."

His commands were obeyed; and it happened, curiously enough, that the English officer, seeing Robert Bruce offer him battle, and knowing him to be one of the most skilful generals then living, imagined that he must have received some large supply of forces, and thought it better not to attack him. So he led off his troops, and Bruce, sending the poor woman away the next day in safety, retreated at his leisure.

King Robert continued to reign gloriously for several years, during which time he was constantly victorious over the English. Taking advantage of the troubled state of their nation, he sent his two great commanders, Lord James of Douglas, and Sir Thomas Randolph, now Earl of Murray, with twenty thousand men, to lay waste the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and thus carry war into England.

At last, after much fighting, a peace was concluded

between the two countries, on terms highly honourable to Scotland; and the warrior-king, worn out with toil and disease, retired to a pleasant residence on the banks of the Clyde, there to end his days in tranquillity.

He did not live long after this. His bad health was caused by the hardships he had endured when young, for he was only fifty-four years old when he died. Finding his days were coming to a close, he assembled round his bed all his most faithful friends and counsellors, and told them how bitterly he repented his misdeeds, especially the death of Comyn; enjoining them, at the same time, faithfully to preserve the kingdom for his infant son David.

The author of "Songs and Ballads from English History," &c., thus describes the scene, with Bruce's memorable request to Douglas :—

"There is darkness in the chamber,
There is silence by the hearth,
For pale, and cold, and dying,
Lies a great one of the earth.
That eye's dim ray is faint and grey,
Those lips have lost their red,
And powerless is a people's love
To raise that languid head.

"Through hilly Caledonia
Woe spreadeth far and fast,
As spreads the shadow of a cloud
Before the thunder-blast,
For it is THE BRUCE whose mighty heart
Is beating now its last !

" A tearful group was gathered
Around that bed of death ;
There stood undaunted Randolph,
Knight of the Perfect Wreath ;
And Campbell, strong and stedfast
Through danger and despair ;
And valiant Grey, and stern La Haye,
And loyal Lennox there ;
There, last in name, but first in fame,
And faithful to the end,
All weeping stood Lord James the Good,
True knight and constant friend ;
And there, with eyes of grave surprise,
Fast rooted to the place,
The monarch's son, scarce four years old,
Gazed in his father's face !
But the stillness of that solemn room
Was stirred by scarce a breath—
Silent were all, and silently
THE BRUCE encountered Death.

* * * * *

" To the face of the dying monarch
Came a sudden glow, and proud,
But brief as the tinge of sunset
Flung on a wandering cloud ;
But see—his lips are parting,
Though scarce a sound be heard—
Down stoops the noble Douglas
To catch each feeble word ;
And all the knights and warriors,
Holding their tightened breath,
Close in a narrower circle
Around the couch of death.

" O, Douglas ! O, my brother !
My heart is ill at ease ;
Unceasingly mine aching eye
One haunting vision sees ;

It sees the lengthened arches,
The solemn aisles of prayer,
And the death of the traitor Comyn
Upon the altar-stair.
Woe's me ! that deed unholy
Lies like a heavy weight,
Crushing my wearied conscience
Before Heaven's open gate.
But if thy love be steadfast
As it was proved of yore,—
When these far struggling pulses
Are stilled, and all is o'er,
Unclose this lifeless bosom,
Take thence this heart of mine,
And bear it safely for my sake
To holy Palestine ;
Well pleased my heart shall tarry
In thy fair company,
For it was wont, while yet in life,
Ever to dwell with thee.' ”

Douglas, with many tears, kissed the hand of the dying monarch, and promised, on the word of a true and loyal knight, faithfully to obey his behest to the utmost of his ability ; gratefully thanking his beloved sovereign for honouring him with the charge of so precious a treasure.

“ My dear friend,” said the king, “ I thank you ; for now I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight in my dominions hath promised to achieve for me that which I myself never could accomplish. When things went hard with me, I made a vow that if ever I attained the throne, I would proceed to the Holy Land, and there

carry on war against the infidels. This vow, from sickness and press of business, I have never been able to fulfil, and therefore am resolved to send my heart to Palestine in lieu of my body ; and that you, my beloved and tried friend, will undertake the charge thereof, affords me great comfort."

Not long after this last proof of his confidence and esteem for the good Lord James, King Robert Bruce expired. He was buried in Dunfermline Abbey, but his heart was taken out, and having been embalmed, was placed in a silver casket. Douglas then hung it round his neck by a string of silk and gold ; and attended by a goodly train of knights and lords, desirous of showing their love and respect to the memory of their royal master by accompanying his heart to Palestine, set off on his journey to the East. But he never arrived there. In passing through Spain, Alphonso, King of Castile, entreated the aid of the far-famed Scottish warrior against the Moorish king of Granada, who had invaded his dominions. Douglas was not one to decline a battle, or to refuse help to the oppressed. A desperate conflict took place with the Moors, who, though at first defeated, returned to the charge, and surrounded the Scottish knights, who had pursued the chase too far. Sir William St. Clair, one of these, was defending himself bravely against the sabres of the enemy, when Douglas perceived his danger. He instantly galloped to his rescue, but was himself beset and hemmed in by the Moors. Seeing there was no

chance of escape, he took from his neck the precious casket, and saying, "Pass on in front, brave heart, as thou wert wont to do; Douglas will follow thee or die!" threw it forward in the thickest of the enemy. He then rushed after it and was slain. The body of the gallant knight was found by his friends, in the centre of the field, with the Bruce's heart underneath it. His last thought had been to defend his charge.

Such of the Scottish knights as had not fallen in the combat, now returned to their own country, bearing with them the remains of Douglas, and the Bruce's heart. The precious casket was intrusted to the care of the brave Sir Simon Lockhard, of Lee, whose name was changed to Lockhart, in memory of the circumstance. He, from thenceforth, took for his device, a heart, with a padlock upon it.

Douglas was buried in the church of St. Bride, near his own castle of Douglas.

Ever since the time of the good Lord James, the Douglasses have worn as their device a bloody heart, with a crown upon it, in remembrance of his expedition and death. This brave knight is said to have been engaged in no less than seventy battles, and yet, though ever foremost in the fight, his face had escaped without a wound.

A valiant Spanish warrior, whose features were marked with many a scar, observing this with surprise, Douglas modestly replied, "I thank God, He

has always enabled my hands to guard and protect my face."

"The good Sir James," says Barbour, "was true in all his dealings, and utterly disdained to meddle with treachery or falsehood, his heart being ever fixed upon honour, whilst his manners and conduct insured him the love of all who knew him. In time of peace his expression was gentle and benevolent, and his manners mild and agreeable; but in battle his countenance underwent a total change, and became terrible to all who beheld him. It was singular, that though in his speech he had a slight lisp, which in others is apt to communicate an appearance of effeminacy, this, from its contrast with his high and warlike bearing, became him wonderfully."

He was sometimes styled the Black Douglas, on account of his dark hair and swarthy complexion; but the title of the Good Lord James seems more applicable to one whose courage, patriotism, and devotion to his royal master, are almost without a parallel.

Bruce's heart was interred in Melrose Abbey.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

ONE of the best and wisest monarchs that ever lived was Alfred the Great. Great in public and private life, great as a warrior, a statesman, a scholar, and a ruler and father of his people, he seems to have united in his character all those virtues which we most revere and love. His name shines out on the page of history as one whose example monarch and subject would alike do well to copy—wise, just, and merciful as a king ; virtuous, upright, and estimable as a man. Though he lived in a barbarous age, and had innumerable difficulties to contend with in the government of his kingdom—harassed by the invasions of a powerful enemy from without, and by discontent, lawlessness, and poverty from within—he yet triumphed over all, reigned as a glorious king, and deservedly attained the title of Alfred the Great and Founder of the English monarchy.

This incomparable prince was the fourth and favourite son of the Saxon Ethelwolf. His three elder

brothers, Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred, had neither been good sons nor wise kings.

Ethelbald had openly rebelled against his father and obtained the government of part of the kingdom. He and Ethelbert then reigned jointly; and Ethelred succeeded them.

The Danes, the cruel and fierce enemies of the English, continued to invade and ravage the country at this time, as they had done from the days of Egbert. Robbing, murdering, and destroying wherever they went, they struck terror into the hearts of all. Their outrages were dreadful: every part of England was kept in continual alarm, and the inhabitants of one county did not dare to give assistance to those of another, lest in their absence their own families and property should fall a prey to the barbarians. Men, women, and even children were murdered; monasteries, cities, and churches destroyed. Bursting into the churches and monasteries, they slew the monks, carried off the treasure, and set fire to the building. In search of hidden gold, they tore open the monuments of the dead, and in wanton outrage committed to the flames many valuable manuscripts. Numbers of libraries were thus destroyed. In one monastery they slew eighty-four monks; and the magnificent structure, which they set on fire, continued burning for fifteen days, a terror to all around. They would generally avoid coming to a fixed battle, but landing suddenly in some part of the coast, would lay waste

the country with fire and sword for miles, and carrying off people, cattle, and goods, return to their ships and disappear as suddenly as they came.

No one felt himself safe from them for a single moment. Their boldness was increasing; they had lately sacked and burnt Winchester, and plundered the city of York; and, encouraged by their success, were now meditating a final settlement in England.

Such was the state of the kingdom, when, by the death of Ethelred, his brother Alfred succeeded to the throne. He was then only twenty-two years of age, but had already distinguished himself in the battles fought with the Danes. When he was yet but a little child his father, who was very fond of him, had taken him to Rome, where they remained some time. His extraordinary beauty, vivacity, and playfulness endeared him in no common degree to both his parents. At an early age he took an especial pleasure in history, and in listening to the recital of poems, in which the Anglo-Saxon minstrels commemorated in glowing terms the illustrious exploits of their kings and warriors. But the young prince's education was sadly neglected; he was twelve years old before he could either read or write. Learning in those days was confined to a very few: the monks were almost the only people who possessed it. Books were very scarce and dear; and as neither paper nor printing were invented, they were composed of carefully-written rolls of parchment. It was, therefore, con-

sidered no disgrace not to be able to read, though he who could do so was looked upon as a sort of prodigy.

When Alfred was twelve years old, his mother, the queen, who was a learned woman, read to him one day some Saxon poems. The boy was charmed with them ; and the queen then told him and his brother that she would give the book, which was beautifully written and ornamented, to the one amongst them who could first read it. Alfred, fired with ardour, applied himself so diligently to study, that in a very short time he obtained the prize. He afterwards acquired the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and from henceforward took the greatest delight in study. His two great difficulties were, that there were so few books to be had, and so few clever men amongst the Saxons who could teach him anything. However, notwithstanding these obstacles, he became, by application and perseverance, one of the most learned men of his time ; and such was his love of literature, that he generally carried a book in his bosom, even when engrossed with the cares of royalty, so that at any leisure moment he might be able to read.

King Alfred was scarcely seated on the throne when he had to march against the Danes, who were exercising their usual ravages in the land. He overcame them, and, on condition of being allowed a safe retreat, they promised to quit the kingdom. The treaty was concluded, but the Danes never thought of observing

it, and only marched to another part of the country to commence fresh outrages.


The following year a new swarm of the barbarians came over to England and joined their countrymen in acts of violence. Alfred collected his forces: and such was his vigour and determination to expel, if possible, these fierce intruders, that in one year he fought no less than eight battles with them, and reduced them to the utmost extremity. They then promised that if they were permitted to remain in some part of England they would prevent the landing of any more of their countrymen. To this Alfred agreed; but while waiting the execution of the treaty, intelligence was brought that another body of Danes had arrived, surprised and taken Chippenham, and were committing terrible depredations. These tidings quite broke the spirit of the Saxons, and reduced them to despair. They could fight no more. After all the hard-earned victories they had gained, and the miseries they had suffered, they saw themselves as far from peace and security as ever! Just as they were in hopes of preventing any fresh invasions of their cruel and powerful enemies, another band had arrived to disappoint and overwhelm them!

In vain the king urged them, by the most persuasive arguments, to take up arms once more, and strike another blow for their religion, their country, and their homes. In vain he spoke to them of final success, if their efforts were persevered in. They could

not hope. They imagined themselves abandoned by Heaven to destruction ; and with gloomy and sorrowful countenances and melancholy forebodings they left the prince, round whose throne and person it was their bounden duty to rally to the last.

Thus deserted by his followers, some of whom fled into Wales, some beyond the sea, and some in submission to the conquerors, Alfred was compelled to dismiss the faithful few who still remained with him, and, laying aside the ensigns of royalty till a brighter period should arrive, seek a refuge from the fury and pursuit of his enemies. In the disguise of a peasant he obtained shelter for some time at the cottage of a neatherd, entrusted with the care of some of his cows. Possessed of much natural dignity, with a manly form and fine open pleasant countenance, expressive of a kindly heart and true nobility of feeling, his humble hosts yet saw only in the fair-haired stranger who had sought admittance to their hut one of their persecuted and suffering fellow-countrymen, fleeing from the tyranny of the remorseless Danes. They little thought that to the noble Alfred himself, the king whom they loved and revered, they were indebted for the care daily taken of the cattle !

It happened one day the disguised monarch was seated by the fire-side trimming his bow and arrows, when the herdsman's wife entering, desired him to watch and turn some cakes she had placed on the hearth to toast. Alfred promised to do so ; but his



thoughts were elsewhere: he forgot the cakes, and they were all burned. When the old woman returned, she is said to have scolded the king severely, telling him "he was a lazy good-for-nothing fellow, always very ready to eat her hot cakes, though he would not take the trouble to turn them."

After a time Alfred left the cottage, and repaired to a swampy piece of ground, formed by the waters of the Parret and the Thone, in Somersetshire.* Here he was followed by a few of his faithful nobles, and, finding about two acres of firm ground, he built on it a fortified dwelling. In this inaccessible spot, surrounded as it was by forests and morasses, the monarch and his little band lived for more than a year, making frequent and unexpected sallies upon the Danes, who felt the blow they gave without knowing from whence it came. Alfred's arm was as vigorous and his spirit as resolute as ever: he still looked forward with hope to subduing one day the invaders of his kingdom; and by his influence and example inspired his followers with courage and confidence.

Yet his heart bled for his country: he felt her misfortunes far more than his own, and many a wakeful night he passed in that isolated fort, as he anxiously pondered over the best means for her deliverance. To his nobles he ever appeared calm, cheerful, and confident; to his wife Ethelswitha alone he expressed the

* This place was for a long time afterwards called Ethelingey (or the Isle of Nobles), now converted into Athelney.

sorrows of his heart. She cheered him and comforted him as best she could : and, with an unflinching trust in the providence of God, the noble king would again sally forth with his devoted little band to make another effort for his country's freedom.

Few monarchs have had misfortunes equal to Alfred's ; and none have borne them in a nobler spirit. Patient, yet undismayed, oppressed and persecuted, yet hopeful and resolute, feeling acutely the miseries of his country, and the difficulties which lay in the way of her liberation, yet leaving no effort untried which it was in his power to make.

A fierce and powerful enemy in possession of his kingdom ; his armies dispersed and routed, and his people disheartened and terror-stricken, he yet neither gave way to inactivity nor despair when all seemed so fearfully against him. He remained as ever—

“ Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm and self-possessed.”

It happened one day, during Alfred's retreat at Athelney, that a pilgrim approached the fort, and solicited food.

“ Give him of our store,” said the benevolent prince to Ethelswitha ; “ though I fear me,” he added, smiling, “ that is but little.”

“ Very little,” replied Ethelswitha ; “ but one loaf remains to us.”

“ Let him have the half of it,” said the king ; “ our

foraging party will return to-night, so that we can well spare it to him."


"Ah! but the foraging party may return unsuccessful, as they have done before," observed the queen, with tears in her eyes; "it is not that I begrudge the poor man the bread, far be it from me to do so; but think, my honoured lord, to what a state of distress our household will be reduced, should such be the case."

"Ethelswitha, my dear love," said the king, in a gentle tone, "He who could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, can make, if it so please Him, one-half of the loaf suffice for our necessities. The poor pilgrim should not ask food of us in vain, while we have aught to give."

The Lady Ethelswitha hesitated no longer; with her own hands she delivered one-half of the loaf to the traveller; and, while receiving his fervent blessings, inwardly thanked Heaven for the gift of a husband and king whose virtues shone out every day more conspicuously.

His beneficence she had no cause to repent; the attendants returned at night with so large a supply of provisions that they were never again in want of food.

Not long after this, news was brought of an event which caused great joy in the little fort. The Earl of Devonshire, roused by the cruelties of the fierce Danish prince, Hubba, in his neighbourhood, had collected his followers, fallen unexpectedly on the Danes,



put them all to the rout, and left Hubba dead upon the field. Alfred, delighted to find in some of his subjects a spirit of resistance to their tyrants, determined to leave his retreat, and once more raise the standard of liberty.

But before he again urged them to take up arms, he resolved to judge for himself of the probability of success. For this purpose he entered the Danish camp under the disguise of a harper, passing unsuspected through every quarter. He played so well, that he was introduced to Guthrum, the prince, who invited him to remain with them some days. Alfred agreed; and, while entertaining all with his musical talents and conversation, observed the want of discipline amongst the soldiers, the state of careless security in which they lived, and their low esteem for English valour.

Encouraged and hopeful, he secretly sent faithful messengers to his nobles, telling them to assemble their followers, and meet him on the borders of Selwood forest. Weary of Danish cruelty and oppression they eagerly and joyfully obeyed the summons; and, on the appointed day, hastened to the place of meeting.

When they saw their own beloved prince, the royal Alfred, once more amongst them, the air was rent with a thousand shouts. He, whom they had long supposed dead, stood there with kindling eye and animated countenance, exhorting them, in his well-

known tones, to make another effort in behalf of liberty. Liberty is dear to all, and our Saxon forefathers had too well learned its preciousness; they gathered round their prince, and with one voice declared they would follow him to victory or to death. He at once conducted them to the Danish encampment, and, attacking the most unguarded quarter, put his enemies into the utmost confusion. Thinking the English totally subdued, and quite unprepared for such a surprise, they made but a faint resistance, and were soon forced to fly. Numbers were slain, and the remainder threw themselves on the mercy of their conquerors.* The king, generous as brave, granted them their lives; and, with that clemency and goodness of heart for which he was famed, immediately conceived a plan for converting these mortal enemies into friends and allies. He knew that the kingdoms of East-Anglia and Northumberland had been rendered totally desolate by the Danish inroads, and he now proposed that Guthrum and his followers should dwell there, and cultivate the arts of peace. He hoped that thus they would not only become an industrious people, but serve as a rampart to him against any further incursions of their countryman. Guthrum and his army were too glad to accede to these mild proposals;

* A triumphal memorial of this victory still exists in the figure of a white horse, in a walking attitude, cut out of the chalk of the hill, near Westbury, in Wiltshire. The standard of the Saxons was a white horse.

but before ratifying the treaty, the king required, as a pledge of their sincerity, that they should embrace Christianity. They made no objection, and were accordingly baptized.

The Danes having settled down peaceably in their new quarters, King Alfred, once more in undisputed possession of his throne, enjoyed many years of tranquillity. His first care was to endeavour to restore order in his kingdom, by establishing civil and military institutions, making wise and good laws, and inciting his people to industry. He repaired the mischief done by the Danes, rebuilt the ruined cities, and formed a regular militia for the defence of the kingdom. He erected forts on the coast, strengthened the walls of the towns, and built several castles. But he was especially desirous to have such a fleet of ships as would prevent the future incursions of foreign enemies. The navy of England, celebrated all over the world, owes its origin to King Alfred. The ships that carry the British flag to distant seas, and the gallant sailors who maintain its supremacy, first formed a defence to our isle in the days of this illustrious prince. Yet so ignorant were his subjects of nautical affairs, that he was obliged to get foreign shipwrights to build his vessels, and foreign seamen to navigate them! In process of time, however, the English became expert in these arts; and King Alfred possessed a fleet large and powerful enough to repel several attempted invasions of his Danish foes.

While thus providing, by a militia and navy, for the safety of his kingdom, the wise monarch did not neglect the administration of justice. The country, from the continual ravages of the Danes, was in a wretched state, and numbers of the English, reduced to poverty by the invaders had, in despair, become lawless plunderers themselves. To remedy this evil, Alfred divided the kingdom into counties, hundreds, and tithings. Ten neighbouring families formed a tithing, over whom a person was appointed who was answerable for the conduct of each householder, as he in turn was for his family and neighbours. Thus each person becoming in a manner surety for the good behaviour of all in the tithing, it was to his own interest to promote the observance of the laws.

The strictness, justice, and wisdom with which King Alfred administered these laws, soon changed the face of affairs in England. Robberies and outrages of all kinds were put down by the punishment or reformation of the criminal; and so well ordered and vigilant were the police, that it is said the king, to prove their efficacy, had golden bracelets hung on the trees by the wayside, and no one dared to touch them.


Yet with all this strictness—and very necessary it was when the country was in such a lawless state—this great prince ever preserved the most sacred regard to the liberty of his people, and one of his memorable sentiments transmitted to us is this:—"It is just

that the English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts."

Another object which King Alfred promoted for the good of his people, was the advancement of learning. When he came to the throne he found the nation sunk in the grossest ignorance and barbarism; and he complained that not one person south of the Thames could be met with who was able to interpret the Latin service. But he invited over celebrated scholars from all parts of Europe; he established schools everywhere for the instruction of the young, founded, or at least repaired, the university of Oxford and endowed it with many privileges, and made a law that every freeholder who possessed a certain portion of land should send his children to school.

The royal princes were placed under the same discipline. We are told, "Ethelwerd, the youngest, by the admirable prudence of the king, was consigned to the schools of learning, where, with the children of almost all the nobility of the country, and many even of those belonging to the poorer classes, he prospered under the diligent care of his teachers. In the school, both Latin and Saxon books were read. They were also taught to write." The royal children were "beloved by all about them, affable and gentle to all, whether natives or foreigners, and dutiful and obedient to their father."

By these and other means, the English became far more civilized in their manners, and moral in their



behaviour; and the good king, before he died, had the satisfaction of observing their improvement in these respects. As the difficulties in the way of learning to read were numerous, Alfred instructed his people in morality by causing them to learn parables, fables, and stories, couched in poetry, conveying to them good and noble sentiments; besides the compositions of this kind which he already found in the Saxon tongue, he was at the pains to write several himself, and translate many from the Greek and Latin authors for their use and benefit.


But the nobles did not second him in his patriotic plans, and a less energetic mind than his would have been discouraged by their apathy. He, however, reasoned and expostulated with them; and at times, by express command, compelled them to exert themselves for the public good. He gave them to understand that ignorance was an effectual bar to promotion, and that for the future, ecclesiastical and civil offices could only be held by those who were acquainted with Latin. The nobles not wishing to give up their posts were thus forced to study.

If any of the judges acknowledged that they had given wrong judgment, because they knew no better, the king with that majesty of air which he could so well assume, was wont to address them in these terms:—"I am astonished at your inconsistent conduct, that whereas by God's favour and mine you have occupied the rank and office of the wise, and yet have neglected

the studies and labours of the wise. Wherefore I command you at once to give up the discharge of the temporal duties which at present you hold, or endeavour more zealously to study the lessons of wisdom. Such are my commands." At these words, the judges and magistrates, trembling and abashed, would leave the royal presence, and diligently apply themselves to the study of justice. In this way the whole nation was set to acquire knowledge.

It appears that Alfred had often much to contend with in the obstinacy or apathy of his nobles. Whilst he was fortifying the kingdom they mostly opposed his wishes, or yielded but a slow and reluctant obedience to his commands. The subsequent attacks of the Danes, however, convinced them of their folly. When they had lost parents, children, wives, servants, and property, they repented of their conduct, and were glad to erect fortifications, and carry out other arrangements for the good of the state. Then they acknowledged their king's superior wisdom and foresight.

Desirous of introducing amongst his subjects useful and ingenious arts and manufactures, this excellent monarch invited, from all quarters, skilful and industrious foreigners to instruct them in these things. To encourage them to learn, he never allowed any inventor or improver of any ingenious art to go unrewarded. The English workmen, particularly the goldsmiths, soon became very expert, and their golden



ornaments were spoken of in other lands. About two hundred years ago, there was found in Somersetshire a very curious ornament, supposed to have been worn by Alfred. It is a thin plate of gold, beautifully engraved with various figures, and round it an inscription in Saxon characters, "*Alfred commanded me to be made.*"

As trade with distant countries increased, even the elegancies of life were brought to England, and the people, seeing these productions of the peaceful arts, were taught to respect industry, and estimate the benefits of commerce. They gradually emerged from the ignorance and barbarism into which they had sunk from the disorders of the government, and the continued ravages of the Danes; and the foundation of that greatness and glory which have since distinguished England above all nations in the world may truly be said to have been laid by the Saxon Alfred.

But while thus intent on the improvement and welfare of his people, the monarch did not neglect the cultivation and improvement of his own mind. Ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, he made considerable progress in the study of grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, architecture, and geometry. Such was his love of literature that "it was his usual custom both night and day, amid his many other occupations, either to read books himself, or to listen while others read them." He was an excellent historian, a good musician, and was universally acknowledged to be the

best Saxon poet of the day. He wrote many books also, some of which are still extant. Though he paid such earnest attention to the affairs of his kingdom, and had fought in person no less than fifty-six battles by sea and land, this great prince found time to acquire, during a life of no very long continuance, more knowledge, and to compose more books, than many studious men in later ages have succeeded in doing, though blessed with leisure, and infinitely superior advantages.

To accomplish this he employed method and diligence. He usually divided his time in such a manner, that eight hours of the day were given to business, eight to study and devotion, and eight to sleep and refreshment. That he might more exactly measure the time (as there were then no clocks nor watches), he made use of lighted candles, each twelve inches in length, which were painted in rings of different colours, so that by the burning of these tapers he knew when to take up a fresh employment. Every inch of the candle that was consumed, marked the lapse of twenty minutes. Observing that by being exposed to currents of air, they burned faster, he invented lanterns to place them in.

Thus sensible of the value of time himself, he never allowed his children to waste it in an idle or unprofitable manner. Besides their usual studies, "they carefully learned the Psalms, and were continually in the habit of reading books." They loved their father

dearly, and by trying to please him, became clever and studious.

King Alfred was again disturbed by the Danes, during the latter part of his reign. They invaded England with a fleet of three hundred and thirty ships, and, landing in Kent, began to commit their usual ravages. The king, at the head of the select band of soldiers who formed his body-guard, marched to oppose them, and gathering to him his armed militia from all quarters, soon put them to flight. Unfortunately, Guthrum, his old enemy, was dead, so that he was deprived of his assistance; and the Danes of East Anglia, no longer restrained by the authority of their prince, and encouraged by the arrival of so large a body of their countrymen, threw off the authority of Alfred, and, taking to their ships, made a descent on the coast of Devon. But the good order and defences, which the monarch had everywhere established, served him in this time of need; the rebels were defeated, and forced to fly.

Still the invaders were not subdued. Under their leader, Hastings, they advanced into the country, carrying devastation and terror wherever they went. The soldiers in London, assisted by the citizens, marched out to attack them, defeated them with great slaughter, and carried off as prisoners the wife and two sons of Hastings. They were taken to the king, who not only generously spared the captives, but restored them to the Danish leader, on condition

that he and all his people should leave the country. This he agreed to do ; but some of the invaders, greedy of plunder, still remained. These were, however, finally expelled or subdued ; and England, able to defend herself, and under the sway of such a valorous, wise, and prudent prince, enjoyed for the remainder of this reign undisturbed tranquillity.

Great in peace, and great in war, King Alfred was esteemed by foreigners, as well as by his own subjects, the best and wisest prince that had appeared in Europe for several ages. By his subjects he was regarded with grateful affection and admiring reverence. So high a confidence did they place in his ability and justice, that when it was known there lay an appeal, in matters of law, from all courts, to the king himself in council, he was perfectly overwhelmed with appeals from all parts of England. With indefatigable attention, he despatched these causes ; but, finding his time would be entirely occupied by this branch of duty, he resolved to obviate the difficulty by having his nobles well instructed in the laws. From among them, he chose those most distinguished for their wisdom and equity, and placed them in offices of trust and responsibility ; whilst the better to guide the inferior magistrates in the administration of justice, he framed a body of laws, which, though now lost, were so excellent, as to form the basis of what is called the common law of England.

King Alfred rebuilt and ornamented London ; and

by appointing regular meetings of the states of England, to be held there twice a-year, rendered it the capital of the kingdom. He could not foresee that the spot which, in his wise discrimination, he had thus favoured, should afterwards become the mighty, rich, and populous city, whose influence is felt and acknowledged in distant corners of the earth, and which may, with justice, be styled "the heart of the world."

In private life, this virtuous prince was much and deservedly beloved. Pious, humane, and merciful; affectionate, kind, and forgiving; gentle, yet firm; persevering, yet not inflexible; enterprising, yet not rash; he appeared in his person, to sum up all the qualities which form a good and great character. So upright, and free from deceit, was his disposition, as to gain him the honourable appellation of "The Truth-teller." The strictest justice he tempered with the gentlest lenity; the most commanding dignity of manner, with the utmost affability. He was a liberal, generous, and noble-hearted monarch. It was little to be wondered at, that his people loved him, or that one of the titles given to him, was that of "England's Darling."

But that which especially shed a glory on Alfred's character, was his constant trust in the overruling providence of God. Deeply impressed with a sense of His omnipotence and mercy, to Him he ever looked for guidance, wisdom, and strength. His religious feelings influenced all his actions; and led him to be

much in prayer and meditation. He had a great thirst for the words of Divine wisdom, and was constantly in the habit of hearing or reading the Holy Scriptures; ever bestowing on them the utmost attention and reverence. And though, from the Bible being, in a great measure, a sealed book to him, he knew but in part "the truth as it is in Jesus," there is every reason to believe that he acted up to the light he had, and that he was swayed by the principle, both in public and private life, that there is no stability or happiness, either for a government or individual, unless founded on the sure basis of religion.

The following is the advice King Alfred gave to his son, as to the manner in which he should rule his subjects. It is a curious specimen of his poetical compositions:—

"Thus quoth Alfred :
Son of mine so dear,
sit now beside me,
and I will tell thee
true manners.
Son of mine, I feel
that my heart falloweth,
and my beauty is wan,
and my heart weak,
my days are nigh done,
and we must depart from one another.
I shall depart
unto this other world,
and thou shalt remain
in all my wealth.
Son of mine, I bid thee,

thou art my dear child,
that thou be to thy people
a father and a lord ;
be thou a father to the child,
and a friend to the widow ;
the poor man do thou comfort,
and the weak man defend ;
the wrong man bring to right
with all thy might,
and guide thee, son, by law,
and the Lord shall love thee ;
and above all other thoughts
remember well thy God,
and pray that He counsel thee
in all thy deeds ;
the better shall He aid thee
to do all thy will."

These excellent precepts the king enforced by his own daily example. The command, " Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," was of solemn import with him. He took great delight in reading devotional works ; and generally carried in his bosom a book of psalms and prayers. It is said he had made some progress in a translation of the Bible. In one book, which he called his *Handbock*, he wrote extracts of what pleased him in reading different authors. But the chief use he made of it was to insert in it passages of Holy Scripture, which he had translated into Anglo-Saxon ; and he was often heard to declare that " from his *Handbock* he was wont to derive much comfort."

And he needed comfort. He was all his lifetime

afflicted with a painful and incurable disease, which frequently caused him intense suffering, and from the attacks of which he scarcely enjoyed a day's respite. Yet his fortitude and patience never forsook him : he bore his sufferings with admirable resignation ; and we can but wonder at the activity and energy he displayed in the midst of so much to depress and harass him.

The secret was within. He was led in his trials to lift up his soul to God for help, and from him he received strength to endure.

One of his biographers writes thus : " O, Alfred ! wonder of all ages ! when we view thy devotion, it would seem as though thou hadst never left a monastery ; when thy warfare and contests, as though thou hadst been brought up only in camps ; when thy writings, that thou hadst passed thy life in the schools of philosophy ; when thy administration of the affairs of thy kingdom, that thy time had been spent in courts of law, and all thy thoughts directed to the making of wise enactments." In these sentiments all men agreed. It excites our wonder to this day that so many excellent qualities should meet together in one individual.

Alfred, deservedly surnamed " the Great," died at Oxford, after a glorious reign of twenty-nine years and a half. He left behind him two sons and three daughters. Feared by his enemies, beloved by his subjects, and admired by all mankind, he descended to his grave in peace. A thousand years have passed

since that day of mourning for England ; but we still cherish the memory of our Saxon monarch with reverence and gratitude ; and it does not lessen our love to our present gracious sovereign to know that she is descended from one so good, great, and virtuous, as to have been styled “ the mirror of kings,” and “ a bright star in the history of mankind.”

WILLIAM TELL.

THE PATRIOT OF SWITZERLAND.

IN the days when Albert of Austria, Emperor of Germany, desired to deprive the Swiss people of the freedom which they had so long enjoyed, and to rule in their land as an absolute sovereign, there dwelt in a hamlet not far from the Lake of Lucerne, a young and active mountaineer. The owner of a cottage, a few fields, a vineyard, and an orchard: blessed with an affectionate wife and children, and enabled by his industry to maintain his family in tolerable comfort; his mountain-home—situated in the midst of some of the most romantic scenery in Switzerland—was an abode of happiness and contentment. And William Tell, for such was his name, felt grateful for all his blessings; there was but one thing that troubled his mind, and occasionally cast a shade upon his open brow, and that was, the oppressive rule of Austria.

He ardently loved his country; he was a patriot in the true sense of the word; and when he heard from




William Tell's escape.



time to time of the tyranny and insolence of the Austrian soldiers towards the free and unoffending Swiss, his sympathy and indignation were alike aroused. The patriot's heart is stirred by any attack on the liberties of his land; his whole soul revolts from cruelty and oppression; and as Scotland, in the time of her distress, found a Wallace, and America a Washington, and Sweden a Gustavus Vasa, so did Switzerland, when her freedom was threatened, produce a William Tell to defend and support her rights.

It is said that the natives of a mountainous country are more attached to their homes than those who reside upon the plains; certain it is, that the Swiss patriot's love for his fatherland was one of the deepest feelings of his heart. Born amidst the snow-capped hills, and accustomed from infancy to regard them as friends and companions, they possessed for him a peculiar charm, which time as it passed on served only to strengthen. The lakes, the waterfalls, the mountain streamlets, the rocky precipices, all were endeared to him, and held a place in his affections lasting as life itself. To be the champion of such a beloved and romantic land, Tell appeared well fitted by nature. Possessed of great physical strength and manly beauty, tall, active, and energetic, and endowed with a calm, lofty, and resolute mind, he seemed capable, when occasion required, of acting the part of a brave and determined man. While he excelled in all manly sports, and had not his equal in feats of archery or



strength, he was modest, kind, and courteous to all, and a general favourite. He loved to climb the precipitous rocks in pursuit of the bounding chamois, and to steer his small boat across the lake even when the waves ran high; but he returned with renewed delight to his humble and happy home, and to the cultivation of his fields and pastures.

He was sitting one evening with his wife and children, after a day of toil, when the conversation fell on the tyrannical conduct of Herman Gessler, the Austrian governor, whom the emperor had placed in Altorf, a small town near the Lake of Lucerne.

"His acts are, indeed, oppressive," observed William Tell; "the emperor must have some deep design in sending such a man amongst us."

"I have heard he is an ambitious prince," replied his wife, "it may be that he covets our land."

"He does. He desires to unite our forest-towns to his hereditary estates. But we rejected his proposal to submit to him as Duke of Austria, and he doubtless bears an ill-will towards us on that account."

"But why should he desire our forest-towns, William? has he not great riches of his own?"

"He has large possessions and much wealth. We have, you know, as a people, always acknowledged a dependence upon the empire of Germany, though the subjection was but a nominal one. When Rodolph of Hapsburg, ascended the imperial throne, he invested his son Albert, our present emperor, with the govern-


ment of Austria and all its appendages. Not content with this, he grasps at more, and would, if he could, reign over Switzerland as an absolute sovereign. That he never will; but finding we are not to be duped by his persuasions, he has sent this Gessler, with his soldiers, to domineer over us."

"Will he domineer over you, father?" asked young Walter, in some surprise.

"If he attempt it, my son—— but see, here is Arnold Milchthal! a welcome sight! come in good Arnold, you are in time for our evening meal."

The friends greeted each other warmly, and Arnold took his seat at the board. But his discomposed and angry look showed that something unusual had happened to disturb him. On being questioned, he confessed that he had that day been highly incensed at Gessler's conduct in Altorf.

He had, for a very trivial offence, punished an industrious peasant with imprisonment and a heavy fine. "The man," he said, "had but omitted some slight mark of respect to the governor, through ignorance, and he thus suffered for it. It is not to be endured," continued Arnold, with flashing eyes; "why should we submit to such tyranny? why are we, a free and independent people, to bear the insolence of this petty despot? His exactions increase daily, and the licence he allows his soldiers, is unbearable. What is to be done, William? we cannot let this wretched state of things continue."



"It will not last long, Arnold; we are not fitted to bear such a yoke," replied his friend. "A few more such acts, and Gessler will bring down on himself, his own just punishment. Let us be patient and watchful."

"Patient, if we can," said the fiery Arnold. "His insolence has roused more than one brave spirit already. It was but two days since, when passing through Steinen, his eye fell upon the dwelling which Stauffacher has lately erected for himself. 'What!' exclaimed the Austrian tyrant, 'shall it be endured that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice as that? If *they* are to be thus lodged, what are we to do?' This insolent speech, heard by Stauffacher's wife, roused her indignation. She is a true Swiss; a noble, warm-hearted woman. 'How long must we quietly submit to this?' she exclaimed. 'How long shall the oppressor be triumphant, and the oppressed weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritance upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if we, the mothers of Helvetia, are to nurse the children of slavery, and see our daughters swelling the train of our oppressors?' And she speaks truly, William! we must rise to a man in defence of our liberty; we must no longer tamely submit to this iron yoke."


"No, we will be free, Melchthal; free as the air we breathe; but we must be cautious. One rash act

might bind the yoke still heavier on us. The time will come, my friend. Our fatherland was never meant for slaves."

"Our fatherland! it is as dear to you as to me, Tell, and you will not see it wronged. But I have not much patience, nor can I calmly endure injury and insult. You will come forth? you will devise means for delivering us from this galling oppression? I can trust you;" and, warmly grasping his friend's hand, Arnold turned away to speak to Walter.

The remainder of the evening passed in tranquil and pleasant conversation, and in walking over the little farm; William Tell pointing out to his friend some improvements he had made in his implements of husbandry.

A few days afterwards an event occurred that roused the indignation of the whole neighbourhood. Melchthal and his father were in their fields ploughing, when an Austrian soldier coming up admired the oxen, said they would just suit him, and ordered Arnold to unyoke the beasts that he might drive them off, adding, with a contemptuous sneer, "that such clodpoles might easily draw their own ploughs." Arnold, in a fury, resisted this demand, and aiming a blow at the soldier, hurt him rather severely. The man enraged, retreated; but old Melchthal, dreading Gessler's wrath, obliged his son to go for a time to the mountains, and conceal himself. Scarcely had he departed, when a guard of soldiers, sent by Gessler, approached the dwelling, and not



finding Arnold, seized the old man, and carried him off to prison. As he refused to say where his son had concealed himself, the inhuman Gessler ordered his eyes to be put out, and sent him forth blind and sorrow-stricken.

All Tell's sympathies were aroused when he heard this sad tale. He felt the time was come for resistance. The injustice and tyranny of their foreign rulers could no longer be borne with, and he accordingly prepared to take some decisive measures towards establishing the freedom of his country.

Having despatched Walter with a message of sympathy to Arnold Melchthal, and a summons to him to come forth in the holy cause of liberty, he himself taking his well-filled quiver, and the bow which few could bend, in hand, proceeded at once to the village of Steinen, and the dwelling of Werner Stauffacher. On entering, he threw down at Werner's feet a goodly package of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. "Stauffacher," said Tell, "the time for action is come! it behoves us all to be up and doing. We have been patient; we must now be courageous." He then gave Stauffacher an account of all that had passed, and the barbarity practised on the unoffending and aged Melchthal, and so feelingly did he describe the miseries of his country and the cruel yoke under which the people groaned, that even the cautious Werner was indignant; his cheek flushed with anger, and grasping the patriot's hand, he exclaimed, "Friend, I am ready ;


let there be no delay. Speak but a word to the people, and they will at once rise against their tyrants."

"We must be prudent still," replied William Tell, "or all may fail. Do you take some of these weapons and distribute them amongst your friends in the village; I will take another road, and do the same. Bring back with you ten men whom we can fully trust."

Stauffacher obeyed these orders; and the honest villagers of Steinen having been made aware that a rising was contemplated, and that vigilance and secrecy were necessary to its success, the little band of patriots proceeded to the lake of Lucerne in order to cross it, and meet Arnold Melchthal on the opposite side. As they approached its shores, they perceived the waters to be agitated by a furious tempest. Stauffacher looked grave. "We know thee to be as skilful with the boat as with the bow, William Tell," said he, "but canst thou steer us safely through such a storm as this?"

"I go to meet Melchthal," cried Tell, "and the fate of our country depends on the interview."

He sprang into the boat, and the rest followed. To cast her off and hoist the sail, was the work of a few moments, and Tell, seizing the helm, the boat flew over the waters. The storm abating, they were not long in reaching the opposite shore, where at the appointed place of meeting, the field of Grutli, they found Arnold Melchthal and Walter Furst, of Uri,



each accompanied by ten men. After a hearty greeting, William Tell at once proceeded to unfold his plans. In an eloquent and patriotic speech, he described the state of the country under the Austrian governors, and showed the necessity for combined and immediate action. "There is no time to be lost," he continued; "by delay our plans may be frustrated. Something has been done already. Underwalden and Schwytz are armed; three hundred and fifty warriors wait but for our signal to rise. While you, my friends, select for them some secluded valley as a place of meeting, which they must reach by different paths and in small parties, I will return to Uri, and collect a hundred brave men to aid us in our enterprise. Furst will go with me and seek warriors in the high hills, whence flow the Rhine and the Rhone. When I receive tidings from him, a fire near my dwelling shall be the signal for all to march to the rendezvous. We then, united, pour down upon Altorf, and rouse the people there."

This plan was after some discussion agreed to, and it was then unanimously resolved, "that in the enterprise in which they were now embarked, no one should be guided by his own private opinion, or ever forsake his friends; that in defence of their common cause they should jointly live or jointly die; that each should, in his own neighbourhood, promote the object in view, trusting that one day the whole nation would have cause to bless their friendly union; that the

Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom which they (the Swiss) had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished." Then the little band of patriots—at the head of which Switzerland gratefully remembered the names of William Tell, Arnold Melchthal, Werner Stauffacher, and Walter Furst—stepped forward, and, raising their hands, swore in defence of that freedom to lay down their lives, if called for.

After this solemn vow, the heroes separated.

In the mean time, Herman Gessler began to suspect that all was not right. He fancied he saw an air of independence in the people, which seemed to intimate disaffection to the ruling powers; their step was more free, their carriage more erect, he thought, than it had been, and to satisfy himself that they were still submissive to his authority, he hit upon the following tyrannical expedient. He ordered a pole to be erected in the market-place, upon the top of which was set the ducal cap of Austria. To this, he insisted that all who passed near, or within sight of it, should make obeisance, as a proof of their homage and allegiance to the duke; and he resolved that all who refused to obey this mandate, or who appeared discontented with it, should be punished as disloyal and rebellious subjects. A guard of soldiers was posted in the

market-place to see that this law was complied with, and to enforce obedience. Such another instance of galling tyranny and oppression towards an independent and freedom-loving people is not to be met with.

It was on a bright and sunny morning that William Tell walking up the market-place of Altorf, first saw this mark of despotism. He could not understand it. On the top of a long pole was fixed a richly-embroidered cap, and, to his astonishment, each person as he passed it, or even came within sight of it, made a profound obeisance. Suddenly the truth flashed across his mind. He saw this was but a new act of tyranny on the part of Gessler, and servility on that of the people. With a smile of contempt on his lips, the patriot, leaning on his cross-bow, stood silently surveying the cringing populace: he felt almost ashamed to own as his countrymen men who could submit to such insulting tyranny. Unconsciously his head became more erect, his air more determined, as he inwardly vowed this oppression should not last; patriotic thoughts filled his noble breast, and the deliverance of his country was his firm resolve. He was roused from his meditations by the approach of the captain of the guard demanding, in an authoritative tone, "why he alone, of all there assembled, neglected to pay obedience to the commands of the governor?"

"I am not aware of his commands," said Tell, calmly, "but from what I see I presume they refer to

yon symbol of Austrian despotism. I could scarcely have imagined that the intoxication of power could have carried a man so far ; though, truly, the cowardice of the people might almost justify his conduct."

"Bold language, indeed!" exclaimed the captain in surprise; "you will need a rebuke for this. What, ho! guards! disarm this fellow, and bring him before the governor. He will soon check such insolence."

It was useless to resist; and William Tell taken before Gessler, the latter fiercely asked him what he meant by disobeying his orders. "Dost thou not know that death is the penalty of rebellion?" continued the tyrant in a furious tone; "yes, death by hanging! and such will be thy fate."

"I am not aware of having broken any laws, or disobeyed any commands," said Tell, calmly; "unless my neglecting to pay homage to a hat on a pole be construed into disobedience."

"Fellow! that is the ducal cap of Austria, and my command is that all should bow down to it as to the duke himself. It is the symbol of his power in this land. Thy ignorance will excuse thee this time: go, and make thy homage, and be thankful thou hast escaped with thy life."

"I make no homage to Austria, or to Austria's cap;" said Tell, proudly, "I am a free-born native of a free land, and, as such, am unused to crouch before any."

"Thy insolence is marvellous!" observed Gessler,

in surprise. "Who is the man?" he asked, turning to the soldiers of the guard.

"He is William Tell, of Uri," was the reply.

"Tell; I have heard of him; he deserves death, and shall have it. Away with him! and see that he is hanged before sun-down: but stay a moment—thou art famed for thy skill as an archer, Tell; before thou diest I would fain see somewhat of it; say, hast thou children?"

"His son is even now in the market-place," observed one of the soldiers, "making inquiries for his father."

"Bring him hither," said Gessler. "Now then, William Tell," he continued, when Walter appeared—and a smile of mingled hatred and triumph was on his lips as he spoke—"thou shalt prove that thou art as skilful in archery as men give thee credit for. The people of Altorf shall at once admire my justice, and thy dexterity. Thy son shalt be placed a hundred yards distant from thee, with an apple on his head. If thou, with thine arrow, canst fairly pierce the apple, I give thee thy liberty; if thou failest, thou shalt die."

Horror-stricken at such a barbarous proposal, Tell for the moment was utterly dismayed. He thought of the terrible consequences, if, sent by a trembling hand, the arrow went below the mark! How should he return to his wife as the murderer of his first-born? But he was not to return; if he did not take a sure aim, his own life would be forfeited!

In this moment of agony the unhappy father turned

his eyes on Walter, and met there such a confiding, fearless glance, that he was at once reassured. "You never miss the mark, father," said the brave lad, with a bright smile; "I shall like these Austrian soldiers to see the sure aim of the best archer in all Uri; they could not match it, I'll warrant."

"My son, can you stand firm?" asked Tell; "the least movement on your part might cost both of us our lives."

"Firm as a rock, father; fear not for me; the Rhigi itself shall not be more immoveable."

"Then let us make ready, and may God protect us."

They were led into the wide street; the distance was measured off; and a double guard of soldiers placed around. The people, many of whom knew and loved William Tell, pressed near, fearful and trembling. His dexterity as an archer was so well known, that some dared to hope; but then, the sight of his boy before him might unnerve his arm, and misdirect his aim. It was an anxious moment. How the fathers felt for him, and the mothers pitied him!

And Gessler was there also;—the inhuman Gessler. Silent and malignant, he stood, watching every movement, and anticipating a barbarous triumph.

The patriot took his cross-bow, and chose an arrow from his quiver. He raised his eyes to where Walter quietly awaited him, his hands bound, and his back to a linden-tree. The arrow did not please him, and he took another. At length, after a glance at Gessler,


and feeling there was no escape, with a firm hand, but with a heart full of unutterable emotion, he drew his bow. The arrow sped with a sure aim from the unerring marksman, and cleft the apple in twain!

Then arose on every side the loudest acclamations and cries of joy. Mothers with tearful eyes pressed their children to their hearts, while fathers hastened forwards to congratulate Tell and his brave son on their happy success. The patriot with deep gratitude gazed on his son, whom Gessler approached. "Truly, fame hath not belied thee," he said; "thou art an incomparable archer, and hast well earned thy liberty. But what do I see there? thou hast yet an arrow concealed in thy bosom. For what purpose?" "This arrow," said Tell, fixing his eyes on him, "was designed for thee, tyrant, had I had the misfortune to have slain my son." Gessler started back, and commanded the guards instantly to convey the bold rebel to prison. He was seized, and amidst the murmurs of the populace, hurried off to the fort.

But the cowardly and unjust governor feared to keep him there. He thought it not at all unlikely that the people might make an attempt to rescue their fellow-countryman. He therefore loaded William Tell with irons, and that very night, accompanied by a strong guard, conducted him to the shores of the lake, where entering a boat, he set sail, in order to place his prisoner in greater security than he would be in Altorf.

But his designs were frustrated. On first starting, the evening being fine, and the waters placid, the boat proceeded swiftly on her way. Tell, fettered, but not cast down, sat thoughtfully meditating on the stirring events of the last few days, and as he recalled them, gratitude was still the deepest feeling of his heart—gratitude that he had not slain his son. He had sent the boy, at the moment of his arrest, with a message to Arnold Melchthal. All at once, a bright light appeared in the distance. It grew into a broad blaze, and the Austrians observed with indifference that “some Swiss dwelling was on fire.” But William Tell knew otherwise. From the direction it was in, he felt assured it was the beacon-light which was to rouse the cantons. His friends then, aware of his captivity, were making efforts for his deliverance, His heart sprang joyously within him; he hopefully gazed at the flame illuminating the country round, and visions of his country’s freedom filled his breast with gladness.

Suddenly the wind changed, and one of those storms, common to the lakes of Switzerland, placed the voyagers in much danger. The waves, rising to a great height, dashed over the boat, which was tossed to and fro in the blast; and despite the efforts of the sailors they were fast driving towards a precipitous and rocky shore. The pilot, too, was unskilful and alarmed, and darkness coming on, their peril every moment increased. In this emergency, the soldiers reminded



Gessler,—who, pale and terror-stricken, knew not what to do—that the prisoner Tell, accustomed to the lake and its changes, was known to be a skilful pilot. The governor almost despairing of life, asked his captive, whether, if his chains were unbound he could save them. “By the help of God, I could yet bring you through,” replied Tell. “Strike off his fetters and let him go to the helm,” said Gessler; and the patriot, taking the tiller in his hand, turned the boat from her dangerous course, and guided her steadily and fearlessly through the angry waves. The soldiers at once saw she was under the management of an experienced pilot, and their fears subsided. And William Tell began to hope also. In taking charge of the boat, he determined to make a bold effort for freedom; therefore shaping her course, under cover of the darkness, in the direction of the land from whence they had come, she advanced rapidly on her homeward track. The wind was in their favour—Gessler and his men ignorant of the change; and as morning broke, the shores they had left a few hours before appeared full in view. In an angry tone, Gessler demanded of Tell why he had taken them back to Altorf; the latter, without answering, suddenly turned the helm, brought the boat close to a large jutting rock, and springing out, had scaled the precipice, and was lost to sight before his astonished captors had recovered their surprise.

Once more free, and on his native mountains, the

patriot's heart was light. He resolved immediately to join his friends, and was proceeding on his way, when the approach of soldiers caused him to take refuge in a small hollow by the road-side.* It was Gessler and his party. They had effected a landing on a low part of the shore, procured horses, and were now on their way to Altorf. Tell saw them from his hiding-place, and heard them, as they passed, denouncing vengeance against himself and his family. The patriot's wrongs were many; his country groaned under the tyrant's rule; he felt the moment for her deliverance was come, and stepping forward, he drew his bow, and, taking a sure aim, shot Herman Gessler to the heart.

This deed accomplished, the hero hastened to Steinen, where he was joyfully welcomed by Werner Stauffacher and his friends. The patriots were all up in arms; but the news which Tell brought of the tyrant's death, so calmed their apprehensions, that they considered there was now no cause for any immediate action. They resolved, however, the first blow having been struck, never to rest till their fatherland was free.

They kept their resolution. On new-year's day, 1308, that glorious struggle for liberty began which ended not till Switzerland was declared a free and independent country. But the contest lasted for more

* A chapel now marks the spot, known to this day as "The hollow way."

than three hundred years ; the Austrians, the French, and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, each in turn endeavouring to subdue the hardy and free-spirited mountaineers. It was in vain. The prize for which the patriots struggled was too precious to be easily relinquished ; and hundreds of brave men sacrificed their lives to preserve that, without which life to them was valueless :—

“ Ye know not, ye who are always free,
How precious a thing is liberty !”

We read of William Tell and Walter Furst being in the desperate conflict at Morgarten, in 1315, when thousands of well-disciplined Austrians advanced upon the little army of patriots. To defend themselves from the swords and lances of their enemies, the Swiss had but arrows, axes, and iron-headed clubs, but these they used with such determined vigour as to cause great slaughter in the opposing ranks ; and when from the overhanging cliffs they precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks upon their assailants, their confusion was complete. A terrible rout ensued ; and the flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on that fatal field.

But little more is told us of the patriot's life. It is said that he was drowned in an inundation which, in 1350, destroyed Burglen, his native village. He had done much for Switzerland, and to this day is honoured as the liberator of his country. It was his bold and

resolute spirit which first roused his countrymen to resist the Austrian yoke ; it was his brave and prudent example that showed them what courage, caution, and patriotism could effect in restoring liberty to their land. His name is enrolled in the page of history as a brave and true-hearted Swiss, while the simple and independent mountaineers regard the cliffs and headlands of the lake of Lucerne—Tell's lake—with something of a hallowed feeling :—

“ Who would not land, and tread the ground—
Land where Tell leaped ashore—and climb to drink
Of the three hallowed fountains? He that does,
Comes back the better. * * *
Each cliff, and headland, and green promontory,
Graven with records of the past.”

The republic of Switzerland is now one of the happiest and most prosperous in the world. It consists of twenty-three cantons, united in a confederacy for mutual protection and general interest. Deputies, sent by each, form a diet, or parliament, which meets alternately at Berne, Lucerne, and Zurich.

The country is remarkably wild and beautiful ; and the inhabitants a free, brave, contented, and industrious people. Their reputation for valour and enthusiastic attachment to liberty is known throughout the world.

THE HERO OF WATERLOO.

“Take up, take up the strain of grief,
Gone is our warrior and our chief!”

THE illustrious Duke of Wellington, whose loss England has so lately and sincerely mourned, was born in Ireland in the year 1769. It seems probable that Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, was his birth-place, through some of his biographers fix it in Dublin. Be that as it may, the name of Wellington is so dear to every Englishman, so familiar to every English child, that it will be well to record some of the events which on that name have shed undying lustre.

Arthur Wellesley, son of Lord Mornington, was one of a large family. By the death of his father, he was, at an early age, left to the care of his mother, a lady of prudence and ability. His education was carried on at Eton, at Brighton, and subsequently at the military school of Angers in France. In his eighteenth year he entered the army as an ensign in the 73rd Regiment of foot. His promotion was rapid: from step to step he rose till he was appointed to the colonelcy

of the 33rd, and was ordered with that regiment to the Continent on active service. Previously to this, he had been returned to the Irish Parliament as member for the borough of Trim.

As this is necessarily but a very slight sketch of the history of "the great Captain of the age" we will pass over his military operations at this time on the Continent, and proceed with his career in India. But it is worthy of remark that the scene of his first and last campaign was on the plains of Belgium.

On the arrival of Colonel Wellesley in India, he marched with his forces into the Mysore country. Tippoo Sultaun—the famous tiger of Mysore—was the son of Hyder Ally, and a dangerous enemy to the English. He had a large army, and was very powerful, living in great splendour in Seringapatam, his capital city. But Tippoo was one of the most cruel tyrants that ever disgraced a throne.

His disposition partook of the ferocity and savage cunning of the tiger, which animal he adopted as his crest, and emblazoned on his banners. It is frightful to read of the numerous murders he committed, and the atrocious cruelties he practised on his prisoners. One instance will suffice. An English officer in one of his dungeons was supplied with food which he was aware was poisoned. For a little time he supported life through the humanity of a slave, who secretly brought him something to eat; but the guard was informed that if the Englishman lived much longer,

his own life should be forfeited. The unfortunate officer had now no alternative left, but that of perishing by poison or famine. From the anxious love of life he refused food for several days ; but at length the dreadful pangs of hunger prevailed : he eat of the poisoned meat, and drank of the fatal cup, and died in a few hours.

But the British soldiers took Seringapatam, and the cruelties of Tippoo Sultaun were closed by death. His treasure was found to be enormous. Gold coin, pearls, and jewels of inestimable value, furniture, and stores of all sorts, were heaped together in his palace.

The costly jewels which he always wore in his turban and belt, said to be above all price, had all been stripped from him when his body was discovered amidst a heap of slain.

Detested and feared during his life, he died unlamented ; and the jewels of which he was plundered, and of which he had been so proud, were never recovered.

Having restored the rightful prince of Mysore to the throne—for Hyder Ally and his son were but usurpers—the British next turned their arms against the Mahrattas.

This people, a powerful and warlike tribe of the Malabar coast, were the only enemies from whom the English government had now anything to dread. Major-General Wellesley, for such was now his rank,

received the command of the forces to be sent against them, and at the head of ten thousand men, penetrated into the Deccan.

It was a responsible post ; but the military talents of the young general were becoming every day more conspicuous : from the peculiar knowledge he had acquired, both of the country and of the enemy with whom he had to deal, he was deemed worthy of the appointment, and the result justified its wisdom.


It was not long before the Mahrattas found that in British soldiers, under such a chief, they had to cope with men who knew not fear ;—brave, determined, and resistless. Fort after fort fell into their hands ; and one of the Mahratta chiefs wrote thus to his friend :—

“These English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them ?”

“The important fort of Ahmednuggur was taken by a most gallant escalade : in the thick of the assault General Wellesley saw a young officer, who had reached the top of the *very lofty* wall, thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. General Wellesley had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed by the fall ; but hastened to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young fellow, and had the satisfaction of seeing

him in a moment after, comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning the General sent for him—offered to attach him to his staff as Brigade Major—and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even down to the conquest of Paris, continued him in his personal family and friendship, and used sometimes to observe that the first time he had ever seen him was *in the air*: that young officer is now Sir Colin Campbell, Knight Commander of the Bath, a major-general in the army, and governor of Nova Scotia!”

A noted and daring freebooter had, previously to this war, collected a large army around him, and, according to the custom of such robbers, proceeded to levy contributions from the country. Pursued by the British under Colonel Wellesley, he had taken refuge in the Mahratta territory. There they followed him, and, after many a tedious march and countermarch through a wild and difficult country, succeeded in routing his forces. “The King of the World,” as he had styled himself, was slain, and his corpse being lashed to a gun, was carried back to the British camp. Among the luggage was found a beautiful boy of about four years old, who proved to be the favourite son of the “King of the World,” or, as his real name was, Dhoondiah. Colonel Wellesley not only took the orphan child under his protection, but, on his departure from India, left a sum of money for his maintenance and education.




Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom which they (the Swiss) had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished." Then the little band of patriots—at the head of which Switzerland gratefully remembered the names of William Tell, Arnold Melchthal, Werner Stauffacher, and Walter Furst—stepped forward, and, raising their hands, swore in defence of that freedom to lay down their lives, if called for.

After this solemn vow, the heroes separated.

In the mean time, Herman Gessler began to suspect that all was not right. He fancied he saw an air of independence in the people, which seemed to intimate disaffection to the ruling powers; their step was more free, their carriage more erect, he thought, than it had been, and to satisfy himself that they were still submissive to his authority, he hit upon the following tyrannical expedient. He ordered a pole to be erected in the market-place, upon the top of which was set the ducal cap of Austria. To this, he insisted that all who passed near, or within sight of it, should make obeisance, as a proof of their homage and allegiance to the duke; and he resolved that all who refused to obey this mandate, or who appeared discontented with it, should be punished as disloyal and rebellious subjects. A guard of soldiers was posted in the

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tyranny of the French, and had been roused by their cruelties nearly to madness.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, after the victory at Vimiera, would have marched at once to Lisbon and taken possession of that city, but superior officers had now the command of the army, and they thought fit to halt. The French had fought as bravely as men could fight in this great battle; and Sir Arthur's sound judgment showed him the error of not following up the advantage obtained by such a hard-gained victory. He earnestly entreated permission to cut off the retreat of the enemy, but it was refused; and thus, an opportunity which might have been turned to the completion of the war, was lost.

Marshal Junot now proposed a suspension of arms; and a convention was accordingly concluded at Cintra, in which it was agreed that the whole French army, with its artillery, arms, and baggage, should be sent back to France. Some delay occurred in the execution of this agreement, owing to the difficulty experienced in making the French give up the treasure they had amassed by plunder; but restitution to a certain extent was at last effected, and the invaders of Portugal, to the number of twenty-two thousand, sailed from the Tagus, and were safely landed in France.

The indignation with which the people of England received the news of the convention at Cintra was very great. Their vexation was unbounded that Junot and his whole army had not been brought as

prisoners of war to Spithead, and they declared that to allow them to return quietly to their own country was a shameful sacrifice of the triumph of the British arms. A court of inquiry was instituted to appease the outcry, and the generals who had signed the convention acquitted of all blame. Sir Arthur Wellesley, dissatisfied with the proceedings in Portugal, and differing in opinion from his superiors in command, now requested and obtained permission to return home. Before his departure, the officers who served under him presented him with a piece of plate of the value of a thousand guineas. It bore this inscription:—"They offer this gift to their leader, in testimony of the high respect and esteem they feel for him as a man, and the unbounded confidence they place in him as an officer."

But he was not to remain long quiet in England. The tide of war had turned: and three months after the convention at Cintra, Napoleon, at the head of the finest troops of the empire had swept through Spain, crushed the armies of the patriots, scoured with his cavalry the plains of Leon and Castile, and was in undisputed possession of Madrid.

The English army in Spain was at this time commanded by Sir John Moore. He was compelled to make a rapid retreat to Corunna, where, on the point of embarkation, a battle took place with the French. It was a very severe conflict, but the English gained the victory. They however had to mourn the loss of

their beloved general, who died in the moment of triumph. He had expressed a wish to be buried where he fell, and accordingly the officers of his staff carried him by torch-light to his last resting-place on the ramparts of the citadel of Corunna.

Napoleon now anticipated the complete subjugation of the Peninsula to his sway. The Spanish patriots, who were still fighting for their country with admirable constancy wherever there was a hope of success, could, he thought, be easily overcome; and he already conceived the war to be at an end, and himself master of the land, when there arrived in the Tagus that renowned commander before whose genius his fortunes were destined to fall.

The British government had resolved to continue to assist Spain in her efforts for freedom. She was in a deplorable condition! "Her armies were dispersed, her government bewildered, and her people dismayed; the cry of resistance had ceased, and in its stead, the stern voice of Napoleon answered by the tread of three hundred thousand veterans, was heard throughout the land." Who was to deliver the unhappy country from the yoke under which she groaned? who was equal to the task of defeating the plans of the master-mind of Napoleon, and of his able and experienced generals? There was *one* competent to the task; and to him the eyes of the nation instinctively turned. To Sir Arthur Wellesley was the commission given.

In April, 1809, he landed with his troops at Lisbon.

The effect was almost magical on the British army there, while the joy of the Portuguese was unbounded. There was a charm in the very name of Wellesley that seemed to assure them of success ; every face in Lisbon beamed with delight ; men, women, and children, all were joyful and confident. His plans were all seconded with ready zeal ; provisions were collected, levies organized, and depôts established ; energy took the place of dismay ; and despair gave way to hope. The freedom of their country seemed now no idle dream.

And how fully did the gallant officer realize the expectations formed of him ! how well and nobly did he repay the trust placed in his hands !


The first memorable event of this campaign was the passage of the Douro. Soult, the French marshal was at Oporto, and thither Sir Arthur marched, at the head of twenty-four thousand men. The command of the native troops was entrusted to General Beresford, an officer of great merit.

When the army arrived at the southern bank of the Douro, they found that Soult, in anticipation of the attack, had destroyed the floating bridge, and collected all the boats on his own side of the river, whilst with his force in good order, he himself watched the movements of his adversary from a window of his lodging. What was to be done ? The river was three hundred yards in width, and to attempt to cross it, in the face of one of Napoleon's ablest generals, was a feat almost too hazardous to be thought of. But Wellesley,

nothing daunted, took advantage of a bend in the river which was not very visible from the town, and despatched an officer to the opposite side to collect some boats. He returned with two or three, and in a few minutes about a hundred soldiers were ferried over, and took possession of a large unfinished stone building. More followed, but not without discovery; the alarm was given, and the French battalions eagerly hurried forward to dispute the passage. But it was to no purpose: during the struggle, the British crossed over at other points also; and, after an ineffectual resistance, the French marshal, with his army, was forced to make a hasty retreat from the city. So sudden was the surprise, and so unprepared were they for such a result, that in their precipitation they abandoned their sick and great part of their stores, while Wellesley sat down to the dinner which had been prepared for Soult. The latter general, compelled to relinquish his artillery, ammunition, and baggage, made his way by almost impracticable hill roads, to Montalegre, burning and ravaging all the country on his route, till he at length joined Marshal Ney at Lugo. After this brilliant opening of the campaign, Sir Arthur Wellesley marched to the Spanish frontier, and joining the patriot army, again met the French at Talavera. A hard-fought battle ensued, which lasted two days, but left the British masters of the field. For his services on this occasion, Sir Arthur was raised to the peerage under the title of Viscount Wellington.

It was a remarkable and touching incident in this great conflict, that individual French and English soldiers went with mutual confidence and kind words, in an interval of the fight, to quench their thirst at a little stream that ran across the plain. Indeed, notwithstanding all the fighting, there grew up under Wellington's example and influence, a spirit of kindly feeling and even good will between the contending armies. The soldiers would cross the river which divided them from their foes, before some great battle, visit each other as old friends, and chat pleasantly together of the approaching contest and of others in which they had been engaged.

The Spaniards, though in number fifty-six thousand strong, hardly took any share in the battle of Talavera. They remained almost inactive, and were but in disorderly array. Indeed, the British commander had many difficulties to contend with in his allies. Their general would listen to no advice, and insisted obstinately on the adoption of his own plans. Their government displayed neither resolution nor sincerity. They failed to supply the British army with provisions, and actually allowed them to starve. They proved selfish, unfeeling, and ungrateful. But they met with a terrible calamity. Determined to make another effort for the recovery of Madrid, they faced the invaders of their country once more in battle, and a dreadful contest ensued. Though the Spaniards themselves behaved with spirit, their commander proved miserably



inefficient, and an unparalleled rout was the result. Pursued over the wide plains of Castile by the terrible French cavalry, twenty thousand prisoners were taken, with all the guns and stores, and the last force dispersed which could be called a Spanish army. They had disregarded the prudent counsel of Wellington, and had suffered accordingly. All hope of effectual help from Spain had now vanished.

Conceiving that Portugal was the basis from which the deliverance of the Peninsula could be effected, Lord Wellington withdrew his forces thither: they had suffered much from fever, and their ranks were thinned, but the spirit which animated them was still the same.

Alarmed at the result of the battle of Talavera, Napoleon poured into Spain thousands and thousands of fresh troops. Across the Pyrenees, led on by Ney, Soult, Massena, and other famed generals, they came, full of hope and confidence; but it was only to experience a succession of defeats from the all-conquering Wellington.

The prudence and perseverance of the British general at this time were remarkable. He constructed a triple line of fortifications from the Atlantic, through Torres Vedras, to the Tagus, near Lisbon, that within these prodigious intrenchments his forces might retire in safety, and from whence they might issue forth at will. An opportunity soon offered of proving the wisdom of this plan, and one of his most brilliant vic-

tories was obtained over the French at Busaco. Another followed at Fuentes d'Onoro, and again the invaders were driven out of Portugal.

But sadly the country suffered. Their retreat was disgraced by such deliberate cruelty, as, in the words of Wellington, "has been seldom equalled, and never surpassed." Everywhere the villages, towns, and convents were burnt, the peasants massacred, and nothing but ruin and desolation left to mark their route. Alas! for the unhappy land which is the theatre of war! how many are the broken hearts and desolate homes to tell of its ravages!

And Portugal did not suffer alone. There fell of the French, during that invasion and retreat, by want, sickness, and the sword, no less than forty-five thousand men. Oh! what a weight of guilt and misery was caused by the selfish ambition of that one man, Napoleon!

Having freed Portugal, Lord Wellington led his army into Spain, to strike another blow for her deliverance. His men followed him as a general who was sure of victory; they thought not of defeat, and displayed, in several engagements with the French, unparalleled bravery. The battle of Albuera, and the taking of the strong and important fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, added to their list of triumphs. The capture of these towns excited unbounded joy both in England and the Peninsula; the thanks of parliament were voted to the brave soldiers,

and their leader (besides being created Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain, and Marquis of Torres Vedras in Portugal) was raised to the rank of an English earl, with a pension of 2,000*l.* a year.

In the summer of 1812 was fought the great battle of Salamanca, and again the British conquered. The troops were nobly led, and bravely did they fight on both sides. Imagine, if possible, the British soldiers pressing steadily up the hill, unmoved by the fire of five thousand muskets full upon them ! Imagine the roar of the furious cannonading—the glittering of thousands of bayonets—the ceaseless roll of musketry—the terrible storm of grape-shot—the sweeping charge of the heavy dragoons, as the ground shook beneath their tread—the smoke—the deafening noise—the cries of the wounded—the fall of thousands of brave men never to rise again. And yet, through all, the soldiers fought and the officers cheered them on, setting them an example of unbounded bravery. Unheeding the terrible fire, and undaunted by the dreadful havoc around, French and English alike struggled for the mastery.

“ Now on each side the leaders
Gave signal for the charge ;
And on each side the footmen
Strode on with lance and targe ;
And on each side the horsemen
Struck their spurs deep in gore ;
And front to front the armies
Met, with a mighty roar ;

And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red ;
And like the Pomptine fog at morn
The dust hung overhead ;
And louder, and still louder
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain."

For a time the fortune of the day seemed to waver. Regiment after regiment was cut to pieces, but the eagle glance of Wellington marked the fitting moment for a furious assault, and then, no longer able to withstand an enemy who appeared resolved to sweep everything before it, the French retired in confusion, leaving the hard-contested field in undisputed possession of the island conquerors.

So severe had been the struggle, that nearly all the generals on both sides were wounded ; Wellington himself was struck by a spent ball, but sustained no injury.

The victory of Salamanca proved to the veteran soldiers of Napoleon that they had met with their equals in war. Till then they had believed their armies to be the bravest, and their generals the most skilful in the world. They thought Napoleon and Napoleon's soldiers to be alike unconquerable. But now they were undeceived ; and great indeed must

have been their mortification when Joseph Buonaparte, having fled from his usurped throne, Wellington entered Madrid in triumph, and the banner of England was seen proudly floating above the walls of the capital of Spain.

High honours and rewards were conferred on the gallant conqueror for this splendid achievement, and he was promoted to the rank of Marquis in the British peerage.

The siege of Burgos, which Wellington next undertook, proved a failure. He had many difficulties to contend with, and after remaining five weeks before its walls, was obliged to give reluctant orders for retiring.

The French army was now again advancing, and so greatly superior in numbers to his own, that he thought it prudent to retreat to the frontiers of Portugal, for the rest and refreshment his men so much required.

Lord Wellington had been recently appointed Commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies, and it was well for all, that he not only knew when to give battle to the enemy, but also when it would be imprudent to risk one.

The year 1813 opened nobly. All England rang with the fame of the conqueror, and men, arms, and money, were sent out to his assistance. Napoleon began to be seriously alarmed by the successes in the Peninsula. His most disastrous campaign in Russia had disheartened and lessened his army, and the defeats of his best marshals in Spain added to his

mortification and dismay. His power was beginning to be shaken.

Wellington had now under his command two hundred thousand fighting men, a truly magnificent force, full of health and spirits, eager to engage, and in perfect discipline. With this fine army he proposed to drive the French out of Spain and across the Pyrenees: with the most consummate skill and secrecy he laid his plans, and struck the first blow, before the enemy could guess what his intentions were. "A grand design, and grandly was it executed! For high in heart, and strong of hand, Wellington's veterans marched to the encounter; the glories of twelve victories played about their bayonets, and he, the leader, so proud and confident, that in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups and waving his hand cried out, 'Farewell, Portugal!'"*

The difficulties of the march were very great, but hope and ardour overcame them all. On one occasion, Lord Wellington, wishing to visit the left wing of his army, was obliged to cross the Douro, at a place where the river is from eighty to a hundred yards wide, and the rocks on either side from four to five hundred feet high. The ferry being impracticable, the hero passed over in a basket, suspended from a rope which was fastened to the rocks.

The Spaniards had now become so accustomed to

* Napier.

the horrors of war, that within ten minutes after a skirmish, in which two hundred French prisoners were taken, the women were spinning at their doors, and the little children at play beside them, as if nothing had happened, though the action had taken place almost in the streets of the town! The army marched on, and it was indeed "a march of victory." No difficulty deterred, no obstacle dismayed the intrepid leader of that gallant host. Rivers, hills, heights, roaring torrents and dry ravines, all were passed, and on they marched through that wild and beautiful country. At times it required the strength of a hundred soldiers to move forward a piece of artillery, and occasionally they had to lower it down a precipice by ropes.

Joseph Buonaparte, meantime, was retreating from Madrid, and ignorant of the movements of the allied army, while he believed the road through which they were marching to be quite impassable to troops, thought himself secure; and the French asked their English prisoners in surprise, "whether Lord Wellington was asleep?"

The question was soon answered, when a few days afterwards, they received the astounding intelligence that the allied army was stretched out on the left bank of the Ebro, waiting to receive them!

There was no alternative left but to fight or flee, and Joseph chose the former. The great battle of Vittoria took place on the 21st of June, when

the French experienced the most signal defeat they had yet sustained in the Peninsula. The rout was complete. As one of the victorious officers afterwards remarked, "they were beaten before the town, and in the town, and through the town, and behind the town, and all round about the town." An immense quantity of treasure, plunder, and baggage, with one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, fell into the hands of the conquerors. Amongst the spoil were King Joseph's private carriage, and Marshal Jourdan's *baton*, the latter trophy Wellington sent to England, and received in return that of a Field Marshal of Great Britain.* The French, in their flight, abandoned everything, and

* The following gratifying letter was written to him by the Prince Regent on this occasion :—

"MY DEAR LORD, *Carlton House, 3rd July, 1813.*

"YOUR glorious conduct is beyond all human praise, and far above my reward—I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing left to say, but devoutly to offer up my prayer of gratitude to Providence, that it has in its omnipotent bounty blessed my country and myself with such a general. You have sent me, among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French marshal, and I send you, in return, that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts which have so imperiously called for it.

"That uninterrupted health, and still-increasing laurels may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the never-ceasing and most ardent wishes of,

"My dear Lord,

"Your very sincere and faithful friend,

"*Field Marshal*

"*The Marquis of Wellington, K.G.*"

"G. P. R.

the plain was strewed with plunder. Gold and silver plate, money, pictures, jewels, trinkets, rich brocades, costly garments, books, wine, and luxuries of all kinds, were scattered about in endless confusion. Never was there such a scene, or such a capture !*

The triumph of Vittoria drove the French like a whirlwind out of Spain ; and, pressing on the retiring foe, Wellington prepared to maintain the passes of the Pyrenees against a fresh invasion. These were humiliating tidings for Napoleon. At a time when he could ill bear such a calamity he heard that his brother Joseph had fled from his capital, that with the exception of those in the fortresses every French soldier in the Peninsula was driven out, and that Wellington, after a march of six hundred miles in six weeks, now stood on the summit of the Pyrenees, “a recognised conqueror.” They were gloomy reverses for the Emperor ; but with his usual decision he gave orders that his army should make another bold effort to retrieve their lost honour, and appointed Marshal Soult, his ablest general, as their commander.

This famous “Lieutenant of the Emperor,” with his

* The following is an extract from the report of the chief of the staff of the French army :—“The army have lost everything—all their baggage, all their equipages, all their cannon, all their money, all their stores, all their provisions, and all their papers, so that no one can reckon either what he has, or what is due to him. Officers, and even generals, have no other clothes than those on their backs, and the greater number of them had not even shoes to their feet.”

force of eighty thousand men, poured with impetuous valour through the mountain passes upon his opponent. The desperate fighting and the arduous struggles which ensued, have been called "The Battles of the Pyrenees." The British soldiers showed their usual daring bravery, and their noble commander his usual skill and decision. Galloping about on an English hunter, at such a speed that his best officers could not keep up with him, Wellington's eagle glance took in at once the positions of the armies, and his quick comprehension and military talent decided at once on the plan to be pursued. Success, brilliant success, was the result of these well-laid plans. The strong forts of St Sebastian and Pampeluna, after an obstinate defence, were taken. Soult was defeated, and the French for the second time, driven across the frontier. Lord Wellington afterwards declared that, "with the army which had crossed the Pyrenees, he could do anything, or go anywhere." The victorious general now prepared to descend from his mountain heights into the fertile valleys of France, and to pursue his conquests there. He crossed the river Bidassoa—a daring and difficult undertaking—passed over the Adour, took the cities of Bayonne, Pau, and Bordeaux, and again defeated Soult's army at Orthez and Tarbes. Slowly and reluctantly the French retreated before their resistless conquerors: they fought gallantly, but they fought in vain; and after a desperate conflict at Toulouse, Wellington entered that

city as a victor, to the deep mortification of the brave Soult.*

During this march, the British commander had many, many difficulties to meet with and to overcome; but they were met, and they were surmounted, with astonishing skill and unwearied perseverance. On one occasion, as he was about to lay down a kind of boat-bridge across the Garonne, for the troops to pass over, one of his officers remarked, "it could not be effected till low water." It is said that Lord Wellington instantly observed, with his usual decision.—"If it will not do one way, we must try another; for I never in my life gave up anything I once undertook."

While these stirring events had been taking place in the south of France, the fortunes of Napoleon were

* Lord Wellington ever maintained the strictest discipline in his army, and would allow no pillage or any kind of disorder that it was in his power to prevent. On entering France he gave express orders to the soldiers that nothing should be taken from the villages without being paid for; that persons and property should be alike protected, and insult and injury avoided. "We are making war on Buonaparte, not on France," he observed. So little of bitter animosity was felt at this time between the armies, that the advance posts of each were on the most friendly terms. They always gave notice to one another when danger approached, and would call out, "Run! run! we are going to attack you." Wellington encouraged this: he said, killing a few unfortunate videttes could not influence a battle; and before the fight he used always to send to them to get out of the way. There was a small tavern across the Adour, where the English used often to go and sup with the French officers.

falling fast. Austria, Russia, Sweden, and Prussia having joined in declaring war against him, their allied army defeated him in October, 1813, at the great battle of Leipsic, crossed the Rhine, and on the 31st of March, 1814, entered Paris in triumph.

Seeing the hopelessness of his cause, Buonaparte at once abdicated the throne, and retired to the island of Elba; and on the 3rd of May, Louis the Eighteenth, the rightful sovereign of France, returned to his capital from which he had been so long exiled. The following day Lord Wellington arrived in Paris. He was received in the most enthusiastic manner, and the allied sovereigns showed him every mark of respect and esteem. His admiring and grateful country conferred on him the title of Duke, and raised to the peerage his most distinguished officers. Peace was again restored to Europe; the armies in the south were broken up; and the Duke of Wellington returned to England, to receive the highest honours that his sovereign and his country could bestow upon him.

The peace thus happily established caused great and universal rejoicings, which rose to a height when the allied sovereigns visited our shores. They were welcomed with extraordinary enthusiasm by all classes; London was splendidly illuminated, festivities and reviews took place, and every demonstration of respect was paid to the illustrious strangers. The splendour of the shows, and the gay doings of that joyous period, will still be in the recollection of many.

Indeed, the glorious termination of the war excited the most heartfelt gratitude in England. Among its first emotions was the vote of 500,000*l.* to him who had been mainly instrumental in bringing it about. The Prince Regent, the Royal family, the Lords and Commons, and the chief personages of the empire all went in solemn state to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks to Almighty God for His mercies; and when the Duke of Wellington sat down on the right hand of the Prince, a burst of almost overpowering emotion thrilled through every bosom.

And now a host of sovereigns, princes, and ambassadors, amongst whom was Wellington, met at Vienna to settle all claims, and restore to each country the provinces Napoleon had wrested from them. While this congress was in deep consultation, finding it no easy matter to adjust the difficulties which lay before it, the news was suddenly announced that Buonaparte had escaped from Elba!

The panic and alarm with which these tidings were at first received soon gave place to a firm determination of resistance; and gigantic preparations were made from one end of Europe to the other to repel and put down this disturber of the general peace.

The British, under the Duke of Wellington, and the Prussians, under Marshal Blucher, were the first to take the field against him. They met on the plains of Waterloo, and there was fought the memorable battle which terminated the long and furious continental

war, and put an end for ever to the tyranny and despotism of Napoleon Buonaparte.

On the 15th of June, 1815, hostilities commenced by the French attacking the Prussians at Charleroi. The news reached the Duke of Wellington at Brussels, and early on the morning of the 16th he was on his way to Quatre Bras, a hamlet about twenty miles from the city. Here Marshal Ney attacked him with superior numbers, but the firmness and courage of the British troops proved irresistible; and, after a dreadful and desperate conflict, Ney, "the bravest of the brave," as Napoleon styled him, was compelled to retire.

"The efforts of the French to break the British squares were fierce and frequent. Their batteries poured upon these unflinching soldiers a storm of grape, and when an opening was made by the cannon the lancers were ready to rush upon the devoted infantry. But nothing could daunt the lion-hearted English—nothing could shake their steadiness. The dead were coolly removed, and the living occupied their places. Though numbers fell, and the square momentarily diminished, it still presented a serried line of glittering bayonets, through which lancer and cuirassier vainly endeavoured to penetrate.

"One regiment, after sustaining a furious cannonade, was suddenly, and on three different sides, assailed by cavalry. Two faces of the square were charged by lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a

death-like silence : and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard. It was their colonel's, who called upon them to be 'steady.' On came the enemy!—the earth shook beneath the horsemen's feet ; while on every side of the devoted band, the corn, bending beneath the rush of cavalry, disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance-blades approached the bayonets of the kneeling front rank—the cuirassiers were within forty paces—yet not a trigger was drawn. But when the word "Fire!" thundered from the colonel's lips, each face poured out its deadly volley ; and in a moment the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while the stream of musketry from the British square carried death into the retreating squadrons."*

Such was the unflinching bravery of the famous British squares on the field of Waterloo ! A compact and solid mass, they held their ground with undaunted courage, presenting on each side to the enemy a line of glittering bayonets. Their steadiness was admirable. "The men were falling by hundreds,—death was busy everywhere—but not a cheek blanched, and not a foot receded!"

At the same time that the battle was raging at Quatre Bras, another fierce and furious engagement was taking place at Ligny, between the French,

* Victories of the British Armies.

headed by Napoleon, and the Prussians, under Blucher. During this contest, which lasted five hours, one village was taken and retaken six times. The Prussians behaved most gallantly, but the French were far superior in numbers, and in the night Blucher fell back upon Wavre, in order to join another body of his troops. The old marshal, in this action, had his horse shot under him, and was ridden over by the enemy, but fortunately rescued by his soldiers.

The Duke of Wellington now took up his position in front of the village of Waterloo; and on the 17th Napoleon brought up his troops and prepared for a general engagement.

A violent storm of thunder and lightning came on in the evening, and a night of unceasing rain followed; the British soldiers reposed on the field, and Wellington, with his principal officers, occupied the village from which his most glorious victory derived its name.

On the morning of the 18th both armies made ready for the fight; and as Napoleon observed the British troops getting into order, he exclaimed with feelings of exultation and pleasure, "Ah, these English! I have them at last!"

The Duke, considering the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in the front of his left centre, and the castle of Hougomont, in the front of his right, two posts of great importance, had given orders that they should be well defended.

About ten o'clock the battle commenced by a furious attack from the French upon the castle of Hougoumont, an attack which was nobly repulsed. Another terrible assault was made, and was again unsuccessful. "At last, despairing of success, the French artillery opened with shells upon the house—the old tower of Hougoumont was quickly in a blaze—the fire reached the chapel, and many of the wounded, both assailants and defenders, there perished miserably. But still, though the flames raged above, shells burst around, and shot plunged through the shattered walls and windows, the guards nobly held the place, and Hougoumont remained untaken."*

Eight thousand of our brave soldiers were wounded or slain in that desperate strife! In the meantime, Ney, bringing up four massy columns, together numbering twenty thousand men, attacked the left centre of the English and the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. A fearful struggle ensued; in one short hour three thousand of our countrymen lay dead upon the field, and, notwithstanding their devoted courage, La Haye Sainte was taken. And the battle raged on. One after another, Napoleon brought up the battalions of his great army in his assault on the British centre, but in spite of the storm of shot and shells, and the incessant headlong charges of the cuirassiers, those squares stood as if rooted to the earth, and defied every effort to break them.

* Maxwell's Life of Wellington.

The French were equally undaunted. "With desperate attachment they pressed forward at Napoleon's command; and while each advance terminated in defeat and slaughter, fresh battalions crossed the valley, and mounting the ridge with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' exhibited a devotion which never has been equalled." Indeed the confidence of the French in Napoleon was unbounded. He himself seemed sure of victory; and, unable to suppress his admiration of the manner in which his infantry and cavalry were alike driven back by the impenetrable squares, he is said to have exclaimed to Soult, "How beautifully these English fight! But they must give way."

As the conflict thickened, and the crisis drew on, the Duke of Wellington galloped from post to post, his eagle glance detecting every movement of the enemy, and his presence inspiring his troops with fresh courage. He passed on to give his commands, heedless of the shot around him: wherever a danger threatened, or a difficulty appeared, there was Wellington.

At one time Napoleon and his staff being distinctly visible, an officer of artillery proposed that he should fire upon the group. The Duke would not hear of it; saying "It was not the business of commanders to be firing on each other."

The shades of evening were approaching, when Napoleon ordered a grand advance of his Imperial Guard against the diminishing and weary ranks of the British centre. They came up the hill, in brilliant

array, amidst tremendous shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" but they met with so deadly a fire from their opponents, that the head of the column, pushed on by the rear, melted away like snow on the mountain. Another column was defeated in like manner, and then Wellington gave the order to charge. In a moment the Guards were on their feet, and delivering a tremendous volley, cheered, rushed forward, and drove their opponents headlong down the hill, throwing the whole French army into confusion and dismay.

The standards of Blucher now appeared in the distance, and at the welcome sight Wellington ordered an advance of his whole line. The army moved forward. The splendid body of life-guards made a brilliant and tremendous charge; the long line of infantry came on with a deafening, thrilling cheer; the horse artillery galloped up; and such a furious onset was made, that the French were completely routed. "The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front; and unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled." Up to this moment Napoleon had preserved his calm demeanour, but now exclaiming "All is lost;—let us save ourselves," he turned his horse's head, and galloped from the field. His magnificent army was totally defeated; and one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, with many thousands of prisoners, fell into the hands of the allies.

The Prussians pursued the retreating French all night; and the confusion, slaughter, and havoc which ensued, are indescribable, and fearful to contemplate.

As, flushed with victory, the conqueror returned that night to Brussels, he is said to have been touched with deep sorrow at the melancholy spectacle of fifty thousand dead or wounded soldiers extended on a space of ground not exceeding two square miles.*

* As a proof of the natural humanity of his heart, and its unaffected tenderness towards his friends, we subjoin the following:—"Sir Alexander Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, had long been one of the Duke's aides-de-camp. About the middle of the day, whilst endeavouring to rally one of the Brunswick battalions, he received a mortal wound, and died that night. The very next day, besides writing his great despatch, and arranging the infinite business that such a situation required, the Duke found—or we should rather say, *made*—time for announcing with his own hand, to Lord Aberdeen, their double loss. 'Your gallant brother,' wrote the Duke, 'lived long enough to be informed *by myself* of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance.

" 'I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for

Such was the memorable battle of Waterloo—the last, the most glorious, of the victories of Wellington. It raised him to the highest summit of martial reputation, and exiled Napoleon Buonaparte to the island of St. Helena.

Unbounded and universal was the joy with which the tidings of this great victory were received in England. Honours, offices, and rewards, were heaped upon the conqueror, and a sum of 200,000*l.* was voted to him for the purchase of an estate. A medal, struck by government, was presented to every officer and private who had borne arms on the eventful day; and not less than 500,000*l.* was raised by spontaneous subscription for those wounded in the fight and for the widows and orphans of the fallen.

Amongst the many honours which were justly conferred on the illustrious Wellington were the following;—he was made Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo by the Spanish; Duke of Vittoria by the Portuguese; Prince of Waterloo by the King of the Netherlands; and Field Marshal in the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian armies.

A long list of glorious victories adorns his name,

their loss. Your brother had a black horse, given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham, which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it.”

At such a moment he could think of and care for “the black horse,” and the natural regard the deceased officer’s friends would feel for it!

but the chiefest and the brightest is the victory of Waterloo.

“ Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim’s name be new ;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougoumont
And field of Waterloo.”*

The remainder of the hero’s life was passed in peace. He took part in the government of the country, and by his wise counsels and sound judgment proved an able minister to his sovereign. He was the bulwark of the throne whose stability he had secured. Honoured, respected, and beloved by all classes, he still, as Commander-in-Chief of the British army, contributed the benefits of his matchless ability to the military administration of the kingdom. One of the most consummate generals ever known, he joined to sound good sense, a firmness and resolution which nothing could shake. Sincere and straightforward, no consideration could turn him from the path of duty. Prudent, cautious, and observing, his foresight was remarkable. Justice and truth were his principles, and these qualities shone out so brightly in his character, as to gain him the respect and admiration even of his enemies. His disposition was affectionate, generous,

* The Duke once observed to an intimate friend, “ Waterloo did more than any battle I know of towards—what ought to be the object of all battles—the peace of the world.”

and kind-hearted. As an upright and conscientious man, an unrivalled military commander, and a profound statesman, his illustrious name will be remembered to the latest ages.

“The Great Duke” died at Walmer Castle on the 14th of September, 1852, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. A magnificent public funeral testified the respect and gratitude of the nation. His remains were interred in St. Paul’s Cathedral by the side of the immortal Nelson.

“Full of years beyond the term of mortality, and of honours almost beyond human parallel, he has descended into his grave amid the regrets of a generation who could only learn his deeds from their forefathers, but who know that the national glory which they witness, and the national security which they enjoy, are due, under God’s providence, to the hero whom they have just now lost.”

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

WHO has not heard of William Wallace, the famous Scottish patriot? one whose name is justly endeared to every lover of freedom, and fondly remembered by all, both noble and peasant, old and young, in the land for whose independence he so nobly and manfully struggled. The peasantry of that mountainous land hold his memory in peculiar esteem as one who felt for their sorrows and fought for their rights; while the children listen eagerly to the history and exploits of the brave hero who lived and died in defence of his country's liberty.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his poems, thus alludes to the interest which the patriot's name still excites amongst the young:—

“ And much I miss those sportive boys,
 Companions of my mountain joys,
 Just at the age, 'twixt boy and youth,
 When thought is speech, and speech is truth;
 Close to my side with what delight
 They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
 When, pointing to his airy mound,
 I called his ramparts holy ground;

Kindled their brows to hear me speak,
And I have smiled to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs."

William Wallace was the son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire. Tall and finely formed, he was one of the strongest and bravest men that ever trode on Scottish ground. As his stature was taller, so is his strength said to have been considerably beyond that of other men. He was expert in the use of all weapons; active, energetic, and capable of enduring hunger and fatigue. His disposition was kind and generous, and desire for his country's freedom the strongest feeling of his heart.

Edward the First of England, making war upon Scotland, had reduced it almost to the condition of a conquered country. Its monarch, John Baliol, had rendered homage to the English king, as to his liege lord and sovereign, and was now a prisoner in London. Edward placed English governors in the Scottish towns, and English soldiers in the forts and castles. He removed to London the national records; and transported to Westminster Abbey the famous stone on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned for more than eight hundred years. He wished Scotland to be considered as a mere province of England;—a subdued country. But the Scotch did not easily submit to this. Many of them refused to take the oath of allegiance to Edward, and were highly indignant at

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Wallace's defence in Westminster Hall.

the oppression exercised towards them by the English governors and soldiers. Such persons were made to pay heavy fines, deprived of their estates, and termed rebels. This made them still more angry and dissatisfied, and they longed to put themselves under the command of some brave chief, who would lead them forth against the *Southrons*, as they called their conquerors. The country was in a sad state. The English soldiers treated the Scotch with injustice and cruelty; took from them by force what they desired, and when the owners resisted, beat, and sometimes killed them. The governors collected money on various pretences from the inhabitants, who were thus obliged to pay more than they had been accustomed to pay to their own kings. Insult was added to injury; and heavily pressed the invader's yoke on the humiliated and persecuted but still brave and high-spirited people.

William Wallace, like all patriotic Scotchmen, beheld with indignation King Edward's usurpation of the crown, and the tyrannical conduct of the English in Scotland. He keenly felt his country's wrongs; and it is said that, while he was yet a lad, he slew an English soldier who had behaved to him with insolence. To escape punishment he was obliged to conceal himself in the woods for some time. But he never could submit to the tyranny of the invaders; and many other adventures he met with, of the same kind, always gallantly defending himself, when attacked by superior numbers. By degrees companions joined him, and a

little band of patriots was formed, which soon became formidable to the English soldiery in the neighbourhood. Occasionally they would issue forth, and take signal vengeance on their enemies ; and their attacks were so sudden and unexpected as to be generally successful. Concealing themselves in the forests of Clydesdale, they were safe from pursuit ; while the sound of Wallace's bugle ringing through the greenwood, could at any time increase his force, by bringing to his aid peasants from the neighbouring villages. Many were the hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures of the young chief while engaged in these hazardous enterprises ; and to this day the peasantry in that district point out numerous stones, mounds, and secret caves to which are attached traditionary accounts of the exploits and dangers of " Wallace wight."

In the meantime, while the hero and his followers became a terror to all the English garrisons around, the true-hearted Scottish patriots began to hope that by a continuation of such efforts, liberty might yet be restored to their land. An event soon occurred which, from its consequences, seemed to justify these hopes.

Wallace had married a young lady of the name of Marion Bradfute, and at this time resided in Lanark with his wife. As he was returning home one day, an English soldier insulted him in the market-place, telling him a Scotchman had no right to wear so gay a dress, or carry so costly a dagger. A quarrel ensued which ended in Wallace killing the soldier. He fled

to his own house, pursued by the Englishman's comrades, but, though hard pressed, contrived to enter, and escape by a back door to the woods. The news coming to the ears of Hazelrigg, the English governor of Lanark, he ordered Wallace's house to be burned down, and his wife put to death. He also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and had a price set upon his head, promising a large reward to whoever should capture him.

When intelligence of what had happened was brought to Wallace in his hiding place, his feelings at first quite overpowered him. Then, his hatred of the English increased tenfold; he hastily collected his followers, marched into Lanark, slew Hazelrigg, and drove his soldiers from the town.

Sympathising with him in his sufferings and desire for vengeance, multitudes now flocked to his standard, and he soon saw himself at the head of an army strong enough to lay siege to the most important garrisoned towns. He determined never to rest till he had achieved the deliverance of his country.

About this time took place the memorable event called the burning of the Barns of Ayr. It is said the English governor of Ayr had invited a very large party of the Scottish nobility and gentry to meet him at the Barns of Ayr, for the purpose, as he said, of friendly conference on the affairs of the nation. But his real design was basely and treacherously to put the whole assembly to death. For this purpose he caused his

soldiers to have running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams of the roof. As the Scottish noblemen, perfectly unsuspecting, came on the appointed day, they were admitted into the house two at a time, and the nooses being instantly thrown over their heads, they were drawn up to the beams and hanged. Amongst those who were thus treacherously murdered was Sir Reginald Crawford, uncle to Wallace, and sheriff of Ayrshire.

When Wallace heard of this inhuman outrage, his indignation was very great. Determined to be revenged on the authors of so base a crime, he collected his men together in a wood near the town of Ayr. One night, when the English soldiers, having well feasted, lay down to sleep in the very barns where the Scottish gentlemen had been murdered, Wallace prepared for the attack. He first directed a woman, who knew the place, to mark with chalk the doors of the apartments in which the Englishmen lay. These doors he had strongly fastened with ropes, so that they could not be opened from within. His men then heaped up straw on the outside, and set fire to it. The building was soon in a flame. Roused from their slumbers by the noise and smoke, the English endeavoured to escape, but in vain. They were driven back into the burning barns, or slain on the spot. Thus numbers miserably perished.

After this terrible revenge, Wallace's party grew stronger. Many of the Scottish nobles joined him,

amongst whom were Sir William Douglas, Sir Andrew Murray, Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend, Sir Alexander Lindsay, and young Robert Bruce, afterwards King of Scotland. King Edward beginning to be alarmed at these symptoms of resistance to his authority, sent the Earl of Warenne, at the head of a powerful army, to subdue the Scottish patriots. Many of the nobles then deserted Wallace, thinking he would not be able to withstand a well-disciplined force, and fearing to lose their estates. He, dauntless and undismayed, took up his station at Cambuskenneth, near Stirling bridge, and there awaited the enemy.

When the English army arrived on the opposite bank of the river, their leader sent two friars to offer a pardon to Wallace, if he and his followers would lay down their arms.

"Go back to the Earl of Warenne," said the noble chief, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on;—we defy them!"

On they came. But a long, narrow, wooden bridge thrown across the river was the only way of approach to the Scottish army. Warenne, who was a prudent and skilful general, had, on this account, felt inclined to delay the battle; his advice was, however, overruled by the treasurer, Cressingham, who insisted on attacking

the Scots at once. They began accordingly to cross the bridge, and when about half their number were over, Wallace fell upon them with his whole army, slew them by hundreds, drove many into the river, and completely routed the rest. Cressingham was one of the first killed; and so hated was he by the Scots, on account of the severity with which he had treated them, that in revenge they flayed his dead body, and made sword-belts of the skin—a barbarous act, which shows how ferocious and revengeful must have been the feelings of the time, when kindled by animosity.

The remains of Warenne's army fled into England after this defeat; and Wallace and his forces, encouraged by their success, began to attack the castles and forts garrisoned by English soldiers, and to drive the intruders from their land. On all sides the Scots took up arms; the fame of the hero Wallace spread far and wide; numbers flocked to his standard, the English were defeated in several battles, and at length chased almost entirely out of Scotland. The patriots then marched into England, where, in accordance with the revengeful spirit of the times, they committed great cruelties. Wallace used his endeavours to prevent this; but his followers had suffered so much from the English they could not forbear retaliation.

And now that their country was for a time delivered from her oppressors, the Scots in gratitude chose

Wallace as her protector. He was appointed regent, under the title of "Sir William Wallace, Guardian of Scotland in the name of King John, and by the consent of the Scottish nation."

But the period of national tranquillity was short. King Edward, who was in Flanders at the time of the battle of Stirling, when he heard of the events which had taken place, hastened home, and collecting a powerful army marched into Scotland. Wallace prepared again to defend his country, but did not meet with that assistance and co-operation from the Scottish nobles which he ought to have received. They were jealous of him, and envied him his important post as guardian; though he had used his power with great discretion, and never aimed at being more than a servant of the state. Some ambitious men, in his circumstances, would have aspired to sovereignty, but Sir William Wallace was not one of these. He patiently bore with the opposition of some of the nobles, and the indifference of others, and continued earnestly and judiciously to strive for his country's welfare. But his was not an easy post.

"Not few nor slight his burdens are
 Who gives himself to stand,
 Stedfast and sleepless as a star,
 Watching his fatherland;
 Strong must his will be, and serene,
 His spirit pure and bright,
 His conscience vigilant and keen,
 His arm an arm of might.

“ From the closed temple of his heart,
Sealed as a sacred spring,
Self must he spurn, and set apart
As an unholy thing ;
Misconstrued where he loves the best,
Where most he hopes betrayed,
The quenchless watchfire in his breast
Must neither fail nor fade.”

But though the nobles of Scotland did not come forward to assist Wallace in this critical period, he yet assembled a large army for the defence of his country. The middling and lower classes of the people were very much attached to him, and gladly flocked to his standard. He met the King of England near the town of Falkirk. Edward's army was composed of some of the finest cavalry in the world, all in complete armour, with a large body of infantry, and the celebrated English archers, whose aim was so swift and sure, that they were said to carry twelve Scottish lives under their girdles, each man being equipped with twelve arrows. The Scottish force consisted chiefly of infantry armed with long spears ; they stood so close together that they bore the appearance of a strong, sharp, and glittering wall. There were also the archers of Ettrick Forest, under Sir John Stewart, and a small body of cavalry. But they were far inferior in numbers to the English. The battle of Falkirk took place on the 22nd of July, 1298. When the two armies stood facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, “ I have brought you to the ring, let

me see how you can dance," alluding to some national sport, and intimating, "The hour is come; fight like Scottish freemen!"

They did so, and furious was the contest. King Edward ordered his horse to advance upon the Scottish infantry, and down they came at full gallop on that bristling wall of spears. But the patriots stood firm as a rock. They received the shock with undaunted steadiness, and many of the English horsemen lay rolling on the ground. Again and again was the attempt made to force a way through that wood of spears, and again and again were they repulsed with loss. Then King Edward ordered his archers to advance, and they made terrible havoc with the Scots. Sir John Stewart was slain, and his fine, tall archers fell in numbers around him. The Scottish cavalry, under Comyn, turned and fled without rendering any assistance to their countrymen. It is said this shameful desertion was caused by jealousy and ill-will. At length the volleys of stones and arrows, and the desperate charges of cavalry, thinned and broke the Scottish ranks, and they were forced to fly. Numbers of brave patriots lay dead upon the field, and numbers more were taken prisoners. Among the slain was Sir John the Grahame, Wallace's true and faithful friend.

After this fatal defeat, Sir William Wallace resigned the guardianship of Scotland, and John Comyn was appointed his successor. For a short time there was a season of tranquillity, Edward having affairs to

attend to, which required his presence in England. But the conquest of Scotland was still his aim, and he sent army after army to subdue the patriots. Many engagements took place between his troops and the Scottish chiefs, in which sometimes one party was victorious, sometimes the other. At the battle of Roslin, the Scots, under Simon Frazer and Comyn, defeated three armies, or detachments of English, in one day. All that Wallace could do to resist the invaders, he did; but at length, one after another, all the nobles and great men in Scotland were forced to submit to the English yoke. All but Sir William Wallace, and a few faithful followers.

They refused to acknowledge King Edward's authority, or to lay down their arms. For seven years from the time of the battle of Falkirk the brave patriot continued to strive for the liberty of his beloved country. For this he fought, for this he toiled. Undaunted and energetic he persevered in the arduous struggle; and though all around him hopelessly submitted to the usurper, he never once acknowledged his right, never once did a false or mean thing, but lived and died a Scottish freeman.

In the woods and mountains of his native land he laid plans and used efforts for his country's deliverance. Proclamations were sent out against him, bloodhounds traced him, and a large reward was offered for his capture, but he still contrived to elude the pursuit of his enemies. At length treachery effected what other

means could not. He was shamefully betrayed into the hands of the English by Sir John Menteith, one of his own countrymen, and a pretended friend. It is said, that he was taken prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow, and that the appointed signal for the soldiers to rush upon him, was, when his betrayer should turn a loaf, which stood on the table round which they sat, upside down. Thus it was considered ill-bred, in after times, to turn a loaf in that manner, if there happened to be present in the company one of the name of Menteith, as it might remind him he was akin to him whose memory is held in abhorrence by every Scotchman—the betrayer of Sir William Wallace.

King Edward was well pleased when he heard of the patriot's capture, for he had always felt he could not obtain secure possession of Scotland while her brave defender lived. He now resolved to make an example of him, so as to deter all Scotchmen from venturing in future to oppose his ambitious designs on their country. Under a strong guard Sir William Wallace was conveyed to London, and brought to trial in Westminster Hall. He was accused of high treason, and of having shed the blood of numerous Englishmen. With calm dignity the noble patriot replied to the charge:—

“I cannot be a traitor to King Edward,” he said, “as I never was his subject; I was born and bred a Scotchman, and as such, owe no allegiance to a foreign monarch. Touching the slaughter of so many English-

men. I confess to it, and am only sorry the number was not twice as many.

“Did they not oppress and grievously injure my country? did they not heap insult and cruelty upon her? have we not already been trampled upon and persecuted beyond endurance? is not our land at this moment groaning under the yoke of a tyrant who has deprived her of her rights, her freedom, and her king? and do I not stand here this day a witness of your injustice? why am I, a free-born Scottish subject, to be tried and judged by English laws? They are not binding upon me, and I acknowledge not their authority. *And for what am I in chains?* For defending my country! *For raising my arm in defence of the land dearer to me than life itself.* Was this a crime? Are we calmly to sit down when the enemy invades our soil, and submissively to bend our necks to the yoke of the oppressor? Is this the manner of England? No; nor of Scotland either. The spirit of liberty is there still, and will yet be roused, though now it seem to slumber. *My country shall yet be free!* Not King Edward’s armies, or his tyranny, shall subdue her or enslave her children. Her mountains and valleys shall again re-echo with the cry of liberty; her brave sons shall again expel the invader from the land. It avails not that ye have me in your power—do with me what ye will, Scotland shall yet be free! Other patriots shall arise to assert her independence and maintain her rights, though I perish in the cause.”

This noble and spirited defence had no weight with the English judges. They turned a deaf ear to it, and condemned the brave Wallace to die the death of a traitor to his king. He received the harsh sentence with undaunted firmness, observing it was a most unjust one.

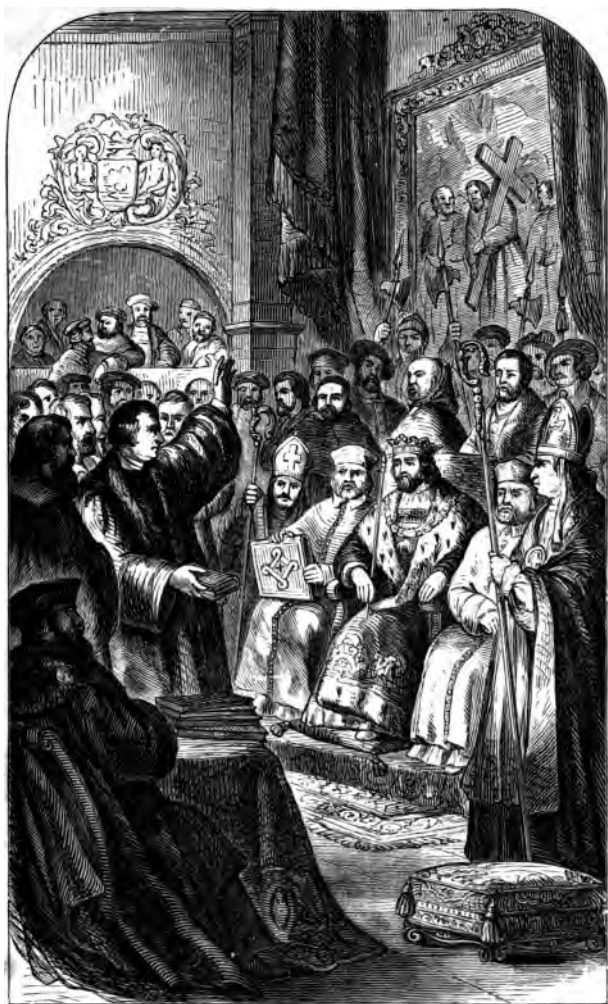
A few days afterwards he was ignominiously dragged on a sledge to the place of execution in Smithfield, where he was beheaded. His body was treated as that of a traitor, and his head exposed on London Bridge.

Thus died Sir William Wallace, the gallant champion of Scotland. A disinterested and noble-minded patriot, who lived, suffered, and bled, for the land he loved so truly. The tidings of his execution sent a pang through the length and breadth of his native country, and there arose at once a fierce desire to avenge his death. Now that he was gone, men grieved they had not done more to aid him in the sacred cause of liberty, they mourned the loss of the brave chief whose heroic spirit had so influenced their land. And the remembrance of his patriotism steeled their hearts and nerved their arms in the warlike struggles which ensued.

Many hundred years have passed away since then, but the memory of Wallace is still cherished in Scotland.

“His land is one vast monument,
Bearing the record high,
Of a spirit in itself content,
And a name that cannot die.”

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Martin Luther before the Diet of Worms.

MARTIN LUTHER.

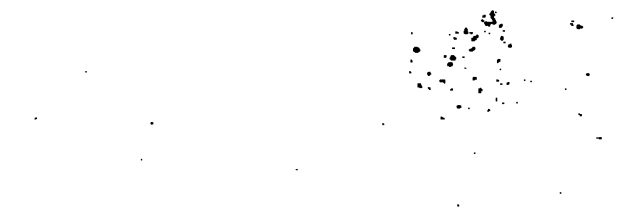
THE DIET OF WORMS.

ON the morning of the 10th of December, 1520, a vast multitude of people were assembled without the walls of Wittenberg, a strongly fortified city of Saxony. As party after party passed through the Elster gate, it was evident that thoughts of serious import occupied their minds. Their conversation though earnest, was grave, and their countenances variously expressed anxiety, curiosity, or satisfaction.

Under a large oak tree, not far from the gate, was raised a pile of wood, and near it stood a group of persons on whom every eye in that vast crowd was fixed. They were the professors and students of the university of Wittenberg; and one amongst them, the most prominent figure in the group—a doctor of divinity—was that celebrated man, whose name, standing far above all the sovereigns and warriors, the statesmen and divines, of the 16th century, should be a familiar word to every English child. It was



Martin Luther before the Diet of Worms.



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Martin Luther, the reformer ; one destined to shake Europe to its very foundations ! And there he stood, the honest, zealous, energetic monk of Wittenberg, holding in his hand the papal bull, and the canon law relating to the pope's supreme jurisdiction, and about to commit both to the flames. By his side was Melancthon, professor of Greek in the university, noted as a man of profound learning, and of a most candid and gentle disposition. He was also a sincere reformer.

"My friends," said Luther, raising his voice so as to be distinctly heard by the silent and attentive crowd, "I hold in my hand the pope's bull, by which he denounces me and my doctrine as heretical. What that doctrine is you well know ; it is the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures. They cannot err ; but I find that the church of Rome hath erred, and doth greatly err. When Tetzel and his colleagues began their audacious attempts to impose upon you, ye men of Saxony, I stood forward to oppose them and the shameful trade they carried on. I proved from the Bible that the pardon of sins belongs to God alone, and that indulgences cannot be applicable to the dead. I challenged all to dispute these points, but none can answer them. The arguments brought forward by Pope Leo and his cardinals fall to the ground. To maintain the infallibility of the pope is a grievous error, my brethren ; St. Peter himself erred.


"But for the space of three years you have heard my

doctrine from the pulpit. I would now only remind you all, that the Holy Scriptures are the only sure guide, and I contend for the right of every man to search them for himself. I have studied them deeply, my dear brethren, and by their light have seen the grievous darkness which overspreads Christendom. Faithfully have I endeavoured to disperse some of the thick clouds of error, and for this I am denounced as a heretic, and my writings condemned to be burnt. But as I do not hold the pope to be infallible, or his jurisdiction to be supreme, even thus I treat the denouncement." As he spoke he cast the papal bull and canon law on the fire before him, and watched - them consuming in the flames, while a low, deep murmur of applause passed through the crowd.

"That is a bold deed of thine, Doctor Martin! but in good truth, I think thou art in the right," observed a citizen of Wittenberg, who stood at a little distance, and had listened with intense interest to Luther's words. "If thou hast the Scriptures on thy side, as I am inclined to believe thou hast, it becomes us all to search and look for ourselves into the religion we profess."

"Father," said his daughter Gertrude, who hung on his arm, "if Doctor Martin is right, we must all be wrong."

"We have been wrong, my child, very much in error; but I trust the light is beginning to dawn on us. Ever since I first heard the preaching of that



learned and holy man, I have had my doubts. I saw too plainly the errors in our church which he boldly and openly denounced; to-day convinces me that he is sincere and in earnest."

"But he says the pope is not infallible, and that prayers for those in purgatory are in vain! Is not this strange doctrine, father?"

"It is a doctrine which is widely spreading in Germany, my child, and which I am strongly disposed to believe is truth. The shameful sale of indulgences, against which Doctor Martin so boldly raised his voice, first opened men's eyes. You were too young then, Gertrude, to understand the circumstances. Tetzl, a man of infamous character, a Dominican friar, was authorized by the pope's nuncio to sell these indulgences or pardons, and to declare they procured not only the remission of sins in this life, but deliverance for souls in the fires of purgatory. It was an audacious attempt to impose on the people of Germany! One of the devices employed by this artful monk to attract customers was a picture representing souls tormented in purgatory, with this inscription underneath—

"When in the box the cash doth ring
The soul from out the fire doth spring."

"Oh father! that was very wicked!"

"It was both wicked and impious, Gertrude. Doctor Martin, shocked at such blasphemy, boldly

preached against it, and on the 31st of October, 1517, he affixed to the gates of the university church in this city, his celebrated ninety-five theses, or propositions against indulgences, in which he proved that it was the prerogative of God alone to pardon sins, and that no money could purchase remission of guilt. What thousands had thought in secret, this bold and good man dared openly to express—what hundreds of thousands had suspected, they now felt to be true. The scandalous lives of the clergy next brought down Doctor Martin's animadversions, and of course a host of enemies was quickly raised against him. For the last three years he has been engaged in continual controversy."

"And is not the pope very angry with him?"

"He is now; but when first he heard of his opposition, he observed 'that it was but a quarrel between monks, and that brother Luther seemed to be a man of parts.' I am much mistaken if brother Luther does not make him tremble yet."

"Father," said the young girl, "crowds go to hear Doctor Martin preach, I wish you would take me some day to hear him."

"I will, Gertrude; though you cannot yet understand all he says; for he preaches justification by faith, and faith alone; and condemns the doctrine of purgatory, as not in accordance with Holy Scripture. But, as you say, crowds attend his church, for being weary of the abuses and encroachments of eccle-

siastical power, it is pleasant to us to hear that the pope is not infallible."

"And yet, father, we have always been taught that the church, and the pope as head of the church, never had erred, neither could err."

"We have been taught so, my child, but Luther teaches otherwise, and men begin to believe his teaching is right."

"What made the learned and holy man first think of these things?" asked Gertrude.

"When he was a young student, one of his companions was killed by lightning at his side, which had such an effect on Luther that he became a monk. Being sent by his superiors on business into Italy, he proceeded to that country, which he looked upon as the centre of Christendom, with his heart full of spiritual hopes and devout expectations. But sorely was he disappointed and shocked at what he saw. He found pomp and pride, immorality and hypocrisy, even in the convents where he rested on the road. Because he told the monks at Milan they ought to fast on Fridays, he was nearly killed for his pains. Arrived at Rome, he looked around him with surprise and grief. The pontiff then reigning was the choleric and warlike Julius the Second—one truly more like a soldier than a priest; while his cardinals, men of the world and learned in books, were better acquainted with Latin and such knowledge than with the Bible. In visiting the churches, Luther was shocked at the

indecent hurry with which the priests went through the service of the mass ; and remaining only two weeks in Rome, he hurried back here, with his head bewildered, his feelings distressed, and his religious belief greatly shaken. I heard him say the other day, that he would not for one hundred thousand florins have missed that journey to Rome, for without it, he should have been tormented by the fear that he had been unjust towards Pope Leo, during the late controversy with him."

"By the act of to day, he has quite set the pope at nought, however," said Gertrude, smiling ; "perhaps, father, other men will follow his example ? "

"It is most likely, Gertrude. There is a great change taking place in men's minds. The most important business of our lives is religion, and we must see to it that we are not misled on that point by artful and designing priests. The Bible is the only true guide ; and that, Luther says, we should study for ourselves. There are indeed many grievous errors in the church which require rooting out. There needs a thorough reformation in it."

"Did not one John Huss, about a hundred years since, hold the same opinions that Doctor Martin Luther does ? "

"Yes ; he likewise was a reformer, and, being summoned to attend the council of Constance, was there publicly burnt for his opinions, notwithstanding his safe-conduct from the emperor."

"Oh father! I hope this good man will be preserved from such a fate!"

"I hope so, indeed, my child. Our present elector, Frederic,* is a warm friend of his, and proud of the distinction his university has received by numbering such a man amongst its professors."

"And what does the Emperor Charles say?"

"Luther has written a letter to him, couched in the most respectful terms, urging on him the necessity of lending his powerful aid to the mighty work of purifying the church from her errors; but the emperor looks on the zealous monk rather as a disturber of the public peace than as a reformer of acknowledged abuses, and has made no reply to his letter. Yet there is a work begun amongst us which neither emperor or pontiff can hinder—a beam of light has broken in upon our land which alike penetrates to the castle and the cottage. Luther's reasonings are unanswerable; his preaching is like a mighty trumpet-sound, and numbers are convinced by his arguments."

"He must be right, father, if his doctrines agree with the Holy Scripture."

"True; and to that unerring guide he directs us. But the air is very chilly, my child, we will return home."

On the sixth of March, in the following year, Martin Luther was summoned to appear before a Diet

* Frederic the Wise.

of the empire, held at Worms. The summons ran as follows :—

“ Charles, by the grace of God, Roman Emperor and Augustus, &c. to the honourable our beloved and pious Doctor Martin Luther, of the order of Augustines, greeting :

“ Honourable, beloved, and pious ! We, with the states of the holy empire here assembled, having resolved to make inquiry touching the doctrine and the books published of long time by you, have given unto you our safe-conduct and that of the empire, which we send herewith. Our desire is that you prepare forthwith for this journey, in such sort that you may appear before us within the twenty and one days named on the said safe-conduct ; and herein fail not. Fear no violence, for this our safe-conduct we are resolved by God’s help strictly to observe ; and expect that you will be obedient unto this our summons. Follow our advice. Given at our imperial city of Worms, the sixth day of the month of March, in the year of our Lord 1521, and of our reign the second.

“ CHARLES.”

On the arrival of the summons, Luther prepared instantly to obey it. His friends, however, were in great consternation, and strove, with many arguments, to dissuade him from taking so perilous a journey.

“ Your going to Worms will be attended with the utmost danger,” said one ; “ it is by no means impro-

bable that you will be waylaid and assassinated on the road thither."

"Ah, brother!" said Melancthon, "be warned! remember the fate of John Huss!"

"I remember it well," replied the undaunted reformer, "and if it please God, I am willing to be burnt to death, as he was. I go to defend my opinions and the cause of truth, and ye cannot hinder me."

"But is it right thus to place your valuable life in certain danger?" urged Melancthon.

"Doubtless it is, my friend, in such a cause. I have long accustomed myself to contemplate martyrdom without fear. But why alarm yourselves? I have a safe-conduct from the emperor."

"So had John Huss, but it did not save him from the flames."

"Well, my brethren," said Luther, "I feel I have a work given me to do, and I must do it. My courage is strong and my resolution unalterable. Hinder me not; forth I shall go in the name of the Lord, were there a fire blazing high all the way from Wittenberg to Worms."

He went, followed by the prayers of many, who greatly feared some disaster would befall him. On approaching Worms, multitudes flocked from the city to meet him, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the man who had dared to defy the pope. As he entered the gates, he commenced singing the hymn, since known

as "Luther's hymn"—the inspiring hymn of the Reformation—"God is our strong tower of refuge." Truly had he need to put his trust in God in that hour of danger!

The next day, the emperor, the electors, the bishops, dukes, margraves, and other princes of the empire being assembled in state, Martin Luther was brought before them to answer for his opinions. Thousands had collected in the hall, the avenues, and round the windows, to witness the reformer's conduct, and to hear how he defended his doctrines. It was an anxious moment for Luther; but he knew in whom he had put his trust, and his heart was confident. He had friends, too, amongst that august assembly, who spoke to him words of encouragement and kindness.

On entering the hall, one said to him in a rough yet kindly voice, "Thou art on thy way, friend, to make such a stand as neither I nor many a captain besides ever made in the field of battle. If thou meanest honestly, and art sure of thy ground, go forward in God's name, and be of good cheer.—He will not forsake thee."

"Remember the words of our Saviour Christ," whispered another to him—"When they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak."

"Fear not them that kill the body, and after that

have no more that they can do ;” said others in the crowd.

And so the reformer passed on to where the emperor sat upon his throne, looking attentively on the man of whom he had heard so much. He made his obeisance to his sovereign, and the proceedings commenced.

“Do you acknowledge these books to be yours ?” asked the commissary of the Archbishop of Treves, as he pointed to a pile of books which lay on a table before him.

“I do,” said Luther, after the titles had been read ; “they are all mine.”

“Will you retract their contents ?”

Luther paused for a moment ; then addressing the emperor, said, “Since this is a question concerning faith, and the salvation of the soul, which is the greatest treasure in heaven and on earth, and lest I should, for want of due consideration, say more than the subject requireth or less than it deserveth, I humbly pray your Imperial Majesty to grant me some short space of time, that I may do no wrong to God’s word, or bring danger to my soul through want of preparation.”

“Thou hast already had time enough, Master Luther,” replied Charles ; “nevertheless one day more shall be granted thee at thy request.”

The assembly was then dismissed.

The following day, at six o’clock in the evening, the

large hall being lighted up, the reformer was again brought before the Diet, and again was the question put to him, "Do you retract what you have asserted in those books?"

Then Luther replied—and oh! how much depended on his answer!—"Most illustrious, high, and mighty emperor, illustrious princes, and honourable lords! I appear in all obedience before you, and beg that you will hear patiently what I hope are the words of truth and soberness. I can truly say I desire nothing but the glory of God, and the unrestrained instruction of all believers in Christ. Your Majesty will be pleased to observe that many of those books written by me have been pronounced useful and edifying; I cannot renounce them without renouncing the truth of the Gospel. Others are directed against the papacy, which by evil example and evil teaching has made the world a howling wilderness. Should I abandon these, it were to confirm and support this unholy power, and open the doors of ungodliness and sin. Another portion consists of books written against individuals who have taken upon themselves to defend the Romish tyranny, and to hide the clear Gospel light. I confess I have written to them in reply sharp and violent words, perhaps too much so for a Christian. As a man, I know I am liable to error; but I am ready to commit all my publications to the flames, if, on examination, they are found in any way to be contrary to the Holy Scriptures. I call on all, both high and low, to confute

me out of the sacred writings, and if I am proved to be in error, I will myself throw every one of my books into the fire."

"This is no place for learned disputations, Master Luther," said Charles; "you are required to answer simply 'Yes' or 'No'; will you retract what you have written or not?"

"Since you desire a short and simple answer," replied Luther, "you shall have one—I will not recall what I have written; so help me God. Amen."

This firm and bold reply caused no small sensation in the Court. Some looked surprised and pleased, some grave and thoughtful; many frowned with displeasure; and the emperor himself hastily rising, observed, "Since such is your answer, Master Luther, be it so. There needs no further discussion. The assembly is dismissed."

And the assembly broke up.

The bold reformer retired then to his lodgings, thanking God that he had been enabled manfully to maintain his ground, and to stand forth that day as a champion for the truth. He knew not what might yet await him, whether liberty, imprisonment, or death, but he felt prepared for the worst.

"The Duke Eric of Brunswick sends you this, and prays you to be of good cheer," said an attendant, entering the room with a silver flagon full of beer in his hand.

Luther drank the beer, and then said, with so-

lemnity, "As Duke Eric hath remembered me, so may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in his last agony." When the duke lay on his death-bed he recollected those words.

"And what course will your Majesty pursue with this obstinate heretic?" asked a member of the Diet.

"Attached as I am to the faith of my forefathers, I shall certainly defend it," replied Charles; "and, therefore, shall pronounce the ban of the empire against Luther and his followers."

"But your Majesty will not, surely, allow him to leave Worms? Methinks it were expedient he should meet with the fate of the heretic, John Huss."

"Nay," said the emperor, "heretic though he be, he has my safe-conduct, which I neither can nor will violate."

"The Emperor Sigismund was not so scrupulous, your Majesty."

"But it will never be forgotten to the end of time that those who broke their pledge to John Huss had thenceforth little success or happiness," observed the Palatine Lewis.

"It must not be," said Duke George of Saxony. "I am at enmity with this Luther; I like him not; but I will never consent to setting aside the safe-conduct. Such a deed of shame must not be done on the day of our emperor's first Diet; it would be conduct utterly inconsistent with the old German honesty. What we have promised, that must we perform."

"Well spoken, my lord duke," said the emperor; "if truth and honour exist nowhere else, at least they should be found in the courts of princes. Luther shall not have to complain of his sovereign's broken faith. He must quit this city, and the safe-conduct shall continue in force one-and-twenty days, provided he abstain from preaching on the road. This is but just to him. After that, he shall feel our displeasure."

The following day Luther accordingly left Worms, and set out on his return to Wittenberg.

Gertrude and her parents were partaking of their evening repast, when a neighbour entered the apartment.

"Good evening, Master Nicholas," he said. "I have stepped in as the bearer of most unwelcome tidings. Nay, look not so alarmed, Gertrude; they concern not you or your father; or rather, I may say, they concern us all."

"You speak in riddles, friend Franz," said Nicholas. "What may these tidings be? Be seated, and let us know."

"You have doubtless heard of the noble stand the learned Doctor Martin Luther made in defence of his doctrines before the Diet?" asked Franz.

"No, I have heard nothing. I was even now saying to my wife I doubted but that his courage might fail. And it has not? He has stood firm, and shrunk not from the truth, with the fate of John Huss before his eyes? I praise God for it, and rejoice from my heart.

Tell me more, good Franz. Methinks these are anything but unwelcome tidings."

"Wait a bit," said Franz. "A noble defence then he made, not retracting one word which he had written, unless, as he said, it could be proved contrary to Holy Scripture. And before the emperor and all the princes he boldly maintained the truth; which thing pleased our elector mightily."

"And did he speak before all the great lords?" asked Gertrude, in surprise.

"He did, and well, too. He said, Nicholas, that he would sooner give up body and life, trunk and limb, than surrender God's true and holy word. And he is right!"

"Now am I as glad of this as if you had brought me a thousand florins!" exclaimed the honest Saxon. "I feared how he might bear the trial; but he is right, and he knows he is right, Master Franz, and when a man knows that he is as bold as a lion. Is he now on his way hither?"

"I grieve to say he is not; and now come my unwelcome tidings."

"How? What? Have they dared to molest him? Have they dared to violate the safe-conduct of the emperor?"

"The story, as I have heard it, runs thus," replied Franz: "Luther was permitted to leave Worms in safety, under the protection of the safe-conduct. He had not proceeded far on his journey homeward, how-

ever, when, on entering a forest, his carriage was stopped and surrounded by a party of armed horsemen in masks, who, ordering him to alight, placed him on horseback, and rode off with him. Every search has been made by his friends, but not a trace of him can be discovered."

"Were they robbers?" asked Gertrude.

"They appeared to be such; but some think the emperor had a hand in it. He would not be sorry to get rid of the reformer, and put a stop to the spread of his doctrines."

"These are sad tidings, indeed!" said Nicholas, looking grave. "Can the emperor have acted so treacherous and dishonourable a part? I hope not—I hope not. It were a bad beginning of his reign over us—a sad omen for Germany—if thus he violates his written word."

"I never can believe he would be so base!" said Gertrude, with glowing cheeks; "such conduct would be treacherous in any man, much more in an emperor. Oh, no! the robbers must have carried the reformer off, in hopes of obtaining a ransom for him."

"It may be so, but I doubt it," replied Franz. "We must pray to God to protect him, for vain is the help of man."


"Oh! I do trust he will be preserved from danger, and come back again to Wittenberg," said Gertrude.

"Gertrude and her mother are both convinced by the reformer's arguments of the great errors in the church," observed Nicholas. "I knew it would be so; I prayed it might. The light has entered many a dwelling, and made joyful many a sad heart. For, oh, Franz! what a blessed truth it is that to Christ Jesus alone must we look for the pardon of our sins, and the salvation of our immortal souls! I cannot describe to you the peace that entered my heart when I was convinced from Scripture that there needed no more sacrifice for sin—that there is but one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

"Ay, Nicholas, the prayerful study of that Word, which has so long been kept from us, will bring peace to many a heart that has been striving to deserve heaven by penances and good works, yet ever fearful of falling short of it. Having such a guide, it becomes us to be doubly watchful over our conduct, that we give no occasion for our enemies to speak reproachfully of us. But I must say good night, my friends. Should I hear tidings of Doctor Martin, I will bring you word."

But months passed away, and no tidings came of the reformer. Various reports were circulated concerning him. Some were fully convinced that he had been murdered; and some dared to whisper that he was confined in the cells of the Spanish Inquisition. And whilst his friends were in anxious suspense about him, he was safe in a place of refuge. The attack in

the forest was only a kind contrivance of his good friend the Elector of Saxony, to place him out of the reach of his enemies. He had been carried off to the solitary castle of the Wartburg, a mountain fortress belonging to Duke Frederic. In this asylum, under the feigned name of Junker Georg, Luther employed himself in translating the Scriptures into German, and produced a work, which for accuracy and fidelity to the original, ranks next to our English Bible. "This," said the reformer, "will do more for breaking down popery than all that man can devise." Here he also wrote several treatises, which produced a wonderful effect on the people of Germany. They were against auricular confession, monastic vows, clerical celibacy, and prayers for the dead. The effect of the reformer's writings was such that hundreds of monks left their convents, and married, while the Austin Friars in Wittenberg abolished the mass. Glad indeed were the people of that city, when Luther, suddenly appearing among them, again lifted his voice in the pulpit. Thousands flocked to hear him. His doctrines spread far and wide through Germany, Denmark and Sweden, and numbers embraced the reformed faith. In Switzerland the Reformation spread under Zuingli. He, like Luther, began by studying the Scriptures diligently. The Epistles of St. Paul so impressed him, that he wrote them out, and committed them to memory. Thus he too saw the errors of popery, and was enabled successfully to preach against them.



Years rolled on, and Gertrude and her parents steadfastly adhered to the reformed faith. They saw every day more reasons to admire the simplicity, the truth, and the preciousness of its doctrines. These doctrines had been embraced by many of the princes of Germany; and at a Diet held at Spires in 1529, when a decree was passed enjoining that there should be no further innovations in religion, and that the mass should not be abolished, they, with the deputies of fourteen Imperial, or free cities, entered a solemn *protest* against it. Hence their name of Protestants.

But Charles V. was now more opposed to the Reformation than ever, and he resolved to do his utmost to suppress it.

The Protestants, equally firm in maintaining their religion, then drew up a Confession of their faith, called "the Confession of Augsburg," which they demanded, should be publicly read at the Diet.

One summer's evening, in the year 1530, Gertrude and her mother sat in their pleasant dwelling overlooking the Elbe. The casement window was thrown wide open,

"and there in beauty lay
That broad and rolling river
All sparkling to the day."

"How peaceful is everything this evening!" said Gertrude; "how tranquil is this scene!" She gazed, as she spoke, at the flowing river, but her thoughts were soon far away.

"Mother," at length she said, "is Augsburg a long distance from us?"

"It is many, many miles, Gertrude: I wish your father were safe at home again. He is not accustomed to such long journeys."

"Then it is well his business compels him so seldom to make them," said Gertrude, smiling. "For my part, I cannot help rejoicing that he has been called to Augsburg just at this time. I am so anxious to know what takes place at the Diet. They say the emperor is to be there."

"Yes, but he is no friend to the Lutherans, so our cause will not be favoured on that account. It is a momentous time for us, Gertrude. May God in mercy direct all for the best!"

"He will, mother, He will. All events are in His hand. The dark clouds will roll away, and we shall have light and peace."

"I fear not till we have passed through much trouble and persecution, my child. Depend upon it, Gertrude, the storm will ere long burst in fury on our heads."

"And if so, dear mother, we must have faith in God. In the overflowing floods, still will we trust in Him. What does our Bible say? 'They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee, for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee.' Come, I will sing you that which never fails to cheer you." And taking her lute, Gertrude sang in a

sweet voice the hymn so well known to every reformer—

“God is our strong tower of refuge.”

The last sounds had scarcely died away, when the door opened, and Nicholas entered the room.

“My father! my dear father!” exclaimed the Saxon maiden in delight, “I scarcely hoped to see you so soon.”

“I am glad to find you so well employed, my child,” he replied, as he affectionately kissed her; “we shall all need truly to put our trust where help is alone to be found.”

“And never shall our trust be in vain, my dear husband,” said the mother, from whose countenance every trace of dejection had vanished. “God is better to us, than all our fears. Shame on me that ever I doubt His watchful care!”

“Ay, dear wife, this is no time for doubting. We must stand firm both in our faith and principles, for they will be sorely tried. The conduct of the emperor at Augsburg convinces us that in future we must not look to him for support.”

“How, dear father? what took place at the Diet?” asked Gertrude. “Was not the Confession of our faith read?”

“It was read, Gertrude. The Protestant princes demanded it, and their request could not be refused. It was granted, however, only on condition that the reading should take place, not in the great hall of

session, but in a chapel of the bishop's palace, and that the assembly should be held at the hour of three in the morning."

"Ah! that was not acting fairly towards us, was it father?"

"No, for the reason was evident. The chapel holds only about one hundred and twenty persons, so it was hoped that none but the principal men in the empire would hear the reading. But the Ruler of all events ordered it otherwise. The excessive heat having caused those within to open the windows, the people outside, who crowded round the chapel, heard every word distinctly. I was one of them, and rejoiced from my heart to think that at least a thousand persons had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our real tenets, which have been so shamefully misrepresented."

"That was well indeed! Did Dr. Martin read?"

"He was not there. Being under the ban of the empire, the elector advised him not to be present, lest he should give offence. He accordingly remained at Coburg, where Melancthon had frequent conferences with him on the subject of the articles, to which he gave his entire approbation. Melancthon had drawn them up with great care."*

"And you heard this Confession of our faith publicly read, father?"

* These articles, twenty-eight in number, are still the rule of doctrine in the Lutheran church.

"I did, Gertrude. The emperor having ascended his throne, our two countrymen, Dr. Beyer and Dr. Brück stood forth, one holding a Latin, and the other a German copy of the articles. The emperor, who, you know, understands our tongue but indifferently, would fain hear the Latin document, when our sovereign prince, the elector, rising from his seat, and making a low reverence, spoke thus :—‘Sire, we are here on German ground; I therefore pray your Majesty that this Confession of our faith may be read in our beloved mother-tongue, that all may know what our tenets are, and that henceforward we may be no more likened to the heathen, who know not God.’ This reasonable request the emperor could not refuse; and, accordingly, Dr. Beyer began the reading, and that in a voice so loud and clear not a word was lost to us without. Then, as the eagerly-listening people heard what our doctrines really were, and perceived the falsehood of those charges which have been maliciously brought against us, astonishment was depicted on their countenances, and low whispers arose amongst them. ‘Well,’ said one old man near me, ‘it is clear now that these reformers have not spoken against any part of Christ’s doctrine but only against the abuses in the church.’ ‘And it is reasonable,’ replied a stout citizen, ‘that these abuses should be got rid of: the Lutherans are right; our spiritual lords have indeed carried it with too high a hand.’ ‘If these be their doctrines,’ observed another, ‘I see nothing

to condemn. How is it we have been mistaken concerning them?' I inwardly rejoiced at these remarks, and felt not a little thankful that nature had gifted Dr Beyer with so strong and clear a voice."

"And the princes and nobles—what said they?" asked Gertrude.

"I was told the effect on them was striking. They perceived how much the Lutheran doctrines had been calumniated; and the Bishop of Augsburg did not scruple to declare that what he had heard was only the truth, and could not be gainsaid. One, the emperor's secretary, observed, 'If the Lutherans had money, they might easily buy free exercise for their religion from the pope; but without gold, they must not hope that their light will ever shine before the world.' In that, however, he is mistaken. The 'Lutheran heresy' will spread through Europe in spite of pope or poverty."

"And you think the emperor is not inclined to favour us, Nicholas?"

"No, wife, he is not; and that we shall see ere long. At the conclusion of the reading, the Count Palatine Frederic informed the states, in the name of the emperor, that his Imperial Majesty had listened with attention to the document, and would act seriously and impartially in the matter. But he called on the members of the Diet to prevent a premature disclosure of the Confession through the press. No! we have nothing to hope from the emperor."

This was true. Charles V. exerted all his energies to put down the Reformation in Germany—but in vain. It prospered, though amid much persecution; and its blessed doctrines have spread to the far corners of the earth.

Martin Luther died in 1546. Zeal for the truth, and undaunted intrepidity in maintaining his principles, purity of life, and perfect disinterestedness and sincerity, were virtues which shone forth conspicuously in the character of this great champion of Protestantism. But like other men, Luther had his faults. His temper was violent and impetuous, and his language too often intemperate and abusive. Accustomed to regard everything as subordinate to truth, he poured forth against such as disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Yet much of this intemperate language may be charged on the manners of the age in which he lived. People in those days carried on disputes with warmth, and gave their opinions without reserve or delicacy. Luther was raised up for a great work, and a less vigorous spirit would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. He was earnest in his vehemence; he contended for the right of every man to study the Holy Scriptures; and considering religion as the most important business of life, wished all to ascend to its very source, unalloyed by human authority. His moral courage, his undaunted firmness,

his zeal for the truth, and the great revolution which he effected in society, will long cause his name to be remembered; whilst Protestants in every age must look back with gratitude to the man who, under God, was destined to usher in the glorious light of the Reformation.

HENRY THE FOURTH,

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

IN a magnificent apartment of the imperial palace sat the widowed Empress Agnes, and her only child, the infant emperor, Henry the Fourth of Germany. Scarcely five years of age on the death of his father, Henry the Third, the education of the young prince, together with the government of the empire, had been intrusted to the Empress Agnes, a woman of pious character and cultivated understanding. Tenderly attached to her son, and earnestly desirous for the welfare of his kingdom, she endeavoured to the utmost of her power faithfully to discharge her public and private trust. She did so with diligence and ability; but the task of ruling the then turbulent spirits of the German empire was too much for a gentle and tender-hearted woman. It needed energy and decision of no common kind to control the haughty and ambitious nobles, who, taking advantage of their sovereign's minority, now renewed their attacks on the privileges of the crown and the liberties of the people. The first step of the regent was ill judged and unfortunate.



The Empress Agnes and Henry IV.

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The Empress Agnes and Henry IV.



Hoping to conciliate the enemies of her house, she not only pardoned them but admitted them to offices of the highest trust and honour. This was unwise, and Agnes soon perceived she had committed a fatal error in conferring favours on men totally devoid of gratitude, and guided only by the dictates of ambition. Her motives were kind and good, but the event proved most unfortunate.

She was gazing thoughtfully from the window, with an open letter in her hand, when an exclamation of joy from her child in his play caused her to turn and look at him. He was indeed a child on whom any mother's eye would rest with pride and pleasure. Finely formed and of a noble bearing, his animated and expressive countenance shaded by a profusion of light-brown curly hair, his deep blue eyes with their long dark lashes, and the mingled air of gentleness and bold resolution in his demeanour—all gave tokens of his high descent, and of a mind and character which rightly directed would promise much. So thought Agnes, as, with a look of inexpressible tenderness, she watched him in his play—now riding round the apartment on the scabbard of an old sword, and now waving his little banner and shouting his mimic war-cry. “Ah!” sighed his mother, “thou wilt too early learn the horrors of war, my child. I fear me thou wilt have but a troublous reign. May the Almighty protect thee, and shield thy orphan head!”

“What makes you sad, dear mamma?” said Henry,

coming to her side, and placing his little hand in hers, while he looked earnestly and lovingly in her face. Has any one done anything to vex you? If they have"—and his eyes sparkled—"I will make them rue it! I am Emperor of Germany, and shall soon be a man, and then all who trouble you shall tremble, dear mamma. Tell me, is it Rudolph of Swabia, or Egbert of Brunswick, who disturbs your peace?"

"Neither at present, my dear boy," replied Agnes, gently parting the hair from his fine forehead, "I was but sadly thinking of the future. All will not be fair and bright to thee, Henry, even though an imperial crown adorns thy brow. The enemies of our house are many and dangerous, my son, and it will require a wise head and strong arm to put them down. I have endeavoured to do so by gentle means, and with gifts and honours to win them over; but it was a vain attempt."

"And yet they feared my father. He had great power, and why should not I have it likewise?"

"Your father, Henry, was a wise monarch. No emperor ever reigned with more absolute authority than he did. Church and state alike submitted to his will."

"He deposed one of the popes, did he not, mamma?"

"Yes; Gregory IV., who had been elected without consulting him. He placed Clement II. on the papal throne, and then the Romans swore never to elect a pope without the approbation of the reigning emperor."

"Then we shall not have much to fear from them," said the boy. "Mamma! if I grow up wise and good like my father, I too may have a glorious reign."

"God grant it, my son! My most earnest desire is that you may be fitted, by a good education, for the high station you are destined to fill. It is a station of great responsibility, Henry, and my endeavours shall not be wanting to prepare you for fulfilling its important duties faithfully. But here is an invitation to us from the Archbishop of Cologne. He invites us to enjoy the festivities of Easter with him in the island of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine."

"Shall we go, mamma?"

"I suppose we shall, my child. I would rather the invitation had not been given, for I have some anxious doubts as to the wisdom of accepting it. However, we must show ourselves friendly to the archbishop."

"Oh! I shall like to go to Kaiserswerth!" exclaimed the young prince. "It will be my first visit too. I think we shall enjoy ourselves very much, dear mamma."

Poor Henry! The visit to Kaiserswerth proved to him the beginning of a long series of calamities, which ended only with his life!

Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne, was a man of considerable talent and rigid morals, but of a stern inflexible character. He was also very ambitious; and, objecting to the government of the kingdom, entered into a secret conspiracy against the regent and her son. He, however, received his illustrious visitors with

every mark of respect and attention, and endeavoured, in every way, to amuse and interest the young prince. Henry's happiness was complete. He saw his mother's look of anxiety gradually relax into a smile of cheerfulness; he entered with energy and delight into the innocent recreations provided for him; and forgot, in the gladness of his heart, that there was such a thing as sorrow in the world. But sorrow came.

One evening, after a splendid banquet, during which the archbishop had been particularly courteous and agreeable, he proposed to the young emperor to take a little excursion in his pleasure-boat. Henry joyfully agreed, and, accompanied by his mother and her attendants, went down to the shore. The boat was gaily painted, and ornamented with flags; and as the prince leaped into it, after tenderly kissing his mother, his animated countenance and beaming eyes drew from the bystanders expressions of delight and admiration.

"He is a noble-looking child, certainly!" exclaimed one; "and he has a noble heart too; so bold and yet so gentle!"

"He gives promise of being a great and good emperor," was the reply. "Heaven preserve him, and grant him a glorious reign!"

In the mean time the boat proceeded on its way down the river; and Agnes was already beginning to wish for its return, when she perceived that it suddenly changed its course and was making fast for the mainland. Suspicion instantly darted into her

mind. "Why is this?" she said in an alarmed tone to her attendants; "what mean they by making for the shore? I trust no evil is intended." The words had scarcely passed her lips when she saw there was a slight scuffle in the boat, and the next instant the young prince had sprung into the water, and was making efforts to swim to the island. "I see! I see it all!" exclaimed the agonized mother; "they would take my boy from me! He resists. Oh help my child! he will perish in my sight!—They drag him back into the boat—Egbert of Brunswick holds him in his grasp—oh! save him! save my precious child!"

But the terrified attendants dared not. None were bold enough to pursue the conspirators otherwise than with shouts and yells of rage; and the princely boy, who had so courageously risked his life to reach his mother, was inhumanly torn from that mother's side never to see her more!

Poor Agnes! she had nearly sank under this terrible and heart-rending blow. For days and weeks the piteous cry of her child, "Mother! Mother!" as with outstretched hands he implored relief, rang in her ears. She now saw the invitation to Kaiserswerth had been but a plot on the part of the conspirators to get the young emperor into their hands. In vain did she entreat mercy;—in vain did she use her utmost efforts for the rescue of her child.

The Archbishop of Cologne was appointed guardian to Henry, and he immediately proclaimed himself

regent of the kingdom. The unhappy mother, separated from her son, deprived of her authority, and deserted by those on whom she had heaped so many favours, was utterly cast down, and would have retired to a convent, had she not been withheld by the representations of her friends.

Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne, aware that the powerful nobles of Germany might dispute his right to the regency and possession of the young king's person, proposed to Adelbert, Archbishop of Bremen, to share the usurped power with him. He assented; and it was agreed that Henry should reside alternately in their respective dioceses, and that the government of the empire should be carried on by the two prelates conjointly.

Nothing could be in greater contrast than the characters of these two men. Hanno was a dark, stern zealot, rigid and inflexible; Adelbert, a jovial, self-indulgent priest, fond of pomp and luxury. The one practised monastic severity; the other preferred pleasure and good living. In their hearts they were the bitterest enemies.

And it was under the care of these men that the young emperor was brought up. The ingenuous and noble-minded boy, the child of so many fond hopes and anxieties, was committed to the guardianship of those totally unsuited for such a charge. For while the stern Hanno treated him with extreme severity, allowed him scarcely any freedom, and would have

educated him as the meanest chorister of his church, Adelbert went to the opposite extreme, permitted him unbounded liberty, passed over all his faults and follies, and encouraged him in seeking all kinds of pleasure. Lamentable was the effect of this education on the young prince! With a yielding disposition, and a mind easily influenced for good or for evil, the injury done to him by the faulty systems of his instructors was very great. To his severe taskmaster, Hanno, Henry took a bitter dislike, whilst the far too indulgent Adelbert created prejudices in his young mind against his own countrymen, which were afterwards the cause of much bloodshed and misery.

When the young emperor was fifteen years of age, he assumed the reins of government. No sooner did he find himself free from the dominion of Hanno, than he drew the sword of knighthood, with which he had been girded, and made several passes in jest against the person of his tyrannical guardian, for whom he now openly showed his contempt. Adelbert, who continued in high favour, still exerted his baneful influence over the prince, and by his bad example encouraged him in extravagance and idleness.

But the German princes, who saw that nothing but evil could ensue from their young monarch having such a counsellor, insisted on the dismissal of Adelbert. Henry at first refused to comply with their demands, but when he found he must either do so, or resign the crown, he reluctantly consented. But though dis-

missed, the archbishop's evil counsels followed Henry still. He treated the Saxons with so much haughtiness that they rose up in rebellion against him. They were encouraged in this insurrection by Pope Alexander the Second, who summoned Henry to appear before the tribunal of the holy see, and answer the charges brought against him by his subjects. Henry treated the haughty mandate with contempt, and carried on the war against the Saxons, till he had subdued them, accepted their submission, and restored peace to Germany.

But now was perceived the commencement of that storm which afterwards fell with such violence on the emperor's head, and shook all the thrones in Christendom. Pope Gregory VII., so famed for his excessive love of power, aimed to make all kings and princes submit in everything to the papal authority. He began with Henry, declaring that if he did not yield full obedience to him, as head of the church, he must expect to be excommunicated or dethroned. The emperor, highly incensed at this arrogant message from one whom he considered his vassal, assembled a Diet at Worms, and solemnly deposed Pope Gregory, who in his turn convoked a council and deprived Henry of his crown. The pontiff's sentence ran thus:—"I prohibit Henry, the son of our emperor Henry, from governing the Teutonic kingdom and Italy; I release all Christians from their oath of allegiance to him; and I strictly forbid all persons to

serve or attend him as king." This was the first instance of a pope's pretending to deprive a sovereign of his crown, but it was too flattering to ecclesiastical pride to be the last. No prelate had ever presumed to use such imperious language as the haughty pontiff Gregory had done.

The Saxons, taking advantage of the papal displeasure against their monarch, once more broke out into open rebellion, and the very princes and prelates who had assisted in deposing Gregory, now resolved in solemn Diet that, unless the emperor were freed from the papal ban within a year, he should be declared to have forfeited his crown.

Alarmed at the crisis to which things had arrived, Henry, in this dilemma, turned for council to his faithful wife Bertha. This gentle and most estimable woman proved to the emperor, during his long and eventful reign, his truest friend and wisest counsellor. Entering with a sympathising heart into her husband's troubles, and knowing well the feeling of superstitious horror with which the Germans looked on one who was at enmity with the pope, she succeeded, after much persuasion, in inducing him to make an effort at reconciliation with Gregory.

"It is a plan most repugnant to my feelings, Bertha," said the emperor, with a clouded brow. "To submit to that haughty pontiff! It is too humiliating! Is there no other way?"

"None other, my dearest lord," replied Bertha;

"your quarrel with the pope is the only bar between you and your subjects. Till he absolve you, there will be no peace for Germany."

"But to ask his pardon. To crave forgiveness of the false monk! the man whom I solemnly deposed! it is impossible."

"Then, my dear lord, you may give up all hopes of retaining the imperial crown. The people consider themselves released from their allegiance to you. The emperor, they say, is great, but the pope is greater still."

"And who is the pope?" said Henry, angrily. "Who is this Hildebrand, that he should presume to do that which none ever dared to do before him?"

"He is a man of inflexible energy, we may rest assured," replied Bertha; "and if he assume power beyond his predecessors, we must remember his character is widely different from theirs. He possesses great abilities, and a firmness of disposition which nothing can shake."

"So you think it is useless contending with him?"

"I think you will never sit peaceably on the throne while he is your foe. Be persuaded, my beloved husband, to ask his forgiveness. Painful it is to urge you to this, but I see no other course left. The princes are very determined."

"Well," said Henry, "I suppose it must be so. For the sake of our son, Bertha, I will seek reconciliation with Gregory. But it is a hard blow."

"Your resolve is a wise one, my dear lord," replied his gentle wife; "and as you have thus determined, there should be no needless delay. Affairs are in too alarming a state to admit of it."

"There shall be none. The sooner the humiliating deed is over the better. Our orders shall be given to prepare for the journey at once. It will be hard to leave thee, Bertha; and on such an errand too!"

"Nay, my gracious lord, that must not be. It is alike my duty and my desire to accompany you."

"Across the Alps! and at this season of the year, Bertha!" exclaimed the emperor in surprise. "How would thy delicate frame bear the toils and hardships of so hazardous and perilous a journey?"

"With thee, well," said Bertha, smiling. "It is but right that I who have urged you to this step should use my poor endeavours to cheer you on the way."

"Then be it so, Bertha, and God bless thee for thy faithful love! Had I ten thrones thou wert worthy of them all!"

It was in the midst of one of the severest winters ever known that the emperor and empress of Germany, accompanied by their infant son and a few attendants, commenced their passage across the Alps. A perilous and frightful journey it was! The heavy snow-storms that impeded their progress, the roar of the distant avalanche, the narrow pathway over the tremendous precipices, rendered doubly dangerous and slippery

from the frost, the fatigue, and the intense cold, all combined to weary and exhaust the terrified travellers. Henry's chief concern was for his gentle wife, who bore the hardships to which she was so unaccustomed with a sweetness and patience truly heroic. Her thought was for her child; and when at length, after indescribable sufferings, they found themselves in safety on the sunny plains of Lombardy, every heart was filled with the deepest gratitude for their deliverance. After recovering a little from his fatigue, Henry set forth on his mission to the pope.

But Gregory VII. had shut himself up in the fortress of Canossa, and it was some time before he could be prevailed on to give the emperor an audience. This delay, and fears for the future, had such an effect on Henry that he sent an abject message to the pope, entreating to be admitted to his presence.

After still more delay, this was granted, and the powerful Emperor of Germany appeared at Canossa in a garb and with a mien that showed he was beginning to quail under the pontiff's anger. Clothed in the hair-shirt of a penitent, barefooted and bare-headed, he entered the castle gate. Here he was desired to remain till the pope's further pleasure were known; and in that state, without food, or shelter from the wintry blasts, did the royal penitent continue for three days and three nights!

After this extraordinary and unparalleled scene, Henry was permitted to throw himself at the feet

of the haughty pontiff, who condescended to grant him absolution on his vowing obedience to his will in all things. It was a terrible mortification to the monarch; while Gregory, elate with his triumph, and now considering himself as lord and master of all the crowned heads in Christendom, said, in several of his letters, "that it was his duty to pull down the pride of kings."

The unprecedented act at the castle of Canossa both astonished and disgusted the princes of Italy. They never could forgive the haughtiness of the pope or the abject humility of the emperor. Their indignation, however, at Gregory's arrogance overbalanced their detestation of Henry's meanness. A strong party rose up for him in Italy; and while all Lombardy took up arms against the pontiff, all Germany was rising, instigated by Gregory, against the emperor.

Accordingly, on his return home, Henry had the mortification of hearing that his rebellious subjects, having set him aside, had placed on the throne Rudolph of Suabia. Gregory confirmed their choice, thundered out a second sentence of excommunication against Henry, and sent to the new emperor a golden crown.

The deposed monarch, finding that his late humiliating act had been in vain, and highly incensed at Gregory's conduct, now persuaded the Italians to elect another pope, and Clement III. was, in a short time, declared head of the church.

The whole empire was now in confusion. There were two emperors, two popes, two dukes in every dukedom, and two bishops in every diocese. But this state of things could not last. The rival emperors met in battle, and after a terrible engagement, Rudolph was slain. During the conflict he had his right hand cut off by the famous Godfrey of Bouillon, then in the service of Henry. As he lay on the ground in the agonies of death, he looked sorrowfully on his hand, and said, "This is the hand which was once raised to swear fealty to Henry. By the instigation of traitors, I perfidiously violated that oath. May they bitterly rue the deed!"

The emperor thus delivered from his formidable antagonist, soon dispersed the rest of his enemies in Germany, and then departed for Italy, to establish Clement III. in the papal chair. The new pope having been consecrated, he placed the imperial crown on the head of his patron, with the concurrence of the Roman Senate and people. The haughty Gregory held out for some time in the castle of St. Angelo, but was at last compelled to retire to Salerno, where soon afterwards he fell sick and died. His last words were, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore do I die in exile." But though delivered from his two great enemies, Henry did not long enjoy tranquillity. While he was in Italy, Germany became involved in new troubles, and when he rapidly marched thither to quell them, dissensions broke out in Italy.

It was trying enough ; but the worst thing the Italian malcontents did was to excite the emperor's son, Conrad, to rebel against his father. This was the heaviest blow Henry had yet experienced, and bitter indeed was his grief at the conduct of his unnatural child.

It seemed to him as if all other troubles were light in comparison with this : but Conrad, who had treated his father's touching remonstrances with contempt, in the midst of his rebellion was taken ill and died. And then, as if the emperor's cup of sorrow were not full, his second son, Henry, threw off his allegiance and proclaimed himself king. In vain did the afflicted father write the most affecting letters to his son to recal him to a sense of his duty, they were flung aside with scorn, and nothing remained but to march an army against the rebellious prince. But though the cities remained true to the emperor, and refused to open their gates to his son, Henry, almost heart-broken, abandoned the field, and referred his cause to the imperial Diet. Young Henry now made use of a base stratagem to get his father into his power. Feigning the deepest contrition for his conduct, he threw himself at his feet and implored pardon. The indulgent parent, deceived by his submission, willingly granted him forgiveness, and then dismissed his army. And then, the ungrateful son caused the emperor to be seized, shut him up in a fortress, and placed himself on the throne !

Poor Henry ! his life had been one long scene of

JAMES GRAHAM,

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

ON Sunday morning, the 23rd of July, 1637, the church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, held a large congregation. It was, however, not a quiet and orderly one as usual ; there was a degree of excitement amongst the people, a restlessness and an irritability, which to a stranger would have been quite unaccountable. The women especially, seemed impatient and angry ; and several meaning glances and low whispers passed between them as the service proceeded.

The cause of this unusual excitement was an attempt on the part of King Charles the First and Archbishop Laud to introduce into the divine service of the Church of Scotland the English form of Common Prayer and Liturgy. In the Scotch church, which is Presbyterian, the minister uses no prescribed form of words ; the prayers are extemporaneous, and the service altogether different to that of the Church of England. The report that a change was to be introduced in their

manner of worship, proved therefore a source of much uneasiness and disquietude to the people of Scotland; they disliked the English service, and considered that in many of its forms and ceremonies there was a leaning to Popery, which they abhorred.

The English puritans agreed with them in this opinion; Popery and Prelacy, in their minds meant much the same thing.

Now this endeavour to force upon the Scottish people a form of worship to which they had been unaccustomed, and which they disliked, was ill-judged and ill-timed. Beautiful as our Liturgy is, and highly as we value it, the Scotch were prejudiced against its introduction, and they thought that in so serious a matter as a form of devotion, they ought to be allowed some choice. But King Charles and his bishops determined the change should be made; and the Sunday spoken of was the day on which the experiment was first to be tried.

The Dean of Edinburgh officiated on this important occasion; and it was evident the new service was most unfavourably received. As the reader proceeded low murmurs arose, and when at length he gave out the Collect for the day, the indignation of his hearers was no longer to be restrained. An old woman named Jenny Geddes, full of rage, bawled out, "Thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?"* while at the same moment she flung at the dean's head

* Ear.

the stool on which she had been sitting. This was the signal for a general tumult. The women, principally servant maids, instigated, it is said, by their superiors, flew at the dean, tore from his shoulders the surplice, which was an object of especial aversion, and pulling him down from the reading-desk, drove him out of the church. The Bishop of Edinburgh, who was present, then mounted the pulpit, but he was immediately assailed with missiles, and with angry shouts of "A Pope! a Pope! pull him down! stone him!" The tumult was terrible. Stones were thrown at the windows by the disorderly rabble without, and many people narrowly escaped being seriously injured. In the midst of the confusion the bishop managed to get out of the church, but the multitude set upon him in the street as if they would have torn him in pieces. It was with difficulty that his life was saved by Lord Roxburgh, who carried him home in his own coach, surrounded by his retinue with drawn swords.

This tumult in Edinburgh was the signal for a general resistance to the reception of the Book of Common Prayer throughout the country. In Glasgow a similar scene took place. The women, with one voice, railed, and scolded, and clamoured. And as the clergyman, with three or four others, was walking home, some hundreds of these enraged furies set upon him, tore his cloak, hat, and ruff, from him, beat him severely, and would have killed him: had not some people come to his aid. On the next Sunday as another minister

prepared to officiate, the women whispered in his ear, "not to speak of the service book in his sermon, or he should be rent out of the pulpit." He took their advice, and let the matter alone.

The Privy Council of Scotland now wrote to the king, and told him of the uproar the introduction of the Liturgy had occasioned, and that the opposition to it was increasing daily. Charles was very angry, and wrote back to say, that the reading of it must be enforced on pain of his displeasure. He was a kind, merciful, honourable, and religious man; an indulgent master, an affectionate father, and an excellent husband; but he had been brought up by his father with extravagant ideas of kingly power. He had every intention of ruling his people justly and mercifully, and to act conscientiously and uprightly; but he had been taught to think much of his rights as a monarch, and to consider that it was his first duty, whatever happened, to uphold his kingly authority. So that he was highly displeased to find his will disputed; and inflexible in his purpose that it should be obeyed.


Now the desire of King Charles to form a national church in Scotland similar to that of England caused great discontent among the Scottish people. The nobles and gentry met together, and agreed to unite both in opposing the introduction of the Liturgy, and in resisting the further intrusions of Prelacy. They drew up a declaration in accordance with this resolution, and this memorable league was called the

National Covenant. It had for its object the eradication of Prelacy and Popery, and the establishment of Presbyterianism in its purest form.

The Covenant was sworn to by hundreds, thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of all ages and classes, who vowed, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, that by Divine help they would give up life and fortune to maintain the object of their solemn engagement.

One of the most celebrated of those who thus subscribed to the Covenant was James Graham, Earl of Montrose. This accomplished and talented young nobleman took this important step not from any want of reverence for the king's command, but as he himself declared, "for the preservation of religion, the honour and dignity of his sovereign, and the freedom of his native country." No disloyalty lurked in the breast of the high-minded Montrose. He loved his king; and it required much persuasion to induce him to join the league, doubtful as he was whether he should be acting right in so doing.

Believing at length that it was his duty to subscribe to the Covenant, he did so; the circumstance creating a deep sensation, as all had been uncertain which side he would take in the struggle. The Covenanters rejoiced to have with them so gallant and wise a nobleman, while the bishops, it is said, were rather dismayed to find the talented and gifted young earl, arrayed against them, holding him in such esteem, "that they



thought it time to prepare for a storm when he engaged."

But Montrose afterwards repented the step he had taken.

Few names are more famous in Scottish history than that of Graham. There was Sir John the Graham, the faithful friend of Wallace, who fell at the battle of Falkirk, in 1298; James Graham, the hero of our present chapter; John Graham, of Claverhouse, the brave, but fiery and severe Viscount Dundee; and, lastly, the assassin, Sir Robert Graham, who murdered his sovereign, King James the First.

James Graham, Earl of Montrose, was, both in mind and person, one of the most accomplished young noblemen of his time. Deeply skilled in the art of war and in all manly exercises, he was at the same time a poet and a scholar. To high genius and rare talent were added a truthfulness and chivalry of feeling which shed a bright halo round his character. Of a most resolute and undaunted spirit, he was yet gentle and winning in manner. Possessed of great strength of constitution and energy of mind, he seemed fitted to sustain any hardship, and overcome any difficulty. He was of an extremely well-proportioned figure, with fine features, and a quick piercing eye. His bearing was most princely, and his address refined and courteous. Added to his other accomplishments he was a complete horseman and had a singular grace in riding. It was remarked of him by an unquestionable judge, the

Cardinal de Retz, who knew him well, that "he was the only man who ever reminded him of the heroes of Plutarch;" whilst another writer observes, "The name of Montrose at once calls up before our eyes an image of everything that is high-minded, chivalrous, and loyal."

The Covenanters, after an important meeting held at Glasgow, in which they abolished episcopacy, and deprived the bishops of their power, took up arms to support their cause. Montrose was sent to Aberdeen, and to disperse the Gordons who were hostile to the Covenant. His bravery was undoubted, and his conduct was ever distinguished by a manly straightforwardness very much at variance with the crafty, factious, and fanatical characters of some of his associates.

One of these, who afterwards became Montrose's bitterest persecutor, was Archibald, Earl of Argyle. He was a subtle and false-hearted man, capable of ingratiating himself with people, and wearing a fair outside, but deep, treacherous, and cowardly. His conduct, as a son, was most undutiful and insolent, and his own father had declared to the king, when showing him some favour, "that he was a false and deceitful man, who could love no one—without loyalty, honour, or truth;" adding, "I know this young man, sir, better than you do: you may raise him, but I doubt you will live to repent it; for if ever he finds it in his power to do you a mischief, he will do it."

This prophecy was now fulfilled. Argyle openly declared against the king, and secretly determined to place himself at the head of the government of Scotland. His vast possessions, numerous followers, and inaccessible strongholds, left him without a competitor in such a pretension. To gain his own ends, he could affect a complete devotion to the interests of others, whilst he was only intent on forwarding his own; he could stoop very low to court popularity, and was successful in obtaining it.


Such a character stood out in startling contrast with that of the high-minded Montrose. Nor were the persons of the two nobles less dissimilar: Argyle was of a low, mean stature, with red hair, and a most sinister expression of countenance; added to which he had an obliquity of vision. Montrose could neither love or esteem such a man as Argyle, whilst he, close and hypocritical, affected a regard for the noble earl which concealed only the bitterest jealousy.

When Montrose found to what Argyle's ambition was leading him, he began to be alarmed for the interests of the kingly power in Scotland; and, ever fearless and truthful, he determined to do his best to counteract the schemes of those who had not religion for their aim, but the downfall of monarchy. Accordingly, he and several other patriotic and loyal noblemen signed a bond in which they declared their only desire was to do their duty to their king and country, and to preserve the religion, laws, and liberties of the

land. They were utterly opposed in feeling to those factious and disloyal members of the Covenant, who secretly desired to overturn King Charles's government.

When the Scottish army, under General Leslie, crossed the Tweed, Montrose was the first to go into the water. There was some danger in the attempt, as the stream was so strong that cavalry were obliged to be stationed in the river to break the force of the current. The earl, however, alighting from his horse, went through on foot, and returned again to encourage his men. Animated by the gallantry with which he had passed and repassed, "boots and all," the army followed with courage, the horse standing in the water, and the foot wading through in order.

But Montrose began to be extremely dissatisfied with the proceedings of the Covenanters. When he joined them it was for the purpose of upholding religious liberty; but now that he found they were for setting at nought in various ways the royal authority, he determined to oppose their rebellious designs to the utmost. He wrote to the king, and professing his loyalty and fidelity to his Majesty, begged him to visit Scotland, and, by his presence, settle the troubles of the nation. He prayed him to come for his own sake and for the sake of the country, and he assured him that thousands of his loyal subjects there were ready to shed the last drop of their blood in his defence. They desired only to preserve their religion



pure, and their liberties entire. These letters were stolen in the night by the king's attendants, copied out, and sent back to the Covenanters, who publicly upbraided the earl with treason to their cause. The instant and fearless answer of Montrose, however, paralysed his accusers. "I did write those letters," he said, without a moment's hesitation, "and no peer in Scotland can deny my right to hold a private correspondence with my sovereign."

Argyle and his party could not say a word to this, for one of their own articles contained this proviso, "That if any one opened his mouth against the king's person or authority he should be punished as a traitor." So that they feared to say, Montrose had been conveying intelligence to the *enemy*, as in their hearts they considered King Charles to be. But they desired earnestly to rid themselves for ever of a nobleman, whose courage, talents, and independence, were so formidable to their schemes.

Another of his letters, which he had written to a friend in London, being intercepted, he was rebuked for thus corresponding privately with the court, but told, "that the offence should be passed over that time." "I see it will be necessary for me," replied the earl, with just indignation, "to put all, my correspondence in cipher for the future."

One day as he was riding out with General Leslie and Colonel Cochrane, Montrose observed to the latter, "I am prepared to prove that some of the

principal leaders of affairs in Scotland are guilty of high treason in the highest manner, and have even notions of deposing the king."

"I entreat your lordship," replied the colonel, in great trepidation, "leave that subject, and speak of some other;" which the earl accordingly did. But as if he had a malicious pleasure in trying the colonel's nerves, he drew him aside one day when he was in his lodgings, and said, "Do you not think I can prove what I mentioned to you the other day?" Cochrane, alarmed, replied, "I desire not to hear or speak of such matters, therefore crave your lordship not to go further on them."

It was not long before the Earl of Argyle, who cordially hated Montrose, brought up accusations against him, and caused a committee of inquiry to be instituted regarding his fidelity to the Covenant. Montrose answered these inquiries as a man of honour, a patriot, and a Christian. There was a striking contrast between his coolness and dignity on this occasion, and the violence and insolence of his opponent. The latter was not at all particular as to the veracity of what he declared, but Montrose, by his undaunted bearing, perfect truth, and presence of mind, completely silenced his enemies. Still, though he had justified himself in all that he had done, Argyle continued his persecutions and accusations, and rested not till Montrose, with his friends, Napier, Keir, and Blackhall, four of the noblest men in Scotland, had been

sent as state prisoners to the castle of Edinburgh, branded with the name of "the Plotters."

The firmness and gentle dignity of the brave Montrose never forsook him under the most trying circumstances. Though kept for two months in solitary confinement, on a groundless charge, treated with the indignity which mean minds delight to exercise upon lofty ones, and continually subjected to the most vexatious examinations, not one ungentle expression of impatience or disrespect to his ungenerous persecutors escaped his lips. In the midst of so much to harass him, he still maintained his calm self-possession, combined with the dignity of a nobleman and the firmness of an invincible spirit.

At length the king arrived in Scotland, and, surrounded with difficulties on all sides, was compelled to give way, and reward even his enemies. He could not contend both with the English parliament and the Scottish Covenanters, so he endeavoured to conciliate the latter by granting their demands, and scattering dignities and gifts with an unsparing hand. Amongst others, General Leslie was raised to the rank of earl, and Argyle to that of marquis. These acts occasioned one nobleman jestingly to observe, "that he would go to Ireland and join the rebels there under O'Neal, and he was sure the king would promote him."

Charles's benefits, however, produced little effect on the factious party. They considered that he only gave them that, which, if he had dared, he would have

withheld. The unfortunate monarch might well exclaim, "I have granted you more than ever king granted yet, and what have you done for me?"

In the meantime the loyal hearts who truly loved their king were in prison for his sake. Charles was affectionately anxious about them, and there is no doubt that on their account, he made many concessions. They were at length released, protesting "that their imprisonment had been a most unjust one, that no charge had been proved against them, and that no stain must rest upon their names." The king wrote to Montrose to thank him for the loyalty and affection he had shown, and to assure him of his lasting friendship, which he so well deserved.

It was towards the close of a summer's evening, in the year 1644, that two officers, from their attire apparently in the service of the Covenanters, were proceeding on horseback through one of the hilly passes which divide England from Scotland. They were attended by a groom, mounted on a sorry nag, and leading another in his hand. Their conversation, as they slowly ascended the hill, appeared to be of a deeply-interesting nature; indeed so animated did they become on the subject which occupied their thoughts, that they called to their attendant to give his opinion concerning it. It was remarkable that while he spoke, which he did with much good sense and sound judgment, they listened to him with an air of respectful deference, quite unusual in the demeanour of a master

to a servant. But there was something in the appearance and manner of the man which seemed to command respect even from his superiors, his language was good, his observations shrewd and original, and his whole bearing dignified, though modest. From the conversation of the party it appeared that the Covenanters of Scotland were in arms against King Charles; that they had sent to the assistance of the English parliament a body of twenty thousand men, under the command of Leslie, Earl of Leven, and that a great victory had been obtained over the royalists at Marston Moor. It appeared, too, that the Marquis of Argyle was one of the leaders of the rebellion, and so great was his influence, that the king's cause in Scotland seemed almost hopeless. And yet there were many faithful clans in the Highlands firmly attached to their sovereign, disinclined to the Presbyterian government, and great enemies to Argyle; these seemed to need but little inducement to cause them to flock to the royal standard by hundreds and thousands. The troopers, as they conversed on these matters, did not express any enmity to the king, nor did they seem much elated when speaking of the victory at Marston Moor. Argyle's name was mentioned with scorn: indeed, their opinions altogether seemed so different to those of the Covenanters in general, one might almost have fancied that they were loyalists in heart. A shade of sadness even passed over the expressive countenance of the attendant when the king's ill success was spoken of, and there was in

his eye a look of stern resolve mingled with enthusiasm, as they argued the probable rising of the Highlanders in his cause, which might have been construed by a stranger into a wish that the attempt should be made. Could it be that, brave as he undoubtedly was, he desired to measure swords with the warlike mountaineers? or, confident in the skill and superiority of his party, was he already participating a triumphant conquest?

The travellers, having arrived at the top of the hill, now urged their horses forward; the conversation ceased, and the servant fell back to his proper distance. They had not proceeded more than a mile in this way before they were met and accosted by a soldier of the Covenanting army. To the great surprise of the two officers he passed them by, and coming up to their attendant addressed him in the most respectful manner, calling him "my lord." In vain the pretended groom endeavoured to evade the compliment and sustain his part. "What!" said the soldier, still with the utmost respect, "do I not know the noble Marquis of Montrose? But go your way, my lord, and God be with you wheresover you are." He galloped off, and never betrayed the secret, though he might have made his fortune by so doing. It was indeed the gallant Montrose himself, who under this disguise, and in the company of two faithful friends, was endeavouring to make his way to the Highlands there to collect forces for sustaining the royal cause. Charles, highly valuing

his faithful services, had raised him to the rank of marquis; and, deeply attached to his sovereign, he had evinced in his interests a loyalty, bravery, and enthusiasm such as was never surpassed by any of the knights of chivalry or heroes of romance.* He had been waiting, after the defeat at Marston Moor, in the vain hope of obtaining some of Prince Rupert's splendid body of cavalry with which to cross the border, and attack the Scottish rebels. "Give me," he said, "but a thousand of these horsemen, and I will cut my way into the heart of Scotland!" But it was considered that such an expedition would be altogether hopeless and impracticable. Scotland, including all its strongholds and border passes, was entirely in the hands of the rebels, who considered even a whisper in favour of the king as equivalent to high treason, and to be punished as such. Montrose, however, was not to be

* The following was the letter which Charles wrote to the Earl, shortly after his release from Edinburgh Castle:—

"MONTROSE,

"I KNOW I need no arguments to induce you to my service. Duty and honour are sufficient to a man of so much honour as I know you to be. Yet as I think this of you, so I will have you to believe of me, that I would not invite you to share of my hard fortune if I intended you not to be a plentiful partaker of my good. The bearer will acquaint you of my designs, whom I have commanded to follow your directions in the pursuit of them. I will say no more, but that I am your assured friend,

"CHARLES R."

Such an appeal to the loyal heart of Montrose was irresistible.

deterred from the undertaking. He considered, justly, that it would be of great importance to the king's cause that some attempt should be made in Scotland, and since he could not have the cavalry, he resolved to run all risks, and go alone. It was a perilous undertaking. He had to find his way through passes and districts completely occupied by armed rebels, who would have obtained a large sum for his capture, dead or alive. But, nothing daunted, our hero set forth, selecting as his two companions his trusty friend, Sir William Rollock, and a brave, experienced officer of the name of Sibbald. Their first adventure we have related. Though in the disguise of a groom, the Marquis's "quick and piercing eye," and "singular grace in riding," were not to be mistaken by the old soldier who in former times had served under him. Happily escaping from this danger, through the veteran's feeling of attachment for his old master, the travellers pursued their way. They had not gone far, however, before they met with a man who, taking them for soldiers of Leslie's army, entertained them with the information that his master, Sir Richard Graham, had undertaken to act as a spy upon the Borders. "He is here," continued the man, "for the very purpose of finding out the motions of the royalists, and conveying intelligence thereof to our party. We are in hopes of capturing some of Montrose's followers too, who may be returning home this way. If we could only fall in with Montrose himself it would be the luckiest day of my

life." He little thought the noble prey he was so eager to seize was even then within his grasp!

Uneasy and alarmed at these disclosures, the disguised officers soon managed to get rid of their companion, and then urged Montrose to make all possible speed to the place of his destination. He did so, and scarce drew bridle till he arrived at the house of a loyal cousin, at the foot of the Grampian Hills. Here he remained concealed, but not inactive, sending messengers in all directions, and using every exertion to forward the royal cause:—

"Come every hill-plaid and true heart that wears one!
Come every steel-blade and strong hand that bears one!
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges,
Come in your fighting-gear, broadswords and targes.
Fast they come! fast they come! see, how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle-plume blended with heather."

Ere long he found himself at the head of fifteen hundred Irishmen, sent to him by the Earl of Antrim, and twelve hundred brave Highlanders, who received him with enthusiastic shouts of welcome. With these, he attacked and defeated a body of Covenanters, near Perth. They were nearly double in number to his own, and much encouraged by the numerous ministers who always accompanied them to battle. They had cannon, and cavalry also; while Montrose had no artillery, and only three horses in his whole army. The town of Perth surrendered to the victors; but Argyle, approaching with a large force, Montrose was compelled to march into Angusshire.

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Shortly after this, he gained a victory over the rebels at Aberdeen. The courage of one of his Irish soldiers in this battle was remarkable. His leg had been shot off by a cannon ball, and hung only by a piece of skin. "Ah!" said he gaily, "this bodes me promotion; as I am now disabled for the foot service, I am certain my lord marquis will make me a trooper." So saying, we are told, "he took a knife from his pocket, and with his own hand cut asunder the skin without the smallest emotion, and then delivered his leg to one of his companions to bury it. He recovered from his wound, and was afterwards actually made a trooper, always behaving with great fidelity and courage."

Argyle still followed the royalists with an overwhelming force. His old hatred of Montrose much increased; he offered a reward of 20,000*l.* to any one who should bring him in, dead or alive; at the same time issuing a proclamation by which he declared him and all his followers traitors to their religion, their king, and their country. A curious declaration for Argyle to make, who was at that moment in arms against his sovereign! We have not space here to relate all the astonishing exploits, quick marches, and rapid retreats of the brave Montrose during his campaign in the Highlands. Through the wildest districts and over the highest mountains, with almost incredible activity, he led his gallant little army, striking severe blows where they were least

expected; and, by his enthusiastic loyalty and courage, arousing the drooping spirits of the royalists. On one occasion, when he had but a small force with him, he found himself completely surrounded by his enemies. He had neither powder nor ball, and was far inferior in numbers to his opponents. It seemed almost impossible to escape a defeat; but at this critical moment Montrose displayed that daring spirit which in him ever supplied the want both of numbers and ammunition. Assuming an air of perfect unconcern, he called out to a gay and gallant young Irish officer, "What are you doing, O'Kean? Can you not chase these troublesome rascals from the ditches and enclosures?" O'Kean did not need a second bidding. He rushed at the assailants with such fury as to drive horse and foot down the hill in utter confusion; and his gallant company having got possession of the enemy's powder, which they found in the ditches, exclaimed, with the gaiety characteristic of their nation, "We must have at them again, for the rogues have forgotten to leave the bullets with the powder."

It was about the middle of December when Argyle, having retired to his strong castle of Inverary, totally inaccessible, as he believed, to any army in the world, received the astounding intelligence that Montrose, with his brave Highlanders, was within a few miles of him. He used to say, "he would not for a hundred thousand crowns that any one should know the passes from the eastward into the country of the Campbells,"

yet here was the royal lieutenant with his army, after wading through deep snow-drifts, scaling high precipices, and traversing rugged mountain-paths, now laying waste the whole country, and actually "bearding the lion in his den." Alarmed and terror-stricken at this unexpected invasion, Argyle thought only of saving himself; he jumped into a fishing-boat and put to sea, leaving his friends and followers to their fate. Montrose burnt all of Inverary that was combustible; and thus proved that "King Campbell," as he was sometimes called, was no more impregnable at home than he was invincible abroad. It was a terrible time for the Campbells. The Highlanders, in three bands, swept through the whole country, burning, ravaging and destroying, and driving off the flocks and herds from every valley, glen, and mountain that owned the sway of MacCailinmor. For a whole month the work of vengeance continued: even as Argyle had wasted Athol and the braes of Angus, and burnt "the bonny house of Airlie," so the clans laid his country in ashes.

Montrose had scarcely left the district, when he heard that Argyle, burning for revenge, had returned, collected around him his numerous clan, and was stationed at the old castle of Inverlochy with a strong force. The loyal marquis retraced his steps, and through the most difficult mountain-passes forced his way to the chieftain's camp. Argyle immediately betook himself to his boat on the lake, from whence he watched the battle that ensued. A strain of martial

music saluting the royal standard, and startling the echoes of Ben Nevis, had denoted to him the presence of Montrose with the army; and, deaf to all the calls of duty and gratitude, he remained a spectator of the combat, when he ought to have been at the head of his devoted followers.

The royalists gained a complete victory.

Montrose by these, and similar successes, much furthered his master's cause, and diminished the power and influence of Argyle; while his undying loyalty, and the brilliant victories he won for the royal standard amid their snows and mountains, greatly endeared him to the Highland clans. But he suffered extreme anxiety on account of his friends. The Committee of Estates, being under the influence of Argyle, persecuted and imprisoned many of them; Lord Napier and his eldest son, a brave youth of nineteen, romantically attached to his uncle Montrose, were state prisoners in Holyrood House; Sir George Stirling was under similar restraint; and as the successes of the marquis multiplied, the confinement of his relations increased in rigour, extending even to the ladies of the several families.

Having stormed and taken the town of Dundee, the Highlanders had dispersed in search of food and plunder, when intelligence was suddenly brought to Montrose that the rebels, to the number of four thousand, under Sir John Hurry, were within a mile of the place. It was a critical moment. An immediate

retreat was necessary; and probably few leaders but Montrose would have been able at such a short notice to withdraw the men from their revelling and plundering, get them into order, and effect a safe passage to the mountains, in the face of their enemies; but his wonderful activity and energy accomplished this. Though the men had fallen so dead asleep that it was with the utmost difficulty they could be awakened, he led them off, made a masterly retreat, marched sixty miles; and such was the hardihood and resolution of the little band under the eye of the general they loved, that they passed three days and two nights in manœuvring and fighting, without either food or refreshment. This march, on account of the military skill and courage displayed in it, was considered, by experienced officers, equal, if not superior, to Montrose's most celebrated victories.

While the gallant marquis was thus daily adding fresh lustre to his arms, and summoning all loyal hearts in Scotland to the support of the royal standard, his own feelings underwent a severe shock. This was occasioned by the sudden illness and death of his eldest son, Lord Graham, a gallant boy of great spirit and promise, who was only in his fifteenth year. His father had kept him with the army probably for safety; but the campaign had proved too severe for the brave lad, and he died in Gordon Castle, after a few days' illness, to the infinite grief of his attached parent. A short time after this sad event, Montrose's only re-

remaining child, a boy of thirteen, who was at school in the town of Montrose, was seized by Sir John Hurry, and carried off with his tutor to the castle of Edinburgh, where he was detained in imprisonment. At the same time one of the gallant noble's dearest friends, the Earl of Airly, was taken dangerously ill; and the valiant chief, Donald Farquharson, "the Fide of Braemar," one of the bravest captains amongst all the Highlanders of Scotland, being "a king's man for life and death," was killed in a skirmish with the Covenanters. Thus, in the space of little more than a week, was this distinguished leader deprived of two of his most valuable allies, and of both his sons. Yet onward he went in his fiery course, summoning the country in the name of the king, and wasting the districts where that summons was scorned. This unhappy system of destroying the hostile lands, though considered necessary, brought many a pang to Montrose's generous spirit and accomplished mind. It was a species of warfare he much disliked, but one which, under the circumstances, carried on as it was much more unfeelingly by Argyle's party, could not be prevented.

At length, after several victories, Montrose became for a short time master of Scotland.

Edinburgh surrendered to him; the armies of the Covenanters were broken up, and the imprisoned royalists obtained their liberty. He had established his sovereign's authority in various parts of the coun-

try, and even called a parliament at Glasgow in the king's name.

But the triumph was a short one. The extraordinary and hitherto successful career of the gallant marquis was about to close. Reverses came; the Highland clans went home to get in their harvest and place their spoil in safety. They were determined to go, or it was useless to refuse them leave. Montrose's army gradually dispersed; for many of the officers, wearied of the toils of the campaign, left the camp. In this reduced state, as he proceeded towards the Borders, in the hope of raising forces there, he was suddenly attacked, at a place called Philiphaugh, by a large army under Leslie. The result of this surprise was a total defeat. All that skill and courage could do, the brave marquis did, to rally his men, but in vain: he was at length left with only thirty horse, fighting desperately, and determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His friends, the Marquis of Douglas and Sir John Dalziel, however, implored him earnestly to make an effort for liberty, and live for better days. He yielded at last to their entreaties, cut his way in a desperate charge through the enemy, and went off pursued by a body of horse. Three officers led the pursuit; but instead of making a captive of the loyal chief they became his prisoners. He treated them with lenity, and after a while dismissed them, on their promise that an equal number of the same rank on the other side should also be set at liberty.

The prisoners taken by the Covenanters, amongst whom were several nobles and men of high birth and distinction, were cruelly massacred in cold blood. No mercy was shown ; the very preachers strongly urging the execution of the "*malignants*," as they termed them. The brave O'Kean, now a colonel, and greatly endeared to his leader by his gallantry and fidelity, was one of those who suffered an ignominious death.

Montrose and his little party hastily pursued their way, and by break of day the next morning they had crossed the Clyde. Here, to their very great joy, they were met by the Earls of Airly and Crawford, who had escaped by a different road, and were accompanied by two hundred horsemen.

Both the royal standards were singularly preserved. William Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, carried one ; and, after the battle, lay concealed for some weeks, when he travelled in disguise to the north, and had the pleasure of delivering up his charge to Montrose himself. The other was saved by a brave Irish soldier, who, amidst the confusion which prevailed, stripped the flag from its staff, and wrapped it round his body ; in which guise he forced his way, sword in hand, through the enemy. That same night he brought it to his general, who rewarded the brave fellow by appointing him one of his body-guard, and committing the banner to his keeping.

When King Charles heard of the defeat at Philiphaugh, he felt deeply concerned for the misfortunes of

the gallant nobleman who was so endeared to him, and to whom he owed so much. Himself "hunted like a partridge on the mountains," oppressed with sorrow, toil, and anxiety, he hastened to assure his loyal servant of his affectionate sympathy and undiminished esteem. In an interesting letter, still preserved, the forlorn monarch warmly thanks Montrose for "the eminent fidelity and generosity he had shown in his service," and assures him that his misfortunes, so far from lessening him in his estimation, rather caused his affection to increase; declaring that, "by the grace of God, no hardness of condition should ever make him shake in his friendship towards him." This letter, so gratifying to the feelings of Montrose, concluded thus :—

"On all occasions, and in all fortunes, you shall ever find me,

"Your most assured, faithful, and constant friend,

"CHARLES R."

The loyal marquis, on his defeat, retreated to the Highlands, where he once more assembled an army of mountaineers. But Charles, shortly after, throwing himself on the protection of the Scottish army, the forces of the royalists were disbanded. The king wrote to Montrose, desiring him to lay down his arms, and secure his own safety by going to France. The marquis, believing that the letter had been extorted from his royal master, replied, that he would willingly lay down his life for him; but earnestly

entreated to be informed of the precise condition in which he stood before he disbanded his forces. The king tenderly thanked him for his zeal and affection, but renewed his command that the army should be broken up. With a sad heart Montrose obeyed; but when the Covenanting Commissioners, in whose hands Charles was now a prisoner, and of whom the chief was Argyle, sent to him certain written conditions of surrender, he returned for answer, "that he had taken up arms by desire of his Majesty, and he would receive conditions for laying them down from no living mortal but the king himself." He was still the same high-spirited nobleman he had ever been.

The parting of Montrose and his faithful followers was a touching scene. When he bade them farewell, and dismissed them in the name of the king, lamentations resounded on all sides. The poor fellows, who had followed their beloved leader to the last hour of his toilsome campaigns, could not separate from him without the deepest sorrow. Many fell on their knees, and with tears entreated that they might go with him wherever he went. The brave chief was much affected, and with a sorrowing heart, left them to prepare for his exile. Knowing that it was the design of the Covenanters to break faith with him, and seize him if possible, he assumed the disguise of a servant, and, with a few adherents, embarked in a brig bound for Norway, on the 3rd of September, 1646.

I must pass over the events of the next few years, and the exertions made by the Marquis of Montrose in foreign courts to further his sovereign's cause—the shameful treaty by which the Scotch Covenanters, for a large sum of money, gave up their king to the English parliament—and the imprisonment, and subsequent execution, of the unfortunate monarch. When the distressing intelligence that his beloved master had perished on the scaffold reached Montrose, who was then at Brussels, the effect produced on him was most painful to witness. We are told by one who was present, that “his grief quite overwhelmed him, so that he fainted and fell down in the midst of his attendants; all his limbs becoming stiff as if he had been quite dead.” On recovering, he broke out into the most passionate expressions of grief, declaring he should never be happy more; and then took a solemn vow to dedicate the remainder of his life to avenging the death of the royal martyr, and re-establishing his son on his father's throne. For two days he shut himself up in his apartment, refusing to see his most intimate friends; his heart-felt sorrow thus expressing itself:—

“Great, good, and just! could I but rate
My grief, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world in such a strain
As it should deluge once again.”

Deep, indeed, must have been the grief which thus could overcome one usually so calm and self-possessed

Offering his services to King Charles the Second,

Montrose received his commands to make a descent upon Scotland, and there form a junction with the loyalists in support of the royal authority. He did so; but the expedition proved most unfortunate, and the gallant marquis fought his last battle on the borders of Ross-shire. Covered with wounds, and his horse killed under him, it was with difficulty he escaped. Throwing off his cloak with his George and Garter, he sought safety from his bloodthirsty enemies by changing clothes with the first peasant whom he met. For two days and two nights the unfortunate noble wandered without food; and at length was reduced to such extremity of hunger and exhaustion, that even his iron frame could endure it no longer. Meeting with a Highland chief, MacLeod of Assint, who had formerly been one of his adherents, the marquis made himself known, and requested assistance. But, with a degree of inhumanity and treachery which has rendered his name infamous, the wretched man gave up his old commander, for four hundred bolls of meal, into the hands of the Covenanters, David Leslie. Like his royal master, the noble Montrose trusted—and was betrayed!

Leslie took his captive in a sort of triumph through the country, not suffering him to change his mean habit for one more suited to his quality, till they arrived at Dundee. Montrose had nearly effected his escape once by means of a loyal and compassionate lady, at whose house they rested for a night. She

supplied the guards well with good liquor, and, when they were asleep, dressed the marquis in her own clothes, hoping thus to save him. He passed all the sentinels, and was on the point of escaping, when a soldier, just sober enough to mark what was passing, challenged him, and gave the alarm. He was again secured, conveyed to Edinburgh, and given up to the mercy of Argyle and the Covenanters.

Never was the heroic conduct of the illustrious Montrose more conspicuous than when suffering under the cruelties and indignities heaped upon him by his persecutors during the last days of his life. Though insulted and reviled in every possible way, and condemned to the most ignominious death, without the presence of a single relation or friend to sustain him or speak a word of comfort, he yet displayed a composure of spirit, a gentleness of temper, and a calm dignity of demeanour, which touched the hearts even of his enemies. Before he arrived at Edinburgh, he had been sentenced to die a traitor's death, and was met at the gates of the city by the magistrates, attended by the common hangman with his cart. In this vehicle he was placed, bound and bareheaded, and thus exposed to the scorn of the people, led through the streets to his prison. It was hoped by his persecutors that the spectators, who had assembled in thousands to view the melancholy procession, would hoot, revile, and even stone him ; but when they beheld the noble dignity of his bearing, his

modesty and gentleness, the sight moved them to tears, and the expected insults and revilings were turned into sobs and prayers. The preachers were so disappointed and angry at this unexpected conduct, that they openly rebuked the people for it in their sermons the next day.

The sad spectacle lasted three hours; the noble prisoner merely observing, when they at last reached the Tolbooth, that "the ceremonial of his entrance had been somewhat fatiguing and tedious."

The wearied and wounded nobleman much needed rest, yet he was scarcely allowed an hour's repose from that evening to the day of his death. The next day, which was Sunday, he was subjected to the insolence of his persecutors; and on Monday was brought before the Parliament to hear his sentence. Being accused of various crimes, treasons, murders, and confagurations, Montrose, with admirable calmness and composure, made a noble defence. He had taken up arms, he said, on the king's express commands. He had never shed the blood of any man but in battle, and even then he had saved the lives of thousands. He had always endeavoured to prevent acts of military violence, and had invariably punished such irregularities in his army. And he desired his accusers to lay aside all prejudice, and to judge him according to the laws of God and of nations, reminding them that they themselves would hereafter receive their doom from the Judge of all the world.

His persecutors, unmoved, desired him to kneel down, and receive his sentence. This was, that he should be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high; that his head should be fixed on the pinnacle of the tolbooth, or prison; that his body should be quartered, and his limbs sent to Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

With calmness and serenity the noble victim heard this inhuman and unjust doom. He said not a word, but rising from his knees, was conveyed back to prison, when he observed that "he was more honoured in having his head set up in Edinburgh for such a cause, than in having his picture in the king's bedchamber." His enemies still troubling him with questions and remarks, he said with gentle dignity, "I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace."

No friend was allowed to come near the illustrious sufferer in these his last hours; but a guard was constantly stationed in his chamber, even when he was at his devotions. Nothing however ruffled his sweet composure, nor did he, for a single moment, lose his serenity and presence of mind.

That night, the last of his life, he wrote the following lines with the point of a diamond upon the window of his prison :—

" Let them bestow on every airth* a limb,
Then open all my veins—that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,

* *Airth*. Point of the compass.

Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air—
Lord ! since Thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

Early the next morning, being Tuesday, 21st May, 1650, the noble prisoner was awakened by the roll of drums and clang of trumpets calling out the guard who were to attend at his execution, lest an attempt might be made to rescue him, which the Parliament somewhat feared. "Ah!" said the Marquis, "I have given these worthies some trouble while I lived; but am I still a terror to them when about to die? Let them look to themselves; hereafter they will be more troubled about me in their own consciences than they have ever yet been."

Soon after, Johnstone, a gloomy Covenanter, intruding on the captive, while he was combing the long curled hair, which he wore as a cavalier, hinted that he might be better employed at such a time. "While my head is my own, I will arrange it as I please," replied Montrose, with a smile; "to-morrow it will be yours, and you may then deal with it as you list."

In the centre of the Grassmarket at Edinburgh was erected the gallows, of the extraordinary height of thirty feet, to which Montrose had to walk. As he stepped forth richly dressed, with that graceful firmness natural to him, the spectators were so struck with his appearance and carriage, they could not help exclaiming, "There goes the finest gallant in the realm!"

His biographer says: "About two o'clock in the afternoon he was brought from the prison to the place of execution, dressed in a scarlet cloak trimmed with gold lace; he walked along the street with such a grand air, and so much beauty, majesty, and gravity, appeared in his countenance, as shook the whole city at the cruelty that was designed him; and extorted even from his enemies their unwilling confession, that he was a man of the most lofty and elevated soul, and of the most unshaken constancy and resolution that the age had produced."

It was observed by a bystander, that "he looked more like a noble bridegroom arrayed for his wedding, than a criminal going to the place of execution."

"There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die."

On arriving at the gallows, though not allowed to address the people, he spoke a few words to those about him. He said that what he had done "was in obedience to his sovereign's command, and for his defence in the day of his distress." He thanked God that "he could die with joy, trusting in the merits of his Redeemer." He freely forgave all his enemies; and concluded in these words:—"I shall pray for you all. I leave my soul to God—my service to my prince—my goodwill to my friends—and my name, and charity to you all."

To insult him to the utmost, there was now tied round his neck, a book containing the history of his exploits, with his own declaration. Such a record of his services to his king, though intended as an indignity, was rather a mark of distinction. As they were fastening it, Montrose observed, "I did not feel more honoured when his Majesty sent me the Garter."

The noble prisoner then—after engaging in prayer for some minutes—with a firm step and undaunted mien, ascended the ladder to the lofty gibbet. The executioner did his work, and the gallant Montrose was no more!

At this sad spectacle, the people gave a general groan, while many burst into tears. The matchless constancy, magnanimity, and dignity, which the brave Montrose had throughout evinced, called forth admiration even from his bitterest enemies. It is said that the Marquis of Argyle himself shed tears when the scene was rehearsed to him. He had abstained from witnessing the execution of his noble enemy; but his son, Lord Lorn, less scrupulous, was present at the whole proceeding. He even, with triumphant cruelty, watched the strokes of the executioner's axe as the head was severed from the body.

Thus died the gallant James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Like his royal master, in whose cause he perished, he fell a victim to the cruelty of his persecutors. The intense

feeling of devotion which this brave and illustrious noble cherished for his sovereign could scarcely be surpassed. King Charles was likewise much attached to him, and valued his faithful services in a high degree. He only grieved he could do no more for one who was expending his life and energies so zealously in his cause. As he wrote on one occasion :—"Montrose, in all kinds of fortunes you find a way more and more to oblige me; and it is none of my least misfortunes that all this time I can only return to you verbal repayment. But I assure you, that the world shall see that the real expressions of my friendship to you shall be an infallible sign of my change of fortune."


His commission and his sword were his only strength when, amidst triumphant anarchy, James Graham pledged himself to save the throne or perish. In answer to his sovereign's question of "Montrose, what is to be done?" when the Covenanters, having broken their treaty, were again in arms against the royal authority, his reply was,—“The crisis seems desperate, your Majesty; but give me forces, and I will engage to bring the rebels to their allegiance or perish in the attempt.” He had kept his word. Never braver arm was raised in a king's defence, never beat a heart more true and loyal, than that of the great Montrose, who fell a martyr to his devotion for his sovereign.

On the restoration of Charles the Second, the scattered limbs of this illustrious nobleman were collected

together, and committed to an honourable grave; while the head of the Marquis of Argyle, brought to the scaffold by the king's command, replaced on the tower of the tolbooth that of his distinguished victim.

The heart of Montrose—that heart which had throbbed so truly for his king and country—underwent a series of romantic and interesting adventures. Two days after the execution of the noble marquis, his beloved niece, Lady Napier, at imminent risk to herself, stole away the heart—which in former years he had bequeathed to her—from his mutilated remains. Having caused it to be embalmed in the costliest manner, she sent it in a golden casket to Montrose's son, who was then in Flanders.

Years passed away, and the history of the precious relic is obscured for a time. At length a friend of the family recognized the gold filigree-box in the shop of a curiosity-dealer in Holland, purchased it, and presented it to the fifth Lord Napier. This nobleman, when dying, bequeathed it to his daughter as his most precious legacy. She afterwards married, and was on her way with her husband to India, when their vessel was attacked by a French frigate, off the Cape de Verd Islands. With all the heroism of her race, this noble lady—while her husband, with the captain's permission, took command of four of the quarter-deck guns—stood by his side amidst the conflict, with one hand holding her youthful son, and with the other a velvet reticule containing the heart of Montrose. A shot



from the enemy killed two of the men at the gun, while the splinters it tore from the deck wounded the lady, her husband, and child, and shattered to pieces the golden casket. The inner case, however, formed from the steel of the hero's sword-blade, preserved the heart from injury. The frigate was called off; and the gallant Englishwoman caused a Hindoo goldsmith to repair the relic and restore it to its former beauty. To secure its safety she also had a silver urn made to enclose the golden case; but the anxiety with which she cherished the sacred memento, gave rise to a report amongst the superstitious Hindoos that it was an amulet, and that whoever was fortunate enough to possess it, could never be wounded in battle. Owing to this report, it was stolen from her, and afterwards traced to the palace of an Indian chief who had bought it for a large sum of money. And there it lay enshrined, the simple object of a Hindoo's adoration. When the chief was informed of the circumstances connected with his "charm," he generously restored it to its lawful owner, saying, "he considered it his duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart was in the urn, and whose desire it was that it should be kept by his descendants." He likewise presented the English lady with a superb dress and some shawls, expressing his regret that he had been the innocent cause of her distress by purchasing the urn, which he had no idea was stolen. To her son he gave six of his finest dogs and two of his best matchlocks. His brave

heart throbbed with sympathy and emulation over the sad story related to him.

There is something very touching in the fact that when, some years subsequently, this generous-minded chief was—after being engaged in unsuccessful warfare—led out by his enemies to execution, he expressed a hope that “some one might preserve and cherish his heart, as those had done who loved so well the European warrior.”

The treasure, thus recovered, continued in the lady's possession till accident deprived her of it, and that for ever. Returning home from India through France with her husband in 1792, the French government required them to give up their plate and jewellery. To insure the safety of the precious casket it was intrusted to the care of an Englishwoman at Boulogne, who promised to send it to England. Years passed away; the other valuables were restored to the family, but that which they most prized—the casket containing the heart of Montrose—was never recovered.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

IN his house at Ford, in Kent, sat writing one summer's morning, in the year 1537, Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of England. He was then in the prime of life; and as his pen rapidly traced the words on the paper before him, there continually stole over his noble and intellectual countenance a smile of grateful, almost triumphant pleasure; whilst ever and anon he raised his eyes to rest them with a sort of affectionate reverence on a large book, placed on the table near him. He had reason to be gratified; he saw in the volume before him the accomplishment of his long and ardent desires, the attainment of the dearest wish of his life—the translation of the Holy Bible into the English language. It was an event that “caused the good prelate as much joy as ever happened to him;” for he well knew the value of the word of God himself, and was extremely desirous that the people of England might have the liberty and privilege of reading it. For

Cranmer writing to Cromwell.



Cranmer writing to Cromwell.



many years he had anxiously desired to see the Scriptures in general circulation, and written in a tongue which all might read; but his efforts to accomplish this had been in vain. He had obtained leave from the king to have a fresh translation of the Bible made, and had accordingly sent portions of the sacred volume to the most learned bishops, requesting their help in the matter, and begging them to revise and return these portions by a certain day: they all did so, with the exception of one, Stokesley, Bishop of London, who positively refused to have anything to do with it. When entreated to furnish his part, he sent the following reply to the archbishop:—

“I marvel much what my lord of Canterbury meaneth, that thus abuseth the people, and in giving them liberty to read the Scriptures; which doth nothing else than infect them with heresy. I have bestowed never an hour on my portion, and never will; and, therefore, my lord of Canterbury shall have his book again; for I will never be guilty of bringing the simple people into error.”

When informed of the bishop's refusal, Cranmer merely remarked that “he marvelled that my lord of London was so froward that he would not do as other men did.”

His good design failed; with sorrow he found the work could not be effected by the bishops: they were not competent to the task; but it was happily accomplished by other hands; and some time after, to his

inexpressible satisfaction, Cranmer received some copies of the Holy Scriptures in the English language.

The translators of this edition of the Bible were William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale. The corrector was John Rogers, afterwards canon of St. Paul's. It was printed at Hamburg. Both Tyndale and Rogers suffered martyrdom on account of their religion. The former died in Flanders, shortly before his great work was perfected; the latter perished in the reign of Queen Mary. Tyndale having been put to death as a heretic, it was deemed advisable to conceal his name from the public, lest it might prejudice the book, which was therefore entitled "Matthew's" Bible. It was this Bible over which Cranmer now rejoiced.

The letter he was writing was to Cromwell, Secretary of State, and its purport was to entreat him to intercede with the king, that, by his authority, this translation of the Holy Scriptures might be bought and used by all his subjects.

It was as follows:—

"My especial good lord, after most hearty commendations unto your lordship; these shall be to signify unto the same, that you shall receive by the bringer hereof a Bible in English, both of a new translation, and of a new print, dedicated unto the king's majesty, as farther appeareth by a pistle unto his grace in the beginning of the book, which in mine opinion is very

well done, and therefore I pray your lordship to read the same. And as for the translation, so far as I have read thereof, I like it better than any other translation heretofore made; yet not doubting but that there may and will be found some fault therein, as you know no man ever did, or can do so well, but it may be from time to time amended. And forasmuch as the book is dedicated unto the king's grace, and also great pains and labour taken in setting forth of the same, I pray you, my lord, that you will exhibit the book unto the king's highness, and to obtain of his grace, if you can, a licence that the same may be sold and read of every person, without danger of any act, proclamation or ordinance heretofore granted to the contrary, until such time that we, the bishops, shall set forth a better translation, which I think will not be till a day after doomsday. And if you continue to take such pains for the setting forth of God's word as you do, although in the mean season you suffer some snubs, and many slanders, lies, and reproaches for the same, yet one day He will requite you altogether. And the same word, (as St. John saith,) which shall judge every man at the last day, must needs show favour to them that now do favour it. Thus, my lord, right heartily, fare-you-well.

“Your assured ever,

“T. CANTUARIEN.

“At Ford, the 4th day of August, 1537.”

Among the many good deeds which Cranmer performed in the course of his life—and they were many—the writing this letter was the best. To this day we thank him for it. By this act we stand indebted to him, under God's blessing, for the inestimable privilege of reading in our own tongue, and without fear, those Holy Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation. It is a deed never to be forgotten.

The letter finished, the archbishop carefully packed up with his own hands the precious volume, which Cromwell was to present from him to the king; and thinking, no doubt, that it was the noblest present he had ever made, despatched it and the letter forthwith to the secretary. Now we must remember the history of the previous translations of the Bible, before we can fully estimate the value of this act of Cranmer's. The first time the Holy Scriptures were printed in English—there had been many *written* copies of Wicliffe's translation before this—was about the year 1526. This was only the New Testament, translated by Tyndale, and printed abroad. When it appeared in England, Cardinal Wolsey and the bishops consulted together, and resolved to prohibit the reading of it. So Tunstal, Bishop of London, issued his commission to his archdeacons for calling in all the copies, and nearly the whole impression was bought up, and burnt at St. Paul's Cross. Nothing daunted, Tyndale soon after revised and corrected his translation, and

caused the New Testament again to be printed, about the year 1530. This time he caused the books to be sent over secretly, and delivered to his brother and two other young men in London, who were to disperse them. They did so; but it being reported to the Bishop of London, they were adjudged by the Star Chamber to ride through the city in disgrace, with New Testaments fastened to their cloaks, and at the Standard in Cheap, themselves to throw them into the fire made for that purpose. They were also sentenced to pay a very heavy fine.

The Star-Chamber then prohibited the reading of the New Testament, informing the king that it was not truly translated. The king desired the bishops to employ the most learned men in the Universities in making a new translation, so that the people might not be ignorant of the law of God. This, however, was never done; and the people eagerly read those copies of Tyndale's translation which they could obtain. To put a stop to this, the Bishop of London ordered them to be bought up, and for the third time all the New Testaments were publicly burnt at St. Paul's Cross. But the providence of God had ordained that England should be blessed with the Holy Scriptures in a language that all might understand.

In 1537, the Bible, containing the Old and New Testament, in English, was printed at Hamburg to the amount of fifteen hundred copies. When some

of these came to Cranmer's hand, he determined, by God's help, to use his utmost endeavours not only to preserve this edition of the Sacred Word from sharing the fate of the former ones, but to obtain the king's authority for its free circulation. He knew he should have much to encounter in the opposition of the bishops, who were totally averse to giving the people the Scriptures in their own tongue, and who, having an antipathy to Cranmer, on account of the difference in their views, not only harassed and persecuted him, but constantly frustrated his plans. He knew also that he had to deal with a monarch remarkable for his caprice and variable temper, which was sometimes manifested in a most violent manner. And the good archbishop was a man of a meek and remarkably-timid disposition: unlike the bold and fearless Luther, his was a retiring, gentle character, one seemingly unfitted to combat with the rough storms of life.* Yet by his genuine piety, unaffected humility, and devotion to the cause of truth, he obtained the respect and esteem of his sovereign, whose regard for him was at all times sincere: and by his temperate and judicious conduct, he protected the Protestant cause through all the changes of Henry's violent and capricious temper.

* There was a striking contrast in the last hours, as there was in the dispositions, of these great Reformers. The intrepid and resolute German died peacefully in his bed, surrounded by his friends; while the meek and timid Cranmer, with immovable constancy and steadfastness, perished at the stake.

With no small anxiety, the archbishop waited for Cromwell's reply to his letter. When it came, with the tidings that the king had received the Bible favourably, and was willing to grant his authority that that translation should be publicly used within his realm, the good prelate's heart overflowed with joy and gratitude. He wrote two letters to Cromwell, one after the other, in which he thanked him most warmly for his assistance. He told him "he had hereby made his memory famous to posterity within the realm, among all such as should hereafter be favourers of God's word; and that he should hear of this good deed of his at the last day. That for his part, it was such a content to his mind, that he could not have done him a greater pleasure, if he had given him a thousand pounds."

There was forthwith a royal declaration made that the Holy Bible might be publicly sold and used, and that one should be set up in every parish church to be read openly by all curates. This was to be fixed by a chain to the reading-desk for its greater security, and on the title-page of each Bible there was printed in red letters, "*Set forth with the king's most gracious license.*" It was also ordered, "that it should be used with reverence and great devotion, that men should conform their lives to it, and see that their wives, children, and servants did the same; that on the portions which they did not understand, they should confer with the learned for the sense, who should be

appointed to preach and explain it; and that they were not to contend and dispute about it in alehouses and taverns."

It was quite wonderful to see with what joy this book of God was received, not only by the rich and learned, but also by the poor and ignorant, all over the land. They flocked in crowds to the places where they could hear it read, and stood with mute attention, greedily drinking in the words of life. Every one who could, bought a copy of the precious volume, or a portion of it; numbers learned to read for the sole purpose of perusing it, and amongst these were many aged persons, anxious to receive light and comfort before they departed hence.

The declaration desired them "always to bear in their remembrance and memories that all things contained in this Book are the undoubted will and law of God, and that it is the only straight means of knowing His goodness and mercy towards us;" and at this day we can little imagine the deep earnestness, devout attention, and heartfelt joy, with which that Sacred Word was read and listened to.

Even young children flocked among the rest to receive the "glad tidings." When John Foxe, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was inquiring after those who had suffered for their religion in former years, that he might add them to his "Book of Martyrs," he happened to ask one, William Maldon, "If he knew of any who were thus persecuted."

“ I knew of one,” said the good man, with a grave smile, “ that was soundly whipped by his own father in King Henry’s reign for it.”

“ And who might that be ?” inquired Foxe.

Maldon at first would not say ; but at length confessed it was himself. On being requested to relate the circumstances, he did so. It appeared that when King Henry allowed the Bible to be read in all churches, immediately several poor men of the town of Chelmsford, in Essex, where his father lived, and where he was born, bought the New Testament, and on Sundays sat reading it in the lower end of the church. Many would flock about them to hear their reading ; and he amongst the rest, being then but a boy, went every Sunday to hear the glad and sweet tidings of the gospel. His father observing this, angrily fetched him away, and made him say the Latin matins, which grieved him much. But again and again he found himself constrained to go and hear more of those truths so new and joyful to him, and again and again was he sent home in anger by his father. This determined him to learn to read, that so he might for himself study the precious book ; and setting earnestly to the work, he was soon an apt scholar.

Then he and his father’s apprentice, putting their little stock of money together, bought a New Testament, and read it whenever they could, concealing it at other times under the straw of their bed.

One night, it happened that he fell into conversation with his mother, concerning the crucifix, and on kneeling down to it, and holding up the hands to it, &c. The Bible-reading boy observed, "Mother, this is plain idolatry, and contrary to the express command of God, which saith, 'Thou shalt not make any graven image to bow down to it, or worship it.'"

The mother in a rage exclaimed, "What! wilt thou not worship the cross, which was about thee when thou wast christened, and must be laid upon thee when thou art dead?"

They retired to rest; but the woman instantly informed her husband of what had passed.

Rising in a violent fury, he rushed into his son's chamber, pulled him out of bed, and whipped him most unmercifully. The poor boy bore this treatment with wonderful fortitude, and the father enraged at his patience, ran for a halter, declaring he would hang him.

At length, from the entreaties of his wife and elder son, he desisted, and left him half dead on the floor.

Thus you see, not all were favourers of God's word. On the contrary, so bitter was the opposition to its public use by the Popish bishops, that they persuaded King Henry, in the latter part of his reign, to withdraw the license he had given. The Bible was accordingly again forbidden to be sold, under the old plea that the translation was incorrect. It is true, the reading of it was not entirely prohibited, but it

was to be confined to the upper classes only. Noblemen and gentlemen might read it privately, or to their families, within the precincts of their own gardens and orchards; but no artizan or husbandman was permitted the privilege; should any such be detected in the forbidden occupation, they were to be first imprisoned and then whipped.

Let us be thankful to God for the light and liberty we enjoy in these days. Accustomed as we are to the free use of the Holy Scriptures from our infancy, we do not value them as we ought; we do not estimate their worth as we should: to the reformers of old, who procured them with difficulty, and read them amidst persecution, they were more precious "than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter, also, than honey and the honeycomb."

And let us revere the memory of him, who, under God, was made the instrument for unlocking the casket of the richest treasure that man can possibly enjoy, thus bringing to light that priceless word of truth which had for ages been hidden under the rubbish of vain traditions, and obscured by false doctrine and superstition. Nor is this the only good, great as it is, for which we stand indebted to Archbishop Cranmer. To him we owe the framing of our incomparable Liturgy, or Book of Common Prayer. He, with other eminent and pious divines, effected this work; and in the early part of King Edward the Sixth's reign, it was ordered to be used in all churches, instead of the


old papist service-books, which were in Latin. The people, before this, had, by his means, become familiar with the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, by hearing them in their native tongue; and they now eagerly attended the church services to join in prayers and praises offered up in a language which they could understand.

The good prelate, who never ceased to labour in the holy cause to which he had devoted his life, next drew up a code of forty-two articles of religion, in which were set forth the doctrines of the reformed church. In the framing of this code, Cranmer had an especial eye to the refutation of the decrees of the Council of Trent; and so well was it compiled, as to be considered a great step in the progress of the work of the Reformation. Both the Liturgy and the Articles (which were afterwards reduced to thirty-nine in number) subsequently underwent some alterations.

The life of this learned and excellent man was a very troubled one. Persecuted and slandered by his enemies in church and state, and surrounded on all sides by bitter opponents to the Reformation, the one hope which buoyed him up amidst all his sorrows and disappointments, was that of seeing the good work finally triumph. King Henry himself was ever his sincere friend. There was no guile in the archbishop's character; he had no little, selfish views of his own; his whole heart was set on one object, and to that all

the powers of his mind were applied. The king could not but admire and respect the single-heartedness and integrity of his conduct. And he, so famed for his fickleness and caprice, who had cast off the sagacious Wolsey, and brought to the scaffold the talented Cromwell and the conscientious Sir Thomas More—all at one time his intimate friends and counsellors—retained to the last his regard for the pious and unaspiring Cranmer. When on his deathbed, the attendants, knowing the violence of his temper, feared to tell the monarch the danger he was in; till one, bolder than the rest, intimated to him that he had not long to live, and asked if a clergyman should be sent for. "If any, Cranmer," replied the king. On the arrival of the archbishop, Henry was speechless, though sensible. He took the prelate by the hand, and "he speaking comfortable words to him desired him to give some token that he put his trust in God through Jesus Christ, whereupon the king pressed the archbishop's hand, and soon after departed."

Cranmer first attracted the king's notice by the following circumstance. At the time when the question of Henry's divorce from Catherine of Aragon was impending, it happened that the king's secretary and almoner, passing through Waltham Cross, spent the evening in the company of a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. The conversation, during supper, fell upon the leading topic of the day—the royal divorce. The agitation on this question had now continued



some time; the pope, to whom Henry had appealed concerning the validity of his marriage, having declined giving a decided answer, though he appointed a commission to inquire into it, and the king impatient at the delay, began to look around for some speedy method of attaining his wishes. The Cambridge divine was asked his opinion on the subject. At first he modestly declined giving it, but being pressed, he said "his views were against an appeal to the pope; that the question at issue affected the true interpretation of Scripture, and was a matter to be handled by the learned men in the universities at home and abroad; and that he considered the bishop of Rome had no authority to dispense with the word of God." This opinion being conveyed to Henry, he was much pleased; he sent for the divine, who was no other than Cranmer, and desired him to write a book on the subject of the divorce. Cranmer did so; and from that time the king ever treated him with the utmost respect.

The attention of Cranmer was first called to the study of Scripture by the religious controversies in Germany, which had their origin in the zeal and faithfulness of Martin Luther. A short time after the German reformer had boldly declared war against the sale of indulgences, Cranmer, then a young man at Cambridge, was sitting down carefully and studiously to examine, by the light of God's word, the truth of the doctrines which he upheld. For the space of three years he diligently applied himself to the study of the

Holy Scriptures, and hence obtained the name of "a Scripturist;" a title given in scorn to those who, by so doing, were led to think for themselves, and to view the religious proceedings in Germany as specially guided by Divine Providence.

Pleased with the judgment and learning of Cranmer, King Henry held him in high favour, appointing him his ambassador first to Rome and then to Germany. While he was abroad the see of Canterbury became vacant, and the king summoning him home, offered him the dignity. Cranmer's character was so devoid of covetousness and ambition that he modestly declined the honour, and at length was only persuaded to accept it in the hope that it would increase his power of doing good. He however consented, on the condition "that he was to receive the appointment to the archbishopric from the king himself, as supreme governor of the church of England, and not from the pope, who, in his opinion, had no authority whatever within the realm." To remove this difficulty it was proposed that at his consecration he should make a solemn protest against the pope's jurisdiction. The king sent to Rome for the customary bulls to invest him with the primacy, and he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. But on the day of his consecration, the 30th of March 1533, previously to his taking the oath to the pope, he presented and read a solemn protestation to the effect "that he in no wise acknowledged the power or supremacy of the pontiff as connected with his ap-

pointment; for he considered he had no authority whatever within the realm; and that he understood and took the oath according to the tenor of the protest." That there might be no mistake about his views on the subject, he caused this protestation to be declared three times, and desired that it should be enrolled as a public record.

With such boldness did the naturally timid Cranmer strike at the papal authority when he first entered on the responsibilities and duties of his high office, and with equal determination did he withstand to the last the erroneous doctrines of the Romish church. It is true that the full light of gospel truth did not break in upon his mind at once; he only gradually saw his way through the mists of superstition and error; but from the time he had made the Scriptures his study, he was prepared to assert their authority; and the main purpose of his life was to bring men through them to the knowledge of God.


Cranmer was a faithful friend, and no fear of the king's wrath deterred him from using his intercessions on behalf of those whom he esteemed, when suffering from the monarch's displeasure.

In the case of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, he was the only man who dared to assert her innocence, and plead her cause with Henry. When Cromwell too, another zealous and active favourer of the Reformation, fell under the king's heavy displeasure, no one ventured to intercede for him but the archbishop,

who earnestly entreated that his life might be spared. His prayers were of no avail ; but the attempt showed that in the good prelate's gentle and unoffending disposition there was mingled a calm fortitude and quiet courage, which could lead him, in the path of duty, to brave the headlong fury of an impetuous and self-willed tyrant.

On the birth of Prince Edward, the king showed his high regard for Cranmer, by naming him godfather to his son, and intrusting to him the care of his education. The prince, who, like another Josiah, feared the Lord, and walked in the way of His commandments, was christened, and ten years afterwards solemnly crowned, by the excellent archbishop.

Edward the Sixth, when he came to the throne, had already displayed a gentleness of character and an early piety, which caused Cranmer to entertain great hopes of him. He showed a knowledge, zeal, and application to study, quite extraordinary in a boy of his age. And though he reigned but a short time, he lived long enough to prove that his abilities were of a high order, and that he was an earnest friend to the reformed religion. His piety was sincere and unaffected ; and it was evident that the excellent lessons of his instructor had not been thrown away upon him. In his reign, the Reformation held its course calmly and steadily onward. Cranmer's influence happily prevailed in the deliberations of the clergy ; and by slow but certain steps, truth was making its way, and



light taking the place of darkness. But to the grief of the nation, and especially of Cranmer, death cut short the days of the promising young prince. His last prayer was, "That God would defend this realm from papistry, and save His chosen people of England." No monarch ever gave greater promise than he did. All who spoke of him, whether in public or private, commended his "virtue, godliness, thirst for knowledge, gravity, prudence, justice, and magnanimity." He was of a remarkably sweet and affectionate disposition, and truly attached to the good archbishop, who often spoke of "the virtues" of his godson, and of "the dear love he had to him," with tears in his eyes.

When the ambitious and domineering Northumberland, a short time before the king's death, urged him to leave the crown to Lady Jane Grey, the archbishop, considering the Princess Mary to be the lawful heir, and that she ought not to be deprived of her right, determined to see the king and speak with him on the subject. This he did in the presence of others, but was prevented having a private interview with him. He then gave his judgment in the council against setting aside the Princess Mary; but the council replied, "that it was the opinion of the judges and the learned counsel in the law, that the king might dispose of the crown to whom he would. This seemed strange to the archbishop, but considering it was the judgment of the lawyers, and that he himself was un-

learned in the law, it would not be seemly to oppose the matter further. But he refused to sign, till the king himself required him to set his hand to his will, saying, 'he hoped that he alone would not stand out, and be more repugnant to his will than all the rest of his council were,' which words made a great impression upon the archbishop's tender heart, and grieved him very sore, out of the dear love he had to that king. And so he subscribed." This circumstance shows the uprightness and integrity of the archbishop's character in a striking manner. Though at times weak and irresolute, and pronounced "timid to a fault," yet he could be, when duty demanded it, as bold as a lion. He had sworn allegiance to the Princess Mary by King Henry's will; and though he knew she was a bigoted papist, and that to oppose Northumberland was to oppose a powerful nobleman, who already hated him and sought his ruin, he refused to forswear that allegiance. It was not till the king, the judges, and the lawyers, all agreed in declaring he might lawfully subscribe to the monarch's will, notwithstanding his former oath to King Henry's, that he set his hand to it.

But we must come now to the closing scenes in the life of this exemplary man. Queen Mary had not been seated on the throne of England three months, before she committed to prison the Archbishop of Canterbury; Latimer, bishop of Worcester; Ridley, bishop of London; Hooper, bishop of Gloucester;

Coverdale, bishop of Exeter; and other supporters of the Protestant religion. Cranmer and Latimer were sent to the Tower; but the former was not unprepared for such an event. From the time of King Edward's death he had begun "to make himself ready for the worst, and to set his house in order." His friends, anxious for his safety, had earnestly entreated him to leave England before the storm broke; but he replied, "that he could not desert his post, and that if danger were to be apprehended, his place and duty were to be found ready to meet it, and to disregard consequences."

The charges brought against the archbishop were high treason, in the matter of Lady Jane Grey, and heresy. He could bear to be considered a heretic, and counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ, but the thought of being branded as a traitor troubled him sorely. That his name should be transmitted to posterity with the stain of treason on it was an idea he could not endure. He immediately wrote a letter to the queen, in which he explained his conduct, and exculpated himself from the charge. Not long after, he was given to understand that it was for the crime of heresy he would be tried. His cheerfulness then returned, and he expressed a hope "that in the strength of Christ he could do and suffer all things."


Yet he boldly defended the Protestant religion. He said, "if the queen would only grant him the opportunity, he, with four or five more whom he could

choose, would engage not only to defend the common prayer, the ministration of the sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies, but also to show, that all the doctrine and religion established by Edward the Sixth, was purer and more conformable to God's word than any that had been known in England for the last ten centuries ; and this he engaged to prove by the test of Scripture."

This only increased the hatred of his enemies, the chief of whom were the malicious Gardiner, and the implacable and bigoted Mary. Yet the queen had been indebted to him for her liberty, and perhaps even for her life. King Henry was at one time on the point of sending her to the Tower, for her adherence to the pope, and her disobedience to the law, and it was only the earnest intercession of Cranmer that caused him to change his resolution. "Be it so," said Henry, as he at length yielded to his entreaties, "but rest assured that thy good offices in her behalf will in the end turn to thine utter confusion."

She proved as ungrateful as she was treacherous. To secure her succession, she had promised that no alteration should be made in the religion established by her brother ; but having gained her end, she threw off the mask and persecuted the upholders of that religion with unrelenting cruelty.

In one of the gloomy apartments of the Tower of London, sat the three faithful prelates, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. Owing to the crowded state of



this prison, they had thus been placed together, to their mutual joy and satisfaction. They passed their time, not in anxious doubts and fears, but in reading the word of God, and in prayer. The characters of these great fathers of the Reformation were in many respects different; but their hope and faith were the same. The moderate, learned, and reflective Ridley; the bold, simple, frank, and thoroughly uncompromising Latimer; and the meek and gentle Cranmer, —alike looked to the Saviour alone for strength and support under their trials, and were alike willing to lay down their lives for the furtherance of His gospel. After a few months of happy intercourse, their peace was interrupted by a command that Cranmer should enter on a public disputation before the Convocation, summoned by order of Bonner, now Bishop of London.


And nobly the prelate behaved on this trying occasion. Firmly but meekly he defended his opinions, contending that he had the word of God as his authority for the doctrines he maintained and taught. His opponents showed a very different spirit. They did not hesitate to say "that if he had the word, they had the sword;" and so unjust and intemperate were their proceedings that many even of their own partisans were roused to indignation. To allay the rising storm, it was resolved that the controversy should be renewed at Oxford, in the presence of a committee selected from both the universities, and that Ridley and Latimer should be summoned to share

in it. Accordingly the three prisoners were removed from the Tower to Oxford, and the disputation carried on there.

The proceedings were opened with grave ceremony in the church of St. Mary's. When Cranmer under a strong guard appeared before his questioners, a seat was offered him, but he declined it, and remained standing with a calm and reverential aspect, leaning on his staff. The chief points of discussion were on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Cranmer defended his opinions, and appealed to Scripture for the truth of them, proving at the same time that the Romish doctrines were erroneous. He spoke with so much gentle firmness, and "his demeanour was throughout, so distinguished by venerable gravity, and modest self-possession, that several of the divines, though they disapproved of his opinions, were moved even to tears."

The controversy lasted some days, during which Cranmer showed such learning, accurate judgment, readiness of reply, and knowledge of Scripture, as to draw forth compliments and applause even from his enemies. They could not but admire his bold defence and logical arguments, together with the patient endurance he manifested when assailed by ridicule and insult. But they detested his opinions and remained unconvinced.

On the 20th of April, the three prelates were
• summoned again to St. Mary's to hear their condemna-



tion. They were here told they had been fairly defeated in open disputation. Cranmer instantly denied this, and declared that so far as he was concerned the whole proceeding had been shamefully conducted; that he had been subjected to continual and clamorous interruption, and that it would have been impossible for him to answer as he was prepared to do, without condescending to an unseemly brawl with four or five antagonists at once. Ridley and Latimer declared their steadfast adherence to the doctrines they professed, "whereupon the three were placed together, and the reading of their sentence commenced by which they were pronounced to be no longer members of the church. In the midst of his task, the reader was interrupted, and the prisoners were once more, and finally asked, 'whether they would turn or no?' 'Read on, in the name of God,' was their unanimous reply, 'we are not minded to turn;' and their sentence was completed." They were then sent back to prison, as condemned and excommunicated heretics. And now they prepared to die; but it was not the intention of their enemies to bring them at once to execution; eighteen months elapsed before Ridley and Latimer suffered for the truth's sake, and three years were passed by Cranmer in prison ere he was added to the list of martyrs.

During this period they underwent other trials and persecutions in defence of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Their courage did not fail, their con-

fidence remained unshaken, and they were supported under all their sufferings as "seeing Him who is invisible."

At length Ridley and Latimer were led to the stake. In a wide street, near Baliol College, in Oxford, these pious and venerable prelates perished in the flames, for the sake of their religion. They suffered with admirable constancy: the undaunted Latimer addressing his companion in those memorable words, "Be of good cheer, brother; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England, as I trust in God shall never be extinguished."

And now came Cranmer's turn. But his enemies not content with taking his life, desired to destroy his character also, hoping thus materially to damage the cause of the Reformation. For this purpose they used every effort to make him recant, or give up the faith he professed. By arguments and disputations, by entreaties and fair promises, by the assurance of the queen's pardon, if he would turn, and by various other means, they endeavoured to win him over. Knowing what a blow the Protestants would receive if their chief standard-bearer were overthrown, the wily papists flocked about him, flattering, entreating, threatening and promising, representing to him how valuable his life was to the country, and that it was his duty to preserve it if possible. His manly constancy for a long time resisted their efforts; but at length in a moment of weakness he gave way, and

signed his recantation. There is little obloquy cast upon his honoured name by this act, but shame, deep shame, rests on those who infamously extorted it from him by treachery and falsehood. Fires were burning fiercely around, a death of excruciating torture awaited him, life was to be the reward of his recantation, and being of a naturally timid mind, he fell into the snare. No sooner was his signature to a denial of the faith which he had so long upheld thus obtained from him by unworthy means, than orders were sent for his immediate execution. He was given to understand that he must die, and acknowledge to all the people that he died a papist. Then Cranmer's strength of mind returned, and he bitterly lamented the error into which he had been betrayed. He was taken from prison to St. Mary's church to hear his condemned sermon preached, and to confess, as his enemies expected he would do, his abjuration of the Protestant faith. During the service the sorrowing penitent kept his eyes constantly riveted on the ground, while tears, in rapid succession, chased one another down his cheeks. The sermon over, the preacher desired Cranmer to make a true confession of his belief. "I will do it," he replied, "and that with a good will." He rose, and to the utter astonishment and bewilderment of his persecutors, acknowledged his entire and firm faith in all the doctrines of the reformed church. He said "the thing which troubled him more than anything he had ever said or done in

his whole life, was the setting abroad writings contrary to the truth, which he now renounced and refused as things written with his hand, contrary to the truth, which he thought in his heart, and written from fear of death, and to save his life." "And forasmuch," he added, "as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand, when I come to the fire, shall be first burned." A confession so unlike what they had expected utterly confounded his enemies. Amidst the most vehement upbraidings, and angry exclamations of rage and disappointment, they hurried him along,—not allowing him to finish his declaration—to the same place where Ridley and Latimer had yielded up their lives. Here they bound him to the stake with an iron chain, he having first kneeled down, and in earnest prayer commended his soul to God. Even at this solemn moment two friars ceased not to ply him with entreaties that he would recant and die a papist. His only reply was, "that he only grieved over his sin, in having previously listened to their advice, and through them been seduced into error." Upon this they desisted from their vain attempt, and the heaped-up wood was lighted. As the fire approached him, he stretched out his right hand, and putting it into the flame, exclaimed again and again, in a firm and loud voice, "This hand hath offended! this unworthy right hand!" Stedfastly and immoveably he held it in the fire, till it was consumed. No other cry was heard save that of "Lord

Jesus, receive my spirit!" With his eyes towards heaven the martyr stood, still and stedfast; a holy, peaceful serenity was on his countenance; the fire quickly did its work, and without a groan, he fell asleep in Jesus. His very enemies could not but admire and pity him.

Thus died Cranmer, the great father of the Reformation. A sincere and resolute reformer, a pious, learned, and excellent man. England owes to him much of the religious liberty she now enjoys. No human character is perfect, and, sorely tried, Cranmer in a moment of weakness, fell; his deep sorrow, and subsequent stedfastness, showed how bitterly he mourned his error. His humble, gentle, amiable character we cannot but love, and his memory must ever be revered and cherished in England by all who value the inestimable worth of "an opened Bible."

JOHN FREDERIC,
THE MAGNANIMOUS.

“ Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

“ Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.”

ON the evening of the 23rd of April, 1547, a large army arrived on the banks of the Elbe, opposite the town of Muhlberg, in Saxony. The river at that place is three hundred paces in breadth, about four feet in depth, its current rapid, and, on this occasion, its high bank on the Muhlberg side was possessed by a strong body of men, ready to oppose the invaders of their country. These were great obstacles : but they were as nothing in the sight of the bold and resolute leader of that army—the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Undismayed, he called together his general officers, and,

without asking their opinion on the subject, communicated to them his intention of attempting to force his passage over the river early on the ensuing morning, and to attack the Saxons whenever he could come up with them. The officers all expressed their utmost astonishment at such a bold resolution ; even the Duke of Alva, impetuous and daring as he was cruel and revengeful, ventured to remonstrate with his imperial master.

"Your Majesty will surely run a great risk in so doing," he observed ; "it will place yourself and your army in the most imminent danger."

"None can be more impatient than I am to meet the enemy," said Maurice of Saxony ; "but I confess this seems to be perilling our lives to no purpose. I entreat your Majesty to abandon so hazardous an attempt."

"My resolution is taken," replied Charles, "and I never in my life gave up anything I had once determined on."

And without paying any more regard to the arguments and earnest entreaties of his officers, and confiding in his own judgment or good fortune, he immediately gave the necessary orders for carrying his design into execution.

Early the next morning, therefore, a body of Italian and Spanish foot marched towards the river, and commenced an incessant fire on the enemy. A bridge of boats was then laid for the infantry ; and the

cavalry—each trooper having a foot soldier behind him—began to ford the river. The emperor, mounted on a superb Spanish horse, dressed in a sumptuous habit, and holding a javelin in his hand, led them on. Such a numerous body, struggling through a broad and rapid river, sometimes swimming, sometimes treading on a firm bottom; now turning to the right, and now to the left, according to the directions of the guide, presented, both to their companions whom they had left behind, and to the foe who fired upon them in front, a spectacle equally interesting and magnificent. The courage of the Imperialists surmounted every obstacle; no man betraying the least symptom of fear when they saw the emperor sharing in the danger with the meanest soldier.

The moment they reached the opposite shore, Charles, having put the Saxon troops to flight, marched on towards the great body of the enemy, which he came up with at Mulhausen, and completely defeated. The result of the battle of Mulhausen was to bring misery and sorrow into many a loved and pleasant home; more especially into one—the noblest and the happiest in all Saxony.

Germany was at this time much divided by discord and differences in religion; some of the states professing the Roman Catholic, and some the Protestant faith. Charles the Fifth desired to bring all into subjection to him and the pope. But the doctrines of the Reformation had taken such deep root, that neither the

anathemas of the Vatican, the ban of the empire, or disastrous wars, could extirpate them. The decrees of the Diet against the Protestants were such that at length they took up arms to defend their religion, under John Frederic, the Elector of Saxony, and Philip, Landgrave of Hesse. The pope and the emperor both prepared their forces to humble and subdue these brave defenders of the Protestant faith. Charles, however, declared he took up arms, not in a religious, but in a civil quarrel—not to oppress any who continued to behave as quiet and dutiful subjects, but to humble the arrogance of such as had thrown off all sense of that subordination in which they were placed under him as head of the Germanic body. This was untrue. The greater and sounder part of the Protestant confederates were well aware that it was against the reformed religion the emperor was making war; and that not only the suppression of it, but the extinction of German liberty, would be the certain consequence of his obtaining such an entire superiority as would enable him to execute his schemes in their full extent. They determined, therefore, to prepare for their own defence, and neither renounce the religious truths they upheld, nor abandon those civil rights which had been transmitted to them by their ancestors.

John Frederic the Magnanimous, Elector of Saxony, one of the most upright and amiable princes of the age, was deeply attached to the reformed faith.

Resolved to defend it to the uttermost, he became the rallying-point of the Protestant party. But though intrepid in his own person to excess, and most ardently zealous in the cause, he was yet slow in deliberating, uncertain as well as irresolute in his determinations, and constantly preferred measures which were cautious and safe to such as were bold and decisive. Accordingly, when Charles with his army marched into Saxony, and the danger called for prompt resolutions, this brave man was in an unusual state of fluctuation and uncertainty. Sometimes he acted as if resolved to defend the banks of the Elbe; at other times he abandoned this as rash and perilous. At length, after much deliberation and hesitation, he marched to Muhlberg, and, leaving there a detachment to oppose the enemy, if they should attempt to cross the river at that place, which he did not think they would venture to do, advanced a few miles with his main body, and then encamped. Great was his astonishment when the news reached him that the emperor had crossed the Elbe, and was close at hand. There was no time then to retreat to Wittenberg, as he desired; nothing remained but to fight. And no less brave and bold in action than irresolute in council, the elector skilfully arranged his troops, and led them on to battle. He displayed great personal courage, activity, and presence of mind; but all was of no avail; his army was defeated, and himself taken prisoner.

Wounded and exhausted with fatigue, he was conducted into the presence of the emperor.

Flushed with success, Charles stood on the battlefield, surrounded by a brilliant group of officers, who warmly congratulated him on the success which had crowned his arms.

"The honour of the victory is yours alone, Sire," said the Duke of Alva; "it is by your Majesty's valour and skill that we have overcome these rebellious Saxons. And here comes their prince, your prisoner!"

Humbled as he was, the elector approached his conqueror without any marks of sullenness or pride: conscious of his own dignity, he descended to no mean submission, unbecoming the high station which he held amongst the German princes, but with a firm, respectful tone thus addressed the emperor:—

"The fortune of war, most gracious emperor! has made me your prisoner, and I hope to be treated——"

"And I am, then, at last acknowledged to be the emperor!" said Charles, interrupting him; "Charles of Ghent was the only title you lately allowed me. You shall be treated as you deserve;" and he turned abruptly from him with a haughty air.

"That will not be with much respect, then," said the emperor's brother Ferdinand, who bore the title of 'King of the Romans;' "your day is past, Duke Frederic! Your imperial master will give you no further opportunity of rebelling against him."

The elector made no reply to these ungenerous insults ; but, with an unruffled composure, exhibiting neither astonishment nor dejection, accompanied the Spanish soldiers appointed to guard him.

In an apartment of the electoral palace of Wittenberg sat the wife and children of the captive elector. Ignorant of the events which had just taken place, they pursued their various avocations in happy unconsciousness of the heavy blow which had fallen upon them. The large windows, which commanded a fine view of the Elbe and the adjacent country, had been thrown open, to admit the fresh balmy air of a spring morning ; and the children, industrious, cheerful, and obedient, studied their appointed tasks, under the superintendence of a ~~mother~~ whom they loved and revered in no common degree.

And she was, indeed, worthy of their love and respect. Firmly attached to the principles of the Protestant faith, and distinguished no less by her abilities than her virtues, Sybilla of Cleves, was well fitted for the high station she occupied in the land. An affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend, her name was held in honour and esteem by every true Saxon heart. •

“ I wish papa would come home ! ” said little Albert, the youngest of the party, as he left his seat, and went to his mother’s side. “ What keeps him so long away from us, dear mamma ? ”

“ He is gone to defend our country and our religion,

my boy," replied his mother, fondly stroking down his flaxen curls; "we will hope that ere long we shall have him again amongst us."

"I wish I was old enough to go to battle with him," said Frederick. "I think it is shameful of the emperor to bring an army into Saxony, when papa never did anything to injure him."

"And I think it far more shameful of Prince Maurice to take up arms against his own cousin," said Ernest. "I can scarcely believe he is what he pretends to be—a Protestant. Do you think he is, mamma?"

"He is said to be zealously attached to the reformed religion, both from education and principle," replied the electress; "but his conduct is so extraordinary as to lead us to doubt it. He appears to place the most unbounded confidence in the emperor, assists him with his troops, and, by his great abilities and winning address, contrives to stand high in his favour."

"That does not seem much like being a friend to the Protestants, however," said Lena. "I do not like Prince Maurice at all, though he is my cousin. He must be a very cross old man."

"On the contrary, he is a young man of graceful appearance and engaging manners, Lena. Expert in all military exercises, brave and intrepid in a high degree, skilful in command, and wise in counsel, Maurice of Saxony seems destined to act a distin-

guished part in the affairs of Germany ; whether for good or for evil we cannot tell. But his jealousy of your father, his evident desire to dispossess him of his dominions, his ambition, and his lukewarmness, to say the least of it, in the Protestant cause, make me fear the latter."

"Yes, when he has engaged to serve the emperor as a faithful subject, and Charles, in return, promises to bestow on him our father's electoral dominions, we well may suspect him !" said Prince John, indignantly. "A professed Protestant, he binds himself to contribute his assistance towards carrying on a war which can have no other object than the extirpation of the Protestant doctrines. He takes up arms against his own father-in-law and his nearest kinsman, both staunch Protestants ; joins a dubious friend against a known benefactor, and then pretends that his conduct is fair, and just, and honourable ! I cannot think of him with patience."

"But, mamma," said Lena, "I thought that great council last year was to adjust all differences, and that we should have no more fighting or disputing ?"

"The Council of Trent, you mean, Lena ? Alas ! my child, instead of adjusting differences, it has only made matters worse. The pope called that council to suppress, as he said, the heresies in the Church. Its decrees were declared to be binding on all Christians, and submitted to as the infallible rule of their faith. But the Protestants will have nothing to do with the

Council of Trent, and do not, in any way, submit to its decrees. Convinced that we are maintaining the cause of God and of truth, we disclaim all connexion with a council whose object is to put down the faith which we prize so highly, and for which Luther so earnestly contended."

"It seems a pity the point cannot be settled without going to battle about it, however," said the gentle Lena. "I cannot bear fighting."

"War is a terrible thing, indeed!" replied the electress. "Your father and the Landgrave of Hesse are as desirous of peace as you are, Lena; and, therefore, they, with the other Protestants, presented a memorial to the emperor, in which, after stating their objections to the Council of Trent, they proposed, as the only effectual method of deciding the dispute, that either a free general council should be assembled in Germany, or a select number of divines should be appointed out of each party, to examine and define the articles of faith."

"Well, mamma, that seemed fair enough: and what did the emperor say?"

"He received the paper with a contemptuous smile, and paid no further regard to it."

"And so papa is obliged to take up arms in defence of our religion and our liberty," said Ernest. "All I hope is that we shall come off conquerors."

At this moment the loud clattering of horses' feet caused Albert to look from the window.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, "here are soldiers galloping in such haste! They are come into the court-yard! They are papa's dragoons; and I see Count Hugel!"

"Count Hugel! Then he brings tidings of your father!"

"Perhaps we have gained a victory," said Frederic; "I will go and meet the count."

But the next moment the Saxon officer was announced, and Sybilla saw at a glance that he was the bearer of bad news.

"You bring me tidings of my husband—of the elector?" she said, with trembling lips; "speak! is he well?"

"He is well, madam," replied the count; "but we have lost the day. Twelve hundred Saxons lie on the plains of Mulhausen!"

"And my husband?"

"Is a prisoner, madam. At his earnest request I came hither with four hundred men, who managed to keep together. I bear a message from the prince. He prays you to be of good comfort, and put your trust in the Almighty; and exhorts you to defend Wittenberg."

Sybilla loved her husband with a deep and tender affection, and for a few moments this afflicting intelligence overcame her; then, summoning all her fortitude, she replied, with the energy and resolution natural to her character, "It shall be done; Witten-

berg shall be defended. But tell me of the prince. How is it that you are here, and he a prisoner?"

"We did our utmost, noble lady, to save him from his enemies, but in vain; his horse fell under him, and he was captured. Right bravely he bore him in the fight, and well and gallantly the men behaved; but all was of no avail—the emperor's usual good fortune prevailed, and we lost the day. At the moment of his capture the prince despatched me hither, but not before I had been a witness to his resignation and trust in God."

"How, sir? of what do you speak?"

"Just when the prince saw that all went against him, a violent peal of thunder broke over our heads; whereupon he raised his eyes to heaven, and saying—'Ah! Thou Almighty One! Thou tellest me that Thou still reignest, and wilt not forsake Thy servant,' his countenance immediately assumed its usual calm expression."

"My good husband!" said Sybilla, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "We must prove ourselves worthy of him, my dear children. Count Hugel, will you give orders for the defence of the city?"

"Gladly, madam. The emperor is close at hand, and there is no time to be lost."

"He shall find us ready for him. I have no fear of the people, they are true as steel."

"The tidings we bring, however, have thrown the itizens into the utmost consternation, madam. That

their loved and honoured sovereign should be a prisoner, has so afflicted them that they are overwhelmed with grief and terror; whilst the news of the approach of the Imperialists has completed the shock. They appear to be nearly stunned by the blow."

"Then must they be aroused to exertion. If properly defended, Wittenberg is almost impregnable. Let the walls be manned instantly, and all prepared for a siege."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," replied the brave officer; and he left the room to make the necessary preparations.

In a few minutes the sharp, quick sound of the alarm-bells of the city announced to the inhabitants the danger which threatened them, and the necessity for exertion. And nobly did Sybilla behave in this hour of peril. Instead of abandoning herself to tears and lamentations for her husband's misfortune, she, both by her example and exhortations, animated the citizens to courage.

"Be firm and brave, my people," she said—as she appeared on the ramparts, surrounded by her children—"and we have nothing to fear. The walls of Wittenberg are strong, and with a few stout hearts may be well defended. For the honour of your sovereign prince you will not let his capital city fall into the hands of the Spaniards?"

"Never!" shouted the citizens, with one voice.
"We will die first! Long live our noble prince!"

So well did Sybilla speak, and with such resolution did she inspire the people, that when Charles and his army appeared before Wittenberg, and summoned it to surrender, the answer returned was as determined as it was fearless. "We will defend our city to the last!" they exclaimed; "and we warn your emperor to treat our sovereign with the respect due to his rank. Let him remember Albert of Brandenburg is our prisoner, and if aught be done to harm the Elector of Saxony, that instant he dies!"

"They show some spirit, however, these Saxons," observed Charles to his officers; "we must besiege the city in earnest."

"But your Majesty is destitute of everything requisite for such an undertaking," said the Duke of Alva: "it cannot be done."

"I will undertake to furnish all that is necessary," replied Prince Maurice. "Provisions, artillery, ammunition, pioneers, and whatever else is needed, shall be at your Majesty's service in a very short space of time."

"Say you so, prince? Then let not an hour be lost. Give orders to open the trenches before the town; we will soon bring these rebels to obedience."

But the young margrave, Maurice, so eager to take possession of his kinsman's capital, had promised more than he was able to perform. His military stores and provisions were intercepted on their way to Wittenberg, and his pioneers dispersed. This put a stop to

the progress of the siege, and determined the emperor to try some more expeditious and certain method of getting possession of the town.

A second time was Sybilla summoned to open the gates. "If this demand be not complied with," was the emperor's message, "the elector shall answer for your obstinacy with his head. Be warned in time."

"They *dare* not harm him!" said the princess, indignantly. "A sovereign prince of Germany! Charles dare not touch a hair of his head. Wittenberg shall *not* surrender."

"Alas, madam!" said Count Hugel, "I fear me these are not empty words of the emperor's. He has already brought the prince to trial."

"Brought my illustrious husband to trial! and in his own dominions! what mean you, Count Hugel?"

"You may well be surprised, gracious lady, at so extraordinary and irregular a proceeding, but such is the case," replied the count.

"And what, pray you, is the charge brought against the greatest prince in Germany?" asked Sybilla, while a proud tear glittered in her eye.

"The charge is founded on the ban of the empire, madam."

"A ban issued by the emperor alone, and on his sole authority! and destitute of every legal formality that could render it valid! Alas, for the liberties of Germany! And why, if Charles deems my noble

husband guilty of rebellion, does he not consult the states of the empire, or lay the case before a court which, according to the German constitution, might legally take cognizance of it? The proceeding is, as unheard of as it is unjust!"

"And when we find that the court-martial assembled to judge the elector is composed of Spanish and Italian officers, and that the Duke of Alva presides, we may well be fearful as to the result," said Count Hugel, gravely.

"The Duke of Alva!" exclaimed Sybilla, turning pale, "the cruel Spaniard! oh! is it so? A man ever ready for deeds of violence and oppression, and an unflinching foe to the Protestants! This must not be. I will write to the emperor—I will remonstrate with him on the injustice and illegality of his proceedings. He will surely hear me. My beloved husband must not be left to the mercy of the cruel Duke of Alva."

She took the pen and with a trembling hand prepared to write.

"I grieve to distress you, my gracious mistress," said the faithful officer, with troubled looks, "but an appeal will be useless. The court-martial has already found the elector guilty of rebellion and treason against his sovereign.—He is condemned to suffer death."

"Death!" exclaimed the unfortunate electress, in accents of terror, "oh no! anything but that! Give

up Wittenberg—give up all to the emperor—but save, oh save my husband!”

She burst into tears, and her children, pressing round her, mingled their sobs with her.

Poor Sybilla! She who had supported with such undaunted fortitude her husband's misfortunes, while she imagined that they could reach no farther than to diminish his power or territories, felt all her resolution fail as soon as his life was threatened. Solicitous to save that, she despised every other consideration, and was willing to make any sacrifice in order to appease an incensed conqueror. Endeavouring to compose her agitated feelings, she immediately wrote to her husband, entreating him to scruple at no concessions that would extricate him from the present danger, and deliver her and her children from their fears and anguish on his account. Prince John William, also, in the name of his brothers and sisters, wrote an earnest and affectionate letter to the same purpose. He implored his father to give up all, sooner than endanger a life so precious to them.

John Frederic the Magnanimous received the sentence of his condemnation in a manner worthy of the name he bore. He was playing at chess with his fellow-prisoner, Ernest of Brunswick, when the decree of the court-martial was announced to him. Pausing for a moment, though without showing any symptom of surprise or terror, he observed in his usual calm tone, “This is a most irregular and unjust proceeding

on the part of the emperor. But it is easy to comprehend his scheme. I must die because Wittenberg will not surrender; and gladly shall I lay down my life, if by that sacrifice I can preserve the dignity of my house, and transmit to my posterity the inheritance which belongs to them. Would to God this sentence may not affect my wife and children more than it intimidates me, and that they, for the sake of adding a few days to my life, may not renounce honours and territories which they were born to possess!"

So saying, the elector turned again to his antagonist, and challenged him to continue the game. He played with his usual attention and ingenuity, and having succeeded in checkmating Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction which is commonly felt on gaining such victories. Then retiring to his own apartment he employed the rest of his time in such religious exercises as were suitable to one in his situation.

But the tidings no sooner spread that the Elector of Saxony—a prince justly held in reverence as the most zealous protector of the Protestant cause—was about to suffer death, than petitions, remonstrances, and appeals poured in upon the emperor, earnestly entreating him not to execute the sentence. The Duke of Cleves, Sybilla's brother, the Elector of Brandenburg, and Maurice of Saxony, interceded warmly on behalf of the illustrious prisoner—for even Maurice, desirous as he was to obtain possession of his cousin's

dominions, knew that he must become the object of detestation to the Saxons, and could never hope to govern them with tranquillity, if he were considered by them as having been accessory to the death of their beloved prince.

It was Sybilla, however, who saved her husband's life. Letter after letter, and messenger after messenger, she despatched, conjuring him to give up all to Charles, rather than overwhelm herself and children in unspeakable anguish. "It is Wittenberg he would have, my beloved lord," she wrote, "let him have it—let him have all. Our dear sons add their earnest entreaties to mine that you will not think of them in this matter, otherwise than as children willing to make any sacrifice to save the life of so beloved a parent."

John Frederic, on whom the consideration of what he might suffer himself had made no impression, was melted by the tears and entreaties of a wife and children, whom he tenderly loved. For their sakes he agreed to articles of accommodation which he would have otherwise rejected with disdain. And now the emperor's point was gained. He had not really intended to put the elector to death; he merely wished to terrify him and his family into submission.

And yet it was to the uncle of this very man that Charles owed the Imperial crown! It was placed on his head through the influence of Frederic the Wise, who had himself nobly declined it.

The young princes of the house of Saxony were

conversing together in sad tones on the troubles which, like heavy clouds, hung over their once happy homes, when their mother entered the apartment. Her cheek was pale, and her lip quivered with emotion. "Thank God, my children!" she said, "your father's life is spared!"

With grateful hearts and beaming eyes, the princes offered up a silent but fervent thanksgiving to the Most High. Then embracing their mother, they inquired what had caused the emperor to relent in his cruel purpose.

"He relents on hard terms, my dear children," said Sybilla; "hard for you—hard for us all.—Are you prepared to bear calmly a total reverse of fortune?"

"We are prepared for anything and everything, as long as we have you and our dear father left to us," said Ernest.

Sybilla pressed the boy to her heart, and continued, "The conditions, then, on which the emperor grants your father's life are these:—that he resign the electoral dignity for himself and his posterity for ever; that he instantly put the imperial troops in possession of this city and Gotha; that he dismiss our prisoner, Albert of Brandenburg, without a ransom; that he submit in all things to the decrees of the imperial chamber; and that he renounce all leagues against the emperor and the king of the Romans. On these terms Charles consents to spare your father's life, and

to settle on him and his posterity the city of Gotha, with an annual pension of 50,000 florins."

"Hard conditions, indeed!" exclaimed Prince John, "still we must be thankful for them. Our dear father is safe, and that more than compensates for any loss."

"Yet is it sad to think of your paternal inheritance being wrested from you, my sons; and all your future prospects darkened thus!" replied the electress, as she gazed on her promising boys with all a mother's love—"but God rules all in unerring wisdom and mercy; let us submit to his decrees without murmuring."

"Dearest mamma," said Lena, observing with some wonder her mother's tearful eyes, "are you not very glad papa is coming home again?"

"Alas! my child, he comes home no more," replied Sybilla in a low voice; "he is a prisoner for life."

"A prisoner for life!" exclaimed the children in accents of surprise and grief; "oh, mother! is it indeed so?"

"It is too true, my children; the emperor—" but poor Sybilla could say no more.

"Dear mother," said Frederic, attempting to soothe his afflicted parent, "be comforted. Rest assured the emperor will not dare to act so unjust, so tyrannical a part. All Germany will rise in my father's behalf."

"The princes cannot, will not, submit to such an infringement of their laws!" exclaimed Prince John, "the emperor must know that well."

"I doubt if they will dare to oppose him," said the

sorrowing electress; "his power is too great. See how he has subdued one sovereign prince after another! The Landgrave of Hesse alone is left to maintain the Protestant cause."

"The cause which his son-in-law has so shamefully deserted!" observed Frederic.

"And for which he is to be rewarded with your father's electoral dominions," replied Sybilla.

"Is it so, mother? Is Prince Maurice indeed to reign in Saxony? Oh, shame! shame! But he will never enjoy possessions purchased at the price of his religion and honour."

"I cannot understand him," said the electress. "So talented, prudent, and brave as Prince Maurice undoubtedly is, with so much both to esteem and love in his character, it is surprising to me how he has disappointed the expectations formed of him in his boyhood. I sometimes think that this apparent disregard of the principles in which he was brought up is but feigned; that there is a purpose in it, and that he is in heart a Protestant. It seems but yesterday that I rejoiced over the princely boy, who gave so fair and bright a promise of adding honour to the house of Saxony."

"I hope I shall always be a true Protestant, as papa is," said Albert, thoughtfully.

"God grant it, my dear boy," replied his mother, as she kissed his fair forehead. "Your father's example is one worthy of imitation. To the terms on

which his precious life was granted, the emperor had also subjoined that he should submit to the decrees of the pope and council with respect to the controverted points in religion. But in his own noble and faithful spirit, he replied, 'No! I have been persuaded to sacrifice all the objects which men commonly hold to be the dearest and most valuable; but on the point of my religious faith I am inflexible. Nothing shall prevail on me to renounce the truth, or persuade me to act in opposition to the dictates of my conscience.' Oh, my children, remember those words as long as you live, and be alike firm and faithful!"

The bright eyes of the Saxon princes glistened. "We will endeavour to prove ourselves worthy of such parents, and of the principles in which we have been educated," they replied. "Be comforted, dearest mother, we shall have a happy home again, though not in Wittenberg."

"Ah! that reminds me I have many painful duties to perform," said the electress with a sigh. "Come, my dear sons, we must prepare for our departure."


As Charles the Fifth, at the head of his troops entered Wittenberg in triumph, the Duke of Alva, who was riding near him, observed, "Is not this the city where Luther was buried? I would advise your Majesty to disinter and burn the body of the arch-heretic."

"Nay," replied Charles, "let him rest! he has appeared before his Judge ere now—I wage war with the

living, not with the dead." And at the same time he ordered that the Lutheran service should meet with no interruption.

Sybilla and her children, with the Saxon troops, having left the capital, Prince Maurice was put in possession of it, together with all the other towns in the electorate.

But though the emperor had been thus far victorious, the Landgrave of Hesse, Maurice's father-in-law, was still in arms, and was neither a feeble nor contemptible enemy. Intimidated, however, by all that had happened, he thought not of making a stand against a conqueror to whose will he imagined there was a necessity of submitting, and intent only on procuring the most favourable terms he could, he prepared to negotiate with Charles. Maurice encouraged this tame and pacific spirit, boasting of the emperor's power, and the advantageous terms he would be sure to grant. But just as the landgrave was about to bring matters to a final accommodation, he was restrained by the thoughts which rushed into his mind. "I cannot do it!" he exclaimed, "I cannot trust the emperor! his ambition, his injustice, his dissimulation, are evident to all. Look at his behaviour to the elector! What can be said for such conduct? And may he not treat me in like manner, should I submit? No! I will enter into no terms with him—better is it for me to depend for safety on my own good sword, than confide in the generosity of Charles the Fifth."



This bold resolution, however, soon faded away, and, full of doubts and fears, the Landgrave of Hesse at length agreed to submit to the emperor's conditions. They were extremely rigorous. He was to acknowledge Charles's authority, and surrender himself and his territories to him—to ask for pardon on his bended knees—to pay 150,000 crowns towards defraying the expenses of the war—to demolish the fortifications of all the towns in his dominions, except one—to allow a free passage through his territories to the imperial troops as often as it should be demanded—to deliver up all his artillery and ammunition to the emperor, and never, on any pretext, to take up arms against him in future.

To these hard terms the landgrave could not, without the utmost reluctance, be brought to submit. As they contained no stipulation concerning the manner in which he himself was to be treated, he endeavoured to obtain some promise for the security and freedom of his person on his submission. But, "those terms, or none!" was the emperor's haughty reply. With the fate of John Frederic still before his eyes, the landgrave could not but hesitate before subscribing to them. "Can I trust the emperor in so important a point?" he anxiously deliberated, as he paced his apartment with slow steps. "I dare not! my liberty is too precious to me to risk it. There is yet a way of escape; I will take the field against him."

"Be not alarmed as to your liberty," observed

Prince Maurice, who was present, "I have been given to understand from the emperor, and I am myself fully satisfied on the point, that he will treat you in like manner as he did the Duke of Wirtemberg; allowing you, as soon as your submission is made, to return to your own territories."

"Say you so, son-in-law? If I thought that—but I am terribly suspicious of him. Suppose I lost my liberty! and his word is not to be trusted, Maurice. No; I will not venture within the meshes of his net."

"But what remains for you to do, sir? if you do not submit, the emperor brings his victorious troops against you, and who can resist him? You may safely trust him, believe me. I feel persuaded he will not deprive you of your liberty, or treat you in a manner unworthy your high rank."

"You may be satisfied, son, but I am not. I say again, his word is not to be depended on."

Finding his father-in-law still so suspicious of the emperor's intentions, and unwilling to trust verbal or ambiguous declarations in a matter of such essential concern as his own liberty, Prince Maurice proceeded to the Elector of Brandenburg, and with him signed a bond, containing the most solemn obligations, that if any violence whatever were offered to the landgrave's person during his interview with the emperor, they would instantly surrender themselves to his sons, and remain in their hands, to be treated by them in the same manner as the emperor should treat him. For

both these princes were fully persuaded that Charles did not mean to deprive the landgrave of his liberty. And the latter at length consented to submit.

In the imperial camp at Halle, in Saxony, the emperor waited to receive the public submission of the mortified German prince. Vexed to the heart at the humiliating ceremony he was about to undergo, Philip of Hesse approached the presence-chamber. Before entering, a copy of the articles to which he had agreed was placed in his hands, in order that he might sign them anew. Upon perusing them, the landgrave's countenance expressed both astonishment and anger. "What means this?" he exclaimed, with passionate vehemence, "here are two new articles added! One—that if any dispute should hereafter arise concerning the meaning of the conditions, the emperor shall have the right of putting what interpretation upon them he thinks fit! The other—that I am bound to submit implicitly to the decisions of the Council of Trent! Away with such a thought! Never will I sign such articles! It is a base unworthy artifice, sirs, unworthy of Charles the Fifth. But never will I submit to this! never will I disgrace myself by agreeing to such dishonourable terms! Away with it!"

"Blame not the emperor," said Prince Maurice, hastily; "his ministers have inserted these articles; since they are so distasteful to you, I will try to prevail on them to withdraw them."

"Do what you will, son Maurice," replied Philip, testily, "it is a bad business altogether; I wish I were well out of it. If this is a specimen of imperial justice and honesty, far better for me to have kept at a distance."

It was not without some difficulty that Maurice, seeing his father-in-law's determination, prevailed on the imperial ministers to drop the first article as unjust, and to explain the second in such a manner that the landgrave could agree to it without openly renouncing the Protestant religion. Somewhat pacified, he now impatiently desired to hurry over the humiliating ceremony which lay before him. The folding-doors of the presence-chamber being thrown open, the emperor was discovered seated on a magnificent throne, with all the ensigns of his dignity, and surrounded by a numerous train of princes of the empire, all attired in costly robes suited to their rank. Amongst these, Philip's first glance rested on Henry of Brunswick, lately his prisoner, and now a spectator of his humiliation. It was a bitter moment! Smothering his mortification as well as he could, the landgrave, being introduced with much solemnity, advanced to the throne, and fell on his knees before the emperor. His chancellor, who walked behind him, immediately read a paper for his master, confessing that he had indeed been guilty of a great crime in taking up arms against his sovereign; that on that account he deserved a severe punishment;

that he resigned himself and his dominions entirely and absolutely to the emperor; that he humbly entreated pardon, trusting only to the emperor's clemency; and that he promised to conduct himself for the future as a loyal, obedient, and grateful subject.

While this paper was being read, the eyes of all present were fixed on the unfortunate landgrave, and few could behold a prince, alike powerful and high-spirited, suing for mercy in the posture of a suppliant, without being touched with commiseration, and reflecting seriously on the utter instability and emptiness of all earthly grandeur. Charles, however, viewed the whole transaction with an unfeeling, haughty composure, and, without speaking, made a sign to one of his secretaries to read his answer, the tenor of which was, that though he might justly have visited the landgrave with a severe punishment for his crimes, yet, prompted by his own generosity, and moved by the solicitations of several princes in his behalf, he would not deal with him according to the rigour of justice, and would subject him to no penalty that was not specified in the articles to which he had agreed. The moment the secretary had finished reading, Charles abruptly turned away, without deigning to bestow on the kneeling suppliant one sign of compassion or forgiveness. He did not even desire him to rise from his humble posture.

The landgrave, however, did so unbidden, and was hastening after the emperor to kiss his hand, when the

Elector of Brandenburg interposed. "Not now," he said, detaining Philip, "this is not the time; come with me and Prince Maurice to the apartments of the Duke of Alva. All is well over."

The duke received his guests with respect and courtesy. He treated them with the distinction due to their rank, and conversed with them on various subjects. The landgrave rejoiced that the painful ceremony of his submission was over, felt relieved of a heavy burden, and began to hope his troubles would soon be at an end. Alas! he was bitterly mistaken.

After supper, whilst Philip was engaged in play with some officers, the Duke of Alva beckoned Prince Maurice and the Elector of Brandenburg aside. "I grieve to tell you," said he, "that I must detain the Landgrave of Hesse a prisoner. Such is the command of the emperor."

The princes actually started with surprise. "What!" they exclaimed, "after the emperor's promise! it cannot be! there must be some mistake, my lord!"

"There is no mistake. My orders are, that the landgrave remains here under the custody of the Spanish guard."

"Then grossly have we been deceived," said Prince Maurice, indignantly; "and not only deceived ourselves, but made the instruments of deceiving and ruining our friend! Never had I the most distant suspicion of the emperor's sincerity, or never would I

have advised what I did. What will the landgrave think of us ?”

“ It is a serious matter indeed,” observed Albert of Brandenburg. “ My lord duke, I pray you to save us from the disgrace of breaking our plighted word. To fail in truth and honour is not the attribute of a German prince.”

“ I can do nothing, my lords,” replied the duke ; “ my orders are given, and I cannot disobey them.”

“ And the landgrave must suffer from placing too great confidence in us !” said Prince Maurice ; “ this is not to be borne ! The name of Maurice of Saxony shall not be branded as a betrayer whilst he lives to prevent it.”

And the proud colour flushed the young soldier's brow.

“ Nevertheless it must be as the emperor says,” replied the Duke of Alva, with a slight sneer : “ his will must be obeyed whether it be agreeable or no, Prince Maurice.”

“ His will !” muttered the prince, impatiently ; “ ay, all must submit to that. My lord duke,” he continued, in a louder tone, “ has your master no regard for his plighted word ?”

“ We are not here to discuss the character of my master and your master, Prince Maurice. All I have to do is to execute his commands.”

Complaints, arguments, and entreaties, were alike useless : the duke remained inflexible, and in a few

minutes announced to the landgrave that he was his prisoner, by the emperor's orders.

To describe the astonishment, rage, and impatience of the unfortunate and deceived prince would be impossible. He complained, he expostulated, he exclaimed at the injustice done to him. He inveighed against the emperor's artifices as unworthy a great and generous prince. In the violence of his resentment he bitterly censured his son-in-law and Albert of Brandenburg for trusting to the promises of Charles; and even accused them of meanness in stooping to lend their assistance towards the execution of so perfidious and dishonourable a scheme. They, after suffering his passion in some measure to exhaust itself, solemnly asserted their own innocence and upright intention in the whole transaction, and encouraged him to hope that, as soon as they saw the emperor, they would obtain redress of the injury.

"Our honour is as precious to us, Sir, as your liberty is valuable to you," said Prince Maurice. "This matter shall be seen to without delay: it is altogether as unexpected as it is unjust."

Then, in order still further to soothe the landgrave's excited feelings, the prince intimated his intention of remaining with him during the night, in the apartment where he was confined.

The next morning found Maurice and the Elector of Brandenburg with the emperor, earnestly interceding on behalf of the landgrave. They represented

the infamy to which they should be exposed throughout Germany, if he were still detained in custody; that they would never have advised his submission, had they suspected the loss of his liberty was to be the consequence of it; and that they were bound to procure his release, having plighted their faith on it, and even engaged their own persons as sureties for his.

Charles listened to their earnest remonstrances with the utmost coolness. "I am ignorant, gentlemen," said he, with some haughtiness, "of your private transactions with the landgrave of Hesse, nor can I be expected to regulate my conduct by any engagements into which you have thought fit to enter. I well know the promise I myself gave, and with that alone I have to do:—it was, not that the landgrave should be exempt from all restraint, but that he should not be kept a prisoner for life. That promise I mean to fulfil."

Having said this with an air of decision, he broke up the conference; and the mortified princes were obliged to return and acquaint the unfortunate prisoner with their ill success in his behalf.

His rage and violence then burst forth anew. Knowing that Maurice stood high in the imperial favour, he had hoped much from his intercession, and now that he was disappointed his passion for a time was fearful to behold. What a contrast was it to the calm and patient dignity with which Frederic of

Saxony bore his misfortunes ! To prevent his proceeding to some desperate extremity, the elector and Maurice promised that they would not quit the emperor till, by the frequency and fervency of their intercessions, they had extorted his consent to set him free.

Accordingly, in a few days, they again renewed their solicitations, but found Charles more haughty and intractable than before. " You have had my answer," he said, sternly ; " let me hear no more on this subject, or I will instantly give orders to convey the prisoner to Spain." The princes saw he was in no mood to be trifled with ; they left the court, and not desirous of witnessing again the landgrave's rage at their failure, they informed him of it by letter, and strongly advised him to fulfil all that he had promised to the emperor, as the most certain means of procuring a speedy release.

The unfortunate landgrave did so. One after another of his proud fortresses was razed to the ground ; all alliances which could give offence were renounced ; the sum of money that had been imposed upon him was paid over into the imperial coffers ; and all the articles duly fulfilled. But this prompt compliance with the will of the conqueror produced no effect. He was still guarded with the most vigilant severity ; and being carried about, with his fellow-prisoner, the elector of Saxony, wherever the emperor went, their disgrace, and his triumph, were each day renewed.

But while the elector bore these repeated insults with fortitude and equanimity, the landgrave became most fretful and impatient under them. His active, impetuous mind could ill brook restraint, and when he reflected on the artifices which had decoyed him into the situation he was in, he too often gave way to frightful sallies of passion.

The people of the different cities of Germany, to whom Charles exposed his prisoners as a public spectacle, were deeply touched with the insult offered to two of their most illustrious princes, and murmured loudly at the emperor's conduct towards them. But this mattered little to Charles; he proceeded to add oppression to insult, and assumed the rights of a conqueror over the German nation.

Meantime Sybilla and her children, in the city of Gotha, mourned the absent husband and father. As day after day, and week after week, rolled away, and they saw no prospect of his return, their hopes grew fainter and fainter, and they feared he would indeed be a captive for the remainder of his life. To Sybilla the thought was harrowing and painful in the extreme; but this noble woman, while suffering herself, would not that the sorrows she felt should press too heavily on her dear children. Concealing her own anxieties and fears, she endeavoured to reconcile them to their new situation; and, both by her example and counsel, taught them, instead of repining at their lot, to employ themselves in active and useful occupations.

"My dear Frederic, of what are you thinking so deeply?" said Sybilla, as she sat one morning with her children.

"I was thinking, mamma, how it would have grieved Dr. Martin Luther to have seen my father a prisoner."

"Ah! the good man has been spared that sorrow, Frederic. It would, indeed, have grieved him. He has been taken away from much evil."

"He and the emperor would never have agreed, would they, mamma?"

"Oh, no! The present system of doctrine, which the emperor is endeavouring to force on the German nation, would have called forth Luther's strongest reprobation."

"What is that, dear mamma?" asked Lena.

"It is a system Charles has prepared to serve as a rule of faith in this country, my love; one equally distasteful both to Protestants and Papists. The former condemn it as a system containing the grossest errors of popery; and the latter inveigh against it as a work in which some doctrines of their church are given up and others concealed."

"So, in endeavouring to satisfy both parties, he has pleased neither!" said Augustus; "and yet he is attempting to make the people submit to it, you say?"

"Yes; and, strange to say, he has prevailed on many princes of the empire to agree to his new model.

The free cities of Augsburg, Ulm, Strasburg, and others, which were violently opposed to it, and with one voice declared they would have nothing to do with it, on account of its popish errors, have all been forced to submit. But though compelled to receive the Interim, through fear of Charles, it has produced no change in their religious faith."

"Why is it called the Interim, mamma?"

"Because it is a system which is to continue in force only till a free general council can be held."

"I suppose Prince Maurice has agreed to it, to please the emperor?"

"He has; though its doctrines are directly opposed to the religion he professes."

"And what does papa say to it?" asked Lena.

"Your father, my love, is firm and faithful still. The emperor, well knowing the authority of his example with all the Protestant party, has, with the utmost earnestness, endeavoured to gain his approbation of the Interim; but in vain. The promises of being set at liberty if he agreed to it, and the threats of being treated with still greater harshness if he did not, have alike failed to move your father's stedfast heart. He declared his fixed belief in the doctrines which Luther preached, and then said, 'I cannot now, in my old age, abandon the principles for which I early contended; nor, in order to procure freedom for a few short years, will I betray that good cause on account of which I have suffered so much, and am

still willing to suffer more. Better for me to enjoy in this solitude the esteem of virtuous men, with the approbation of my own conscience, than to return into the world with the imputation and guilt of apostasy to disgrace and embitter the remainder of my days.' Such was his noble resolve, my dear children, and bitterly as I mourn over his absence and imprisonment, I cannot wish those words unsaid."

"Oh, no!" replied Frederic, "anything is better than giving up our Protestant faith—the faith of the Bible. Dear papa! what an example he sets to Germany! Even his enemies must admire such magnanimous conduct."

"Is the emperor angry with him for not accepting the Interim, mamma?"

"He is, Albert. The rigour of his confinement is increased, the number of his servants abridged, the Lutheran clergymen who have hitherto been allowed to attend him are dismissed, and even his books of devotion taken away. But they cannot take away the precious truths of God's word treasured up in his heart, or the peace which springs from an unwavering trust in Him who ordereth all things for our good."

The tears which flowed down Sybilla's pale cheek as she spoke showed the children how much she felt. They respected her grief, and silently pursued their employments.

At length, after a pause of some minutes, Prince

John asked, "What the Landgrave of Hesse had said to the new system?"

"His patience and fortitude are both so much exhausted by his imprisonment, that he is willing to purchase freedom at any price," replied Sybilla. "He accordingly wrote to the emperor, offering not only to approve of the Interim, but to yield an unreserved submission to his will in every other particular. The emperor, however, paid no regard to his offers. He was well aware that his example would not prevail on his subjects to receive the Interim, therefore threw aside his letter with a smile of contempt. I grieve the landgrave should have acted thus; it has exposed him to much censure from the Protestants, and brought no benefit to himself."

"Is he confined as strictly as ever?"

"He is, and ill bears such restraint. Let us be thankful, my dear children, that your father's spirit is so unruffled, and his patience and magnanimity so truly admirable in the midst of his misfortunes."

In the spring of the year 1552, an event took place which astonished all Germany. Maurice of Saxony threw off the mask he had so long worn, and, standing forth as the champion of Protestantism, took up arms against the emperor. The change was as startling as it was unexpected. High as he had been in the emperor's favour and confidence, zealous in his service, and apparently friendly up to the very moment of his declaring war, men could at first scarcely credit

the tidings. That he who had been so lukewarm in the Protestant cause, and so ready to fall in with the emperor's measures concerning it, should now boldly declare himself as its unflinching defender and upholder, surprised, no less than it delighted, all of that religion. But Maurice, though his conduct had been most artful and unjustifiable, was sincerely attached to the Lutheran doctrines. He laid his plans cautiously and secretly; and when all was prepared, and he found himself at the head of an army large enough to defy the emperor, he suddenly declared his intentions. "I take up arms," he said, "for three reasons. That I may defend the Protestant religion, which I see threatened with immediate destruction—that I may maintain the constitution and laws of Germany, and save my country from being subject to the dominion of an absolute monarch—and that I may deliver the Landgrave of Hesse from the miseries of a long and unjust confinement."

For these reasons, Catholic, as well as Protestant, wished him success. The one party had long seen with uneasiness the growing power of Charles, the other rejoiced that so powerful a prince was about to defend their religion; and all desired to see the unfortunate landgrave free. Albert of Brandenburg joined Maurice immediately, and the King of France powerfully supported him; whilst numbers of the German princes took up arms in the same cause, and all hoped it would be successful.

But no words can express the emperor's astonishment and consternation at events so unexpected. He bitterly repented now he had been so harsh to the landgrave, and so deaf to Maurice's solicitations for his liberty. After in vain attempting to negotiate, he was forced to fly. On a dark night, amidst violent rain, and enfeebled by an attack of the gout so that he could only proceed in a litter, the conqueror, who had for the last five years kept Germany in awe, now took his way with precipitation into Carinthia. Travelling by roads almost impassable over the Alps, guided by the light of torches, and followed by his attendants in the utmost confusion, Charles, in that remote corner, found a refuge from the man whom he had treated as a friend and loaded with favours! Yes! he who had so often deceived others had now been terribly deceived himself; and truly was the solemn Scripture warning fulfilled in his case, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

It was a bright and beautiful summer's morning, and the good people of the city of Gotha manifested unusual symptoms of joy and satisfaction. Every countenance wore a pleased, almost a triumphant expression, while mutual congratulations and good wishes passed on all sides. The city had put on its gayest appearance, and the streaming banners, the merry strains of music, the chiming of the bells, and the universal holiday which both young and old

seemed to have taken, denoted this to be a day of no common rejoicing. But if there was joy in the city, more especially was there joy and heart-felt gratitude in the palace; for this was the day on which Sybilla and her children expected to welcome home the long-imprisoned elector!

"It will, indeed, be a blessing to have our beloved prince once more amongst us," said one citizen to another; "his absence has been a long one."

"Ay, but his five years of captivity have not lessened the love of his subjects for him, friend Hans. His noble conduct, and his firm attachment to the Protestant faith, have, in no common degree, won our esteem and reverence."

"Yes, we have some reason to be proud of him, Fritz. How different was the conduct of the landgrave of Hesse!"

"A contrast, indeed! They say, however, that the landgrave's spirits are quite broken by his long imprisonment; and that, although now free and reinstated in his dominions, he has lost all his vigour and activity, and is an altered man. From having been the boldest as well as most enterprising prince in the empire, I hear he is become the most timid and cautious."

"Well, Prince Maurice has certainly changed the aspect of German affairs. Who could have imagined he was such a friend to the Protestants as he has proved! That Treaty of Passau is everything to us."

"What is the Treaty of Passau, father?" said Hans' little son, who stood by him. "I hear every one talking of it, and rejoicing about it; but I do not know what it means."

"It is a treaty, my boy, which Prince Maurice has obliged the emperor to sign, securing to us the free exercise of our Protestant religion. A treaty that completely overturns the vast fabric which for so many years Charles the Fifth has employed the utmost efforts of his power and policy to erect, and which establishes the Protestant Church in Germany on a firm basis. Would that the good Dr. Martin Luther were alive to see this day!"

"Nay, Hans, he is at rest," replied Fritz; "we could not wish him back again. But though we are, indeed, deeply indebted to Prince Maurice, for so nobly supporting our cause, I confess I do not admire his character. He may be bold and enterprising in the field, and cautious and crafty in the cabinet, but his conduct towards our elector cannot be defended."

"Neither can we justify his dissimulation. He has extraordinary talents, and is, doubtless, one of the most remarkable men of the day; but he does not possess the upright principles and solid virtues which so ennoble the character of John Frederic the Magnanimous."

The liberated prince arrived, and was welcomed home amidst the rejoicings of thousands of his subjects, and the grateful tears of his beloved family:

and though he never regained possession of that part of his territories which Maurice had obtained, he continued to display the same virtuous magnanimity for which he had been conspicuous in a more prosperous state, and maintained during the remainder of his life that high reputation to which he had so just a title.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert is a descendant of this illustrious elector.

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

“THE antiquity of the houses of Bourbon, Hapsburg, and Brunswick, is perhaps equal to that of the house of Orange, and they are greatly superior to it in the magnitude of their dominions; but in every other respect they are its inferiours. To have been the principal instruments in rescuing Holland from the despotism of old Spain, and in the deliverance of England from the tyranny of the Stuarts, is the peculiar distinction of the princes of the house of Orange, and reflects more true glory upon them than they would have derived from the most extensive conquests. There is no single family to whom the civilised world is so largely indebted.”

Such are the remarks of a well-known writer; and it is of the life of William, Prince of Orange, the most illustrious hero of this illustrious house, that we shall now give a slight sketch.

On that memorable day in the history of Europe when Charles the Fifth, wearied of the cares of state,

resigned his dominions in Spain and the Netherlands to his son Philip, he leaned for support—being feeble from illness—on the arm of a young, though distinguished-looking officer, scarcely twenty years of age. One of the richest noblemen in Europe, he was also one of the most sagacious; and so great were his abilities, both in diplomacy and war, that he had risen to be the first man in the emperor's regard. Indeed, so highly did Charles value the prudence and wisdom of this young warrior and statesman, that he not only confided to him the most important state secrets, but requested his counsel and advice in political difficulties, being often heard to say that to him he was indebted for many valuable hints. The youthful officer, who thus enjoyed the friendship and regard of the greatest monarch in Christendom, was William, Prince of Orange. Entering the service of the emperor when yet a boy, Charles had early singled him out as one from whom great things were to be expected. With his usual keen insight into character, the monarch had at once perceived that the mind and talents of the young prince were of no common order; and predicted that his career would be a distinguished one.

His expectations had not been disappointed. At the age of twenty, William of Orange was admitted to the councils, and shared the confidence and friendship of one of the wisest and most experienced monarchs of the time; and when, shortly after his

abdication, Charles died in retirement, his last advice to his son Philip was to cultivate the regard and defer to the advice of this illustrious prince.

But Philip, 'it is believed from jealousy, took an extreme dislike to the object of his father's esteem ; a dislike which eventually ripened into the bitterest hatred. Though no one was more disposed to act the part of a faithful and loyal counsellor to his sovereign than was William of Orange to King Philip, on his commencing rule in the Netherlands, the moody and vindictive monarch received the offer of his services with a coldness and indifference which plainly showed he did not intend to profit by them. Out of gratitude to the late emperor, the prince would gladly have evinced his loyalty to his son ; but there were deeper feelings in his heart than even gratitude. It was his most earnest wish to see the Netherlands prosperous and happy, and, though a Catholic himself, he thought it right that the Protestants in that country should be allowed the free exercise of their religion, and receive the same protection from the laws as their fellow-subjects of a different persuasion did. He greatly feared, however, from what he knew of King Philip's character, and his deep hatred to those who had embraced the opinions of Martin Luther, that this would not be the case ; and he resolved, whilst remembering his duty as a subject, to uphold to the utmost the civil and religious liberty of the land he loved so well.

The first five years of Philip's reign he spent in the Netherlands. But the stern and gloomy king soon showed by his conduct that he disliked both the country and its people. Cold and repulsive, he took no pains to secure to himself the affections of his subjects, or to win their esteem. He would have no one about him but Spaniards, and would speak no language but the Spanish. He re-enacted the persecuting edicts against the Protestants which his father, in the latter part of his reign, had not enforced; and the severities which ensued drove hundreds of the industrious inhabitants from the country, to seek a refuge in other lands. He kept the provinces full of Spanish troops; and hints were thrown out that he even intended to establish the infamous inquisition in that hitherto free kingdom. The Prince of Orange and other patriotic noblemen humbly remonstrated with the monarch on these proceedings, and tried to persuade him to use gentler and more popular measures. They represented to him the injury, distress, and ruin, the edicts would eventually bring on the land; the discontent of the people under them; and the utter uselessness of attempting to stop the spread of heresy by persecution. Philip paid no regard to their remonstrances: bigotry and cruelty with him went hand in hand; and, resolved on the extirpation of Protestantism, even by fire and sword, he said to one of his ministers, "It shall be rooted out! I would rather be no king at all than have heretics for my subjects."

At length the haughty monarch left the Netherlands for Spain, appointing his half-sister, the Duchess of Parma, regent of the kingdom. This female viceroy was to be assisted in the government by a council of six persons, three of whom were devoted to the interests of Spain, and the remaining three, men of the highest honour and patriotism, very popular in the Netherlands. The names of these upright and esteemed noblemen were the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, and Count Horn.

"We do not seem much better off than we were when the king was here," observed one stout Fleming to another; "the persecutions against us are fiercer than ever."

"Yes, I fear King Philip only went to Spain to lay plans of cruelty against his subjects here. He likes neither us nor our land."

"And yet the late emperor loved us well, and preferred this country to Spain."

"Ah! the emperor Charles was born amongst us, and was acquainted with our character and our customs. He spoke our language, too, and respected almost lovingly our ancient laws, and our strong feeling for liberty. While he governed the rest of his dominions with a strict and sometimes a despotic hand, we must confess that to us he was just and merciful, and that he ever regarded this, his native country, with peculiar feelings of attachment."

"Still he liked not those of us who had embraced

the reformed faith. My father fell a martyr to his religion in his reign."

"No, but the persecutions were not such as are going on now. The country is being ruined. Besides the suffering inflicted on individuals—see how our commerce is falling off!"

"And how intolerable is it that we should be burdened with Spanish soldiers! Our poor fatherland is indeed in a sad state. Well, we have one resource left. We built dykes to keep out the water which threatened to overwhelm us,* and now that the Spaniards seem likely to do the same, we can set our two enemies one against the other. We will break down the dykes, inundate the country, and let the water and the Spaniards fight it out between them."

"That would be a desperate resource indeed. We will hope it may not come to that. The Prince of Orange is our true friend, and I have great faith in his wisdom and patriotism. He will not see us wronged, if it is in his power to prevent it."

"Yes, it is well for us Protestants that he is so decidedly opposed to these cruel decrees of the Council of Trent being enforced in our land, and that the Counts Egmont and Horn side with him. We are naturally a peaceable and loyal people; but in good truth the enforcement of those decrees, so unjust and


* That which is now Holland and Belgium, then formed one kingdom, under the name of the Netherlands, or the Low Countries.

arbitrary, would be enough to kindle the flames of a civil war."

"So the nobles think; and Count Egmont is even now on his way to Spain to represent to the king the danger and impolicy of carrying them out. For his own sake, and for the safety of his dominions, it is to be hoped his Majesty will listen to reason."

"Count Egmont is a brave and estimable nobleman, and his arguments may have some effect. But I doubt it. Should he prove unsuccessful, and these fearful severities are to be continued, I shall, with my family, seek refuge in England."

King Philip received the Flemish count most courteously, listened to his representations, and gave him to understand that for the future he should pursue a milder policy in his government of the Low Countries. The patriotic noble returned full of hope and confidence; but alas! the treacherous monarch had but deceived him. At the very time he was flattering him with false expectations, Philip was despatching orders to the regent to enforce the edicts more strictly than ever, and to leave no means untried, however severe, for the purpose of rooting out heresy from the land. In vain did the Prince of Orange and the Counts Egmont and Horn protest that the consequences would be a civil war; in vain did the people murmur and complain; the inquisitors began their work of cruelty, and suffering, sorrow, death, and exile, swept off the Protestants by hundreds. "It is utter folly,"



said the prince, "to attempt to suppress opinion by force ; such is the nature of heresy, that if it rests, it rusts ; but whoever rubs it, whets it." And so it was ; the persecutions, far from extirpating Protestantism, seemed only to cause it to take deeper root, and spread through the length and breadth of the country.

Meantime, a party of the nobles, impatient at the evil which Philip's obstinacy was bringing on the land, formed themselves into a confederacy for the express purpose of resisting the establishment of the inquisition in the Netherlands. Assembling in great numbers at Brussels, they went in procession to the palace, and laid their petition before the regent. In reply, she told them she was willing to send persons to Spain to lay their complaints at the foot of the throne. The confederates withdrew ; and the next day, three hundred of them being assembled at a feast given by one of their number, it was debated by what name they should call themselves. "Oh," said one, "did you not hear the Count de Barlaimont yesterday whisper to the regent, that she need not be afraid 'of such a set of beggars ?' Let us call ourselves *The Beggars* ; we could not find a better name." The proposal was enthusiastically agreed to ; and amid deafening uproar, the whole company filled their glasses, and drank to the toast, "Long live the Beggars !" The host then called for a wallet and bowl, and slinging the wallet across his shoulders, and drinking from the bowl, de-

clared he would from that day devote life and fortune to the great cause of the Beggars. The rest made the same vow, and from thenceforth the *Gueux*, or Beggars, became the name of the faction.

While the King of Spain was thus by his severity and bigotry stirring up discontent and dissatisfaction amongst his hitherto peaceable and contented subjects in the Low Countries, the Prince of Orange and his two friends—all loyal, patriotic, and estimable noblemen—were doing their utmost to save their country from the threatened storm. They swerved not from their dutiful allegiance to their sovereign, but they implored him to use milder measures; they showed kindness and sympathy to the suffering people, but they exerted their influence to keep them from rioting and rebellion. The lower classes, however, indignant at the severities exercised upon them, and at length excited to fury, rose in a tumultuous mob, broke into the churches, destroyed the altars, and committed innumerable outrages. Antwerp was for some time protected from the rioters by the presence of the Prince of Orange; but when the regent sent for him to Brussels, their fury burst forth unrestrained. They rushed into the great cathedral—the object of their especial dislike as a Roman Catholic place of worship—shattered the beautiful painted windows, tore down the images and dashed them on the pavement, cut up the splendid pictures, and broke in pieces the large organ, then believed to be the finest in Europe. For

many days they continued their outrages in almost all the towns of Flanders and Brabant. Extremely vexed at these proceedings, the Prince of Orange, with the Counts Egmont and Horn, after pledging their lives for the safety of the terrified regent, hastened to their respective provinces, and, partly by force and partly by persuasion, succeeded in restoring order.

The rage of King Philip was very great when tidings of these tumults reached him. From hatred to the Prince of Orange and his friends, he at once denounced them as the cause of all the disturbances in the Netherlands, though he was informed that these nobles had done all in their power to put a stop to them. Dissembling his anger, however, with his usual craftiness, he pretended he was pleased that the country was quiet again, and talked of going in person to inquire into the cause of his people's grievances. In the mean time, stern and revengeful, he sat in the gloomy cabinet of his palace, weaving the subtle webs with which he designed to catch the unsuspecting and undesigning nobles.

The Prince of Orange was a sagacious and far-seeing man, possessing great knowledge of character, and much firmness and decision, when occasion called those qualities into action. He was also grave and reflective, saying little; but that little much to the purpose. From this circumstance, he obtained the name of *The Silent*, or *The Taciturn*. In some way, he became acquainted with Philip's revengeful views, and

the approach of a large army of Spanish troops. He at once decided on the course he should pursue. Proceeding to Count Egmont's castle, he told that noble of the information he had received, and begged him to leave the country before it was too late. The count was incredulous. "Surely," he said, "the king can mean us no harm; his expressions are conciliatory; the country is quiet; we have exerted ourselves to put down the disturbances; what is there to fear?"

"Much. King Philip says *we* were the fomentors of the disturbances; and he never forgets or forgives. My course is taken. I go, with my family, to my estates in Germany. Be persuaded, Egmont, and come with me."

"I cannot leave my country," replied the noble count; "and, dear as it is to me, my loyalty is unstained. But are you certain your tidings are correct?"

"I have them from a sure source. The Duke of Alva is coming here at the head of fifteen thousand men."

"The Duke of Alva!" said Count Egmont, starting, "I grieve to hear it. How is it the king has sent him?"

"He is a cruel tyrant, and therefore a fit instrument to work out Philip's will. Be assured, great troubles are coming on the country."

"Then I stay at my post. For myself, I have no fear, and my influence may be of service in protecting

the oppressed. I am no heretic," continued the count, with a smile, "therefore why should I fear the Duke of Alva?"

"Because his master hates you. Let me entreat, you, Egmont, to take my counsel; if not for your own sake, for that of your wife and family."

But Count Egmont was not to be persuaded; and after many vain attempts to induce him to alter his determination, the prince left him with these words: "You will repent of this when too late, Egmont. Rest assured, you are the bridge by which the Spaniards will come into this country; they will pass over it, and then break it down."

William of Orange departed for Germany, and the Duke of Alva, with his large army, entered the Netherlands. One of the first acts of this cruel tyrant was to seize the Counts Egmont and Horn, and, after an imprisonment of nine months, cause these illustrious and excellent noblemen to be executed at Brussels. The Prince of Orange was declared a rebel, and his eldest son, the Count de Buren, then a student at the university of Louvain, was seized and sent a prisoner to Spain.

Then William of Orange thought it time to act with decision. He entered into communication with the Queen of England and several Protestant princes, from all of whom he received promises of assistance; sold his plate and furniture to furnish money for the expedition; and, assembling a large army, marched to

the help of the oppressed people in the Netherlands. But before he went, he published a manifesto in justification of the step he was taking, and therein declared that he had embraced the Protestant doctrines as more in accordance with Scripture.

The brave prince, however, was not strong enough to cope with Alva's forces. Though the patriots gained several victories over the Spaniards, they were at last compelled to give way, and William of Orange led his army to the assistance of the French Huguenots, till there should be a better opening into the Low Countries.

For four years, the work of persecution and blood was carried on without a check in that unhappy land. Exactions and cruelties were multiplied; the prisons filled with unoffending men and women; the scaffolds crowded with victims. The name of Alva became a name of terror and detestation. It is said that, during his government, no less than eighteen thousand persons suffered death by his orders. The Prince of Orange keenly watched all that was going on; and while living in retirement at his castle in Nassau, was at the centre of every movement which was made for the relief of the Netherlands. Never idle or inactive, he arranged everything, foresaw everything, took charge of everything, and when all was ready, commenced operations by stationing a fleet of cruisers along the coasts of Zealand and Holland, for the purpose of capturing Spanish vessels.

Enraged at the news he received of the damage done to the shipping, and the loss of a fort in the island of Bommel, the Duke of Alva prepared to resist the invaders. But the people of the maritime provinces, weary of his tyranny, and longing to be free, not only hailed the arrival of the prince and his army with joy, but rose up to assist them in their endeavours for liberty. The struggle began in earnest. A determined spirit of courage and patriotism spread through the country, and, ere long, all the important towns in Holland and Zeeland had expelled their Spanish garrisons. Alva exerted himself to recover these towns; for unless they were recovered, Philip could no longer be said to be king of the Netherlands. Sieges were commenced, and, one after another, several cities fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Haarlem held out bravely for seven months, and then was compelled by famine to surrender. King Philip, however, dissatisfied with Alva's conduct, recalled him, and appointed Requesens, a Spanish noble, governor in his stead. He had not long entered on his new authority, when the Prince of Orange gained a great victory over him in the Scheldt. The patriots' hopes rose high, but soon after received a check. The prince's two noble brothers, Count Louis and Count Henry of Nassau, leading an army into the inland provinces, met with a defeat, and were both slain. This defeat, and the death of his brave brothers, only urged on William of Orange to fresh

exertions. Collecting his forces, he called forth all his energies, and marched to assist the inhabitants, and, if possible, to raise the siege, of the large and populous city of Leyden.

This city, standing in a low situation in the midst of rivulets and canals, endured for five months the attacks and stratagems of the Spanish army encamped around it. Blockaded by their enemies, who surrounded the town with a circle of forts, more than sixty in number, and brought, from the inability to procure provisions, to the very extremity of want, the inhabitants of this devoted city displayed a degree of courage and resolution worthy of the cause for which they contended. The story of the siege of Leyden is one of the most spirit-stirring in the annals of history.

All their energies and all their skill and bravery the Spaniards brought into play to gain possession of the town. The Prince of Orange, on the other hand, used his utmost efforts to assist the citizens, and enable them to hold out. He occupied the surrounding country, harassed the besiegers, and for some time supplied the inhabitants with provisions. At length—so severe was the blockade,—he could no longer do this, and Leyden had to endure the horrors of famine. But nobly the citizens behaved. Though they could only communicate with the prince and their friends outside the walls, by means of carrier-pigeons, though they suffered the extremities of want and hunger, and saw their loved ones dying one by one around them,

their fortitude remained unshaken. In the sacred cause of their religion and their liberty they determined there should be no surrender.

The famine increased. With a commendable foresight, the two principal men of the city, Dousa and Van der Werf, had caused an inventory to be made of all that was eatable in it. Corn, cattle, even horses and dogs,—all was set down, and calculations made of how long the stock would last, at the rate of so much a day, to every man, woman, and child. It was found impossible, however, to collect all the provisions together, or to regulate the consumption. Amongst twenty thousand human beings—for such was the number shut up in this devoted city—food, however plentiful at first, would soon disappear. Starvation set in. Not only dogs and horses, but roots, weeds, nettles, every green thing springing out of the earth, was ravenously devoured. Many died of want and thousands fell ill. But still the brave defenders held out and still was the word passed, “No surrender; the last man amongst us shall die of hunger”—such was their heroic resolution—“rather than that the Spaniards should enter our city.”

The offers made by the besiegers were indignantly rejected. “When we have nothing else left,” said Dousa, in reply to a message from the Spanish general, “we will eat our left hands, and keep the right to fight with.”

Terrible, however, are the pangs of starvation; and,

at length, the sufferings of some overcame their patriotism. One day, a crowd of gaunt and famished creatures, with sunken eyes, and tottering steps, passed along the streets, crying, "Let the Spaniards in; oh! for mercy's sake, let them in!" They assembled before the dwelling of Van der Werf, and with hoarse clamours, demanded that he should give them food.

"Food, or surrender!" they cried, "we can endure this no longer!"

"I have no food to give you, and I have sworn not to surrender," was the burgomaster's reply; "if, however, my body will be of any service to you, it is yours, tear me to pieces, and eat me, if you will.—I can do no more."

The poor creatures went away, and gave up all idea of surrendering.

In the meantime, the thought of the Prince of Orange, night and day, was how to render assistance to the inhabitants of Leyden. He had collected a large supply of provisions for them, but with all his efforts could not break through the line of blockade.

The besieged, now brought to the last extremity, determined to have recourse to an expedient which they had kept in reserve till it should be clear there was none other left. This was to destroy their dykes, open their sluices, inuudate the country round Leyden, and thus wash away the Spaniards and their circle of forts.

It was indeed a desperate remedy. To see all that

vast tract of fertile land,—which with so much care and labour had been drained and cultivated—turned into a watery waste, would be a melancholy sight to any eye, but especially to a Dutchman's. The damage, it was calculated, would amount to six hundred thousand guilders. But when once the measure was resolved on, it was carried out with heartiness and zeal. The citizens set to work on the dykes with hatchets, pick-axes, and spades, and demolished in one night the labour of years. The water rushed in, poured over the flat country, and, ere long, the whole district between Leyden and Rotterdam was flooded to a considerable depth. Terror-stricken, the Spaniards in haste abandoned their forts in the low grounds; but seeing that the waters did not rise above a certain level, they persevered in the blockade. And now the Prince of Orange, taking advantage of the flood, hastened to afford relief to the beleaguered city. He had caused two hundred large flat-bottomed boats to be built: these were now laden with provisions, and began to row towards the town. Oh! with what eager eyes the starving inhabitants watched their approach, and saw them fighting their way past the Spanish forts! How earnest were their prayers for the safe arrival of their deliverers; and how anxiously throbbed every heart in joyful yet trembling expectation!

For a while, they were doomed to be disappointed. The north wind was blowing, and, as long as that continued, there would not be sufficient depth of water to

enable the boats to reach the city. Days passed, and still the adverse wind blew on ; every eye was fixed ; first on the vanes, then on the boats—those boats which were bringing with them life, and health, and joy !

It was a terrible season of hope deferred. Many of the heroic defenders of this liberty-loving town died within sight of the food which would have saved them ; while those who remained were more like skeletons than living men. In a few days, they too must have perished ; but, just at this critical moment, the wind veered round. With inexpressible joy and gratitude the citizens passed the glad tidings from mouth to mouth. The sea waves were blown in the direction of the city, and the remaining Spanish forts were quickly surrounded with water. Numbers of the Spaniards were drowned, and many shot by their pursuers. Then the boats hastened on, and, with streaming eyes and fervent blessings, the citizens of Leyden opened the gates to their welcome deliverers.

It was a touching scene. Every one who could do so, had hurried down to hail the arrival of the boats. As friend met friend, how warm was the grasp ; how striking the contrast between them ! One, robust and healthy, the other emaciated and ill. But the fidelity and heroism of the latter outweighed all. The name of the brave Prince of Orange was universally extolled and blessed. And when the first cravings of hunger were appeased, the rescued citizens, with their brave magistrates at their head, assembled in church, and

there, with grateful hearts and deep emotion, offered up a solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for His great mercy.

The siege of Leyden was raised on the 3rd of October, 1574; a day still held in commemoration by the inhabitants, as the most memorable in the annals of their city. One of the first objects which strikes the eye of the visitor to Leyden is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which bears the date of its erection, 1574, on its front. In the apartment where the burgomasters meet is a large picture, representing the crowd of famishing citizens, with Van der Werf standing forward, and offering them his body to eat. Another memorial of the siege of Leyden is its celebrated university. The Prince of Orange, as a recompense to the inhabitants of Leyden for their heroic conduct, gave them the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or of having a university established in the city; and much to their honour, they preferred the latter. The University of Leyden was accordingly established in 1575.

The fortunate result of this famous siege greatly furthered the cause of liberty in the Low Countries, and the patriotic measures of William of Orange. This illustrious prince, ere long, freed the maritime provinces from Spanish tyranny, and the Protestants could again worship God in peace. In the mean time Requesens died, and Don John of Austria was appointed regent. He was exceedingly amiable, but

very treacherous ; and so shamefully did he break all the promises he had made, that the inland provinces, throwing off his authority, entreated the Prince of Orange to come to Brussels, and assume the reins of government. He obeyed the call ; and making his passage by canal to the city, was welcomed with shouts of joy by multitudes, who stood lining the banks for miles, anxious to obtain a sight of “ Vader Willem,” the Protestant deliverer. Immediately invested with the office of Governor of Brabant, he laboured earnestly to procure for the people the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Spanish armies, however, under Don John, and the famous Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, the most skilful general of the age, entered the country ; a long war succeeded, and the States were defeated in several engagements. The Prince of Orange, determined to secure the independence of at least a part of the Netherlands, now effected a formal separation between the southern and northern provinces, and the latter, by a treaty of union, forming themselves into a free republic, received the name of *The Seven United Provinces*, or Holland.

It was a joyful day to William of Orange, when he witnessed the fulfilment of his long-cherished hopes and plans in the freedom of the northern states—thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly Protestant—from Spanish tyranny. But he took a deep interest in the welfare of the southern provinces also ; and did not rest in his unwearied and persevering efforts on their

behalf, till they too were free. Not long after, guided by him, they threw off their allegiance to the tyrant of Spain, rid themselves of his oppressive yoke, and placed their country under the government of the Duke of Anjou, brother to the King of France, who, with his armies, promised to drive the Spaniards out of the Netherlands.

The people of Holland, in the meantime, enthusiastically attached to their brave deliverer, had constituted him their governor or stadtholder. He had struggled manfully for their welfare and happiness, and was repaid by their grateful love and devotion. But, good and great as he was, one heart felt for him the most deadly hatred. Philip of Spain, foiled, defeated, and finally deposed, by a man, whom of all others, he disliked—a heretic, too—thirsted for revenge. Cruel and cowardly in all he did, he issued a proclamation, offering a reward of 25,000 golden crowns, with a patent of nobility, and a pardon for all past offences, to any one who should assassinate the Prince of Orange.

On the 18th of March, 1582, the prince was present at a feast in Antwerp, given to celebrate the birthday of the Duke of Anjou. As he was leaving the hall, to ascend the stairs, a young man approached, who desired to present a petition. The prince took the paper, and was reading it, when the pretended petitioner suddenly raised a pistol, and shot him through the head. The ball entered below the right ear, and

passing through the mouth, came out at the other side. The noble victim fell, and the assassin was instantly put to death by the attendants. He was found to be the clerk of a Spanish merchant, who had engaged to Philip, for 28,000 ducats, to murder the prince. It was long feared the wound was mortal, but it proved not to be ; and William of Orange, when able to resume his duties, became dearer than ever to the people of the Netherlands.

Two years had passed away since this event, when the death of the Duke of Anjou left the southern provinces without a ruler. Weary of war and dissension, and seeing the peace and tranquillity of their northern neighbours, the eyes of all turned to the illustrious prince who had shown himself such a true friend to liberty. Negotiations were accordingly set on foot for electing William of Orange, Stadtholder of the United Provinces, to the constitutional sovereignty of the Netherlands.

Preparations were being made for the coronation of the new king, and many bright hopes were raised as to the welfare of the country, under his government, when a terrible event cut short these expectations, and filled the land with grief and consternation. This was the assassination of the noble prince.

He had gone to Delft, on business, and was in the act of ascending the staircase in his palace, when a man, under pretence of procuring a passport, stepped forward, pointed a pistol at his breast, and shot him dead.

This time the aim was sure and fatal. The last words of the dying hero, as his wife bent over him in speechless agony, were, "God have mercy on me, and on this poor people!"

This atrocious murder was perpetrated on the 10th of July, 1584.

The assassin was seized, and put to a most cruel death. His name was Balthasar Gerard; he was an instrument of the Spanish authorities, and had been actuated to the crime by the hope of the heavenly reward promised him by the monks.

When the first sensations of grief for the death of their beloved prince had subsided amongst the Hollanders, despair gave way to rage and indignation. The subsequent history of the Netherlands proved that Philip gained no advantage from this infamous transaction.

The Prince of Orange was fifty-two years of age at the time of his cruel murder. He left ten children, his son Maurice succeeding him as stadtholder.

The name of William, Prince of Orange, will long be remembered, as that of one who laid the foundations of a republic which made so considerable a figure in the transactions of Europe; and whose extensive commerce, prudent frugality, and indefatigable industry, have been the wonder of the world.

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